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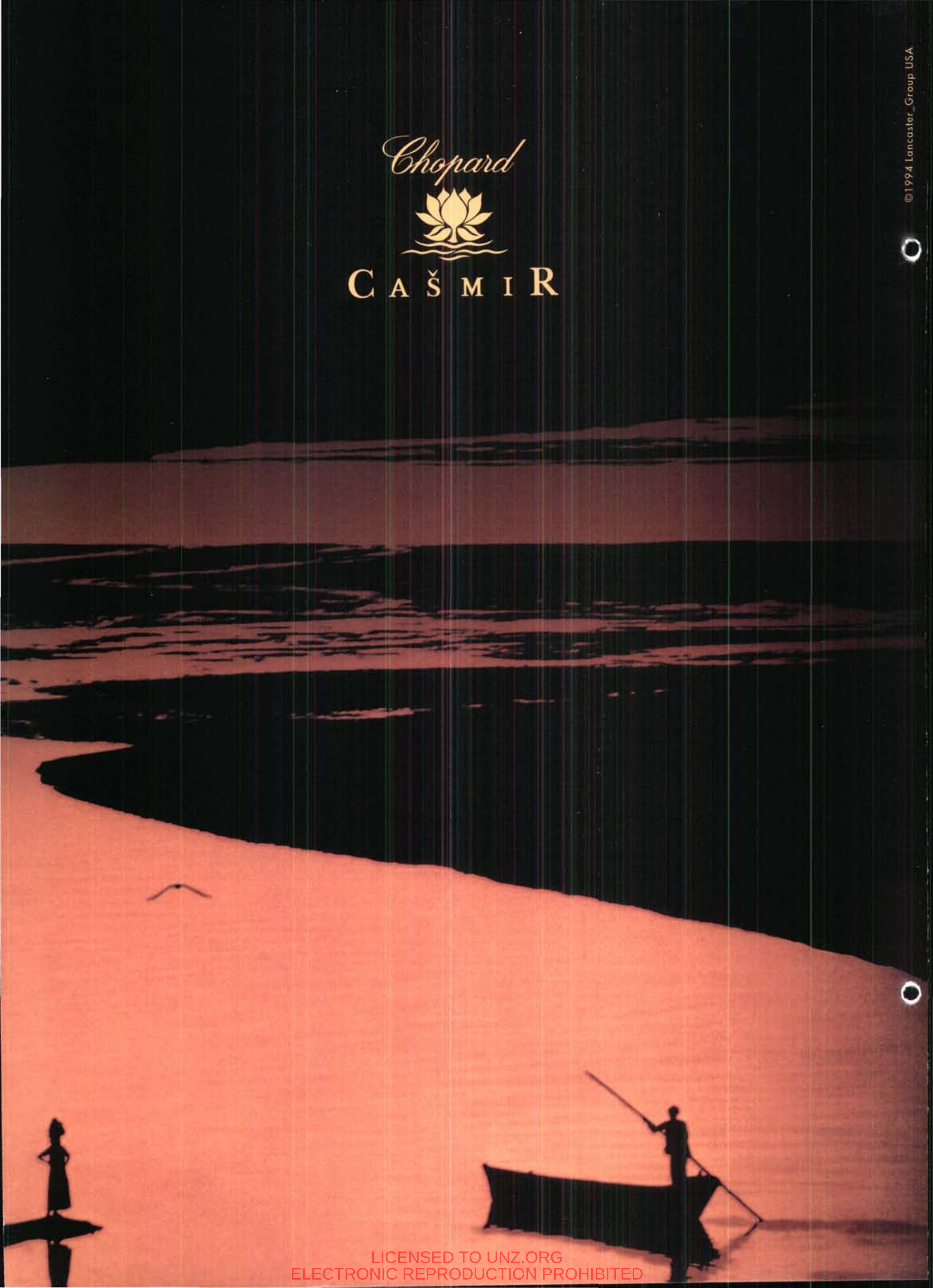
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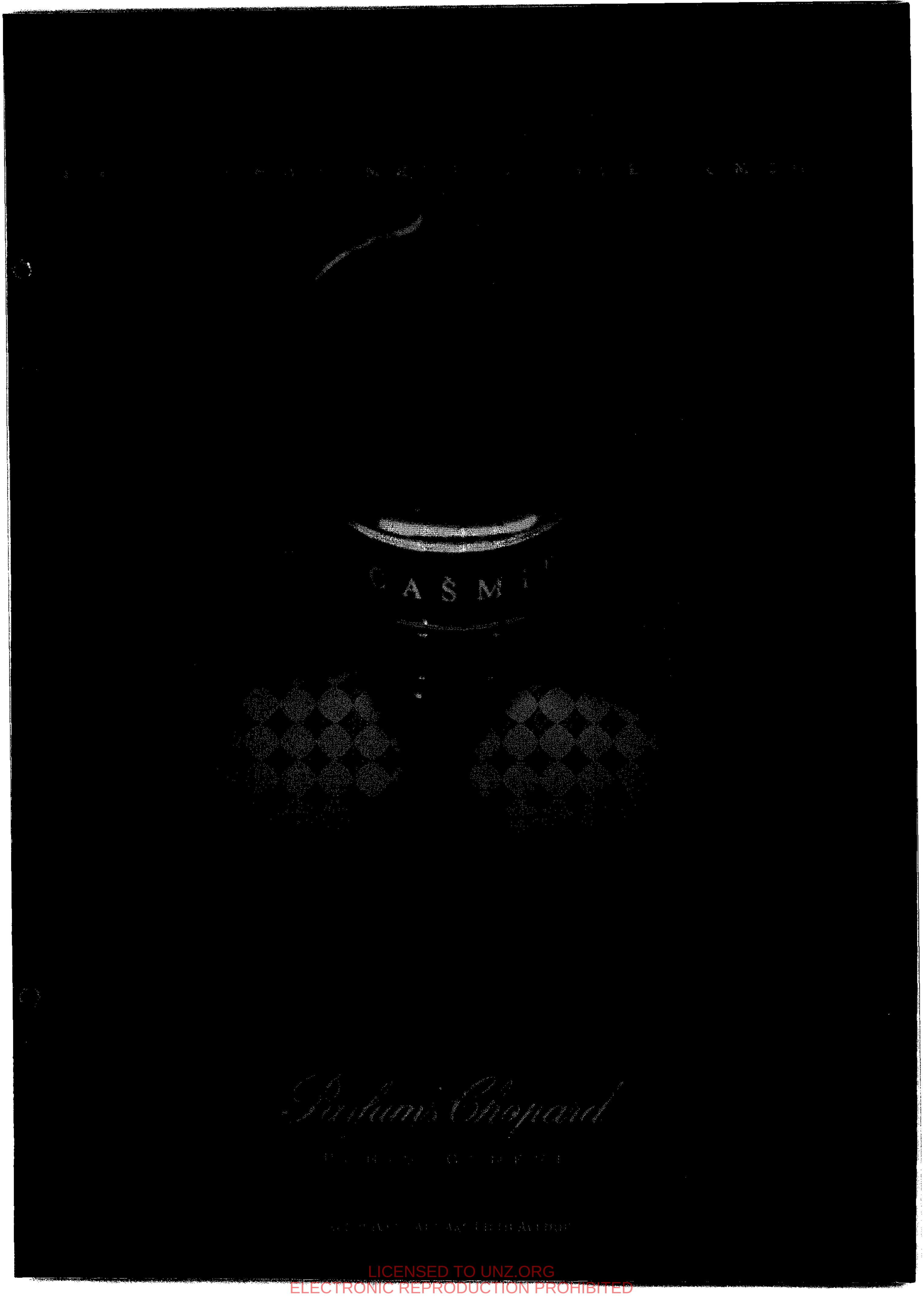

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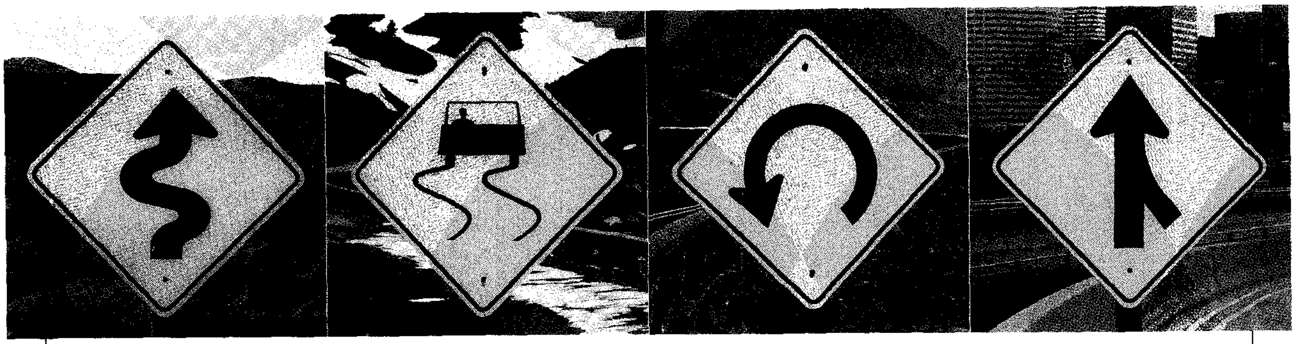

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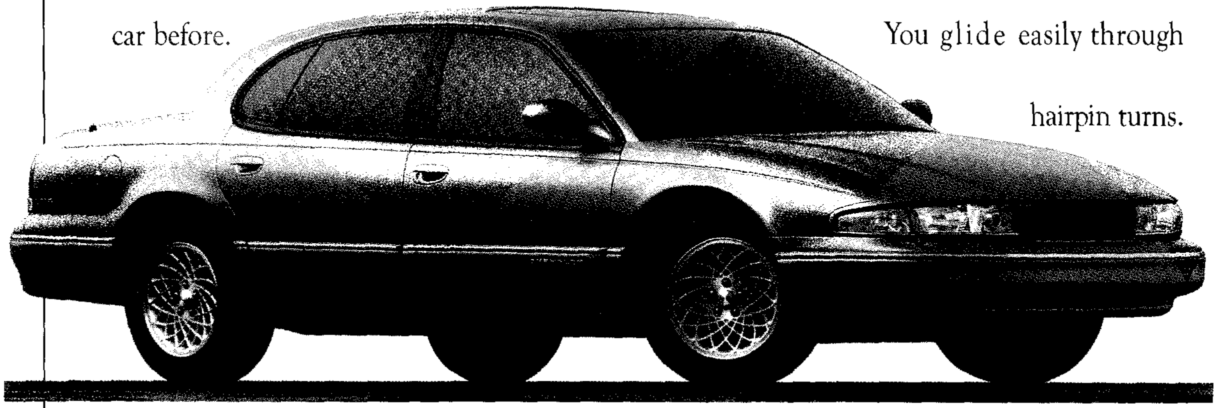

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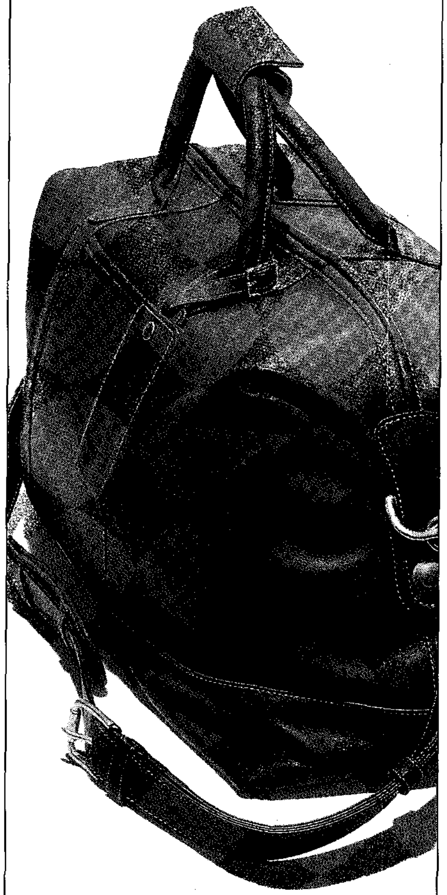

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COMMENT

THE ONE

RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON had resurrected himself so many times that one was half expecting him to do it again. Each of the defeats that punctuated his amazing career appeared, in its time, to be final. Yet that career spanned nearly half a century in the public eye, and over its meandering, improbable course Nixon imprinted himself indelibly on his times and on the consciousness of every sentient one of his fellow-citizens.

Nixon prided himself on his hard work, stressing his "iron butt" in law school at Duke. But this son of a Whittier storekeeper always felt, and not always wrongly, that those who had it easier were ridiculing him. His resentment served him well: his mastery of it was the essential source of his political appeal. His success was dependent upon his articulation of self-pity. It was not surprising that his losses provoked him to extravagant outbursts. His behavior was all of a piece. "There's no question but that a person in politics is always hurt when he loses, because people like to play a winner," he said. "But the one sure thing about politics is that what goes up comes down, and what goes down often comes up." Nixon without his crises—and he had far more than six of them—would not have been Nixon. His trials and tribulations dramatized his uprightness; he needed his tormentors, most often referred to simply as "they." His struggle was a *noir* version of the American dream. In 1963, when he moved to this city to begin a career as a lawyer, after his spectacular defeat for governor of California, he explained, "What starts the process really are laughs and slights and snubs when you are a kid. . . . But if you are reasonably intelligent and if your anger is deep enough and strong enough, you learn that you can change those attitudes by excellence, personal gut performance, while those who have everything are sitting on their fat butts." This amalgam of the optimism of the winner with the bitterness of the loser had a weirdly magnetic attraction. Nixon never hid this side of himself from the public; on the contrary,

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it was the quality he trafficked in through campaign after campaign.

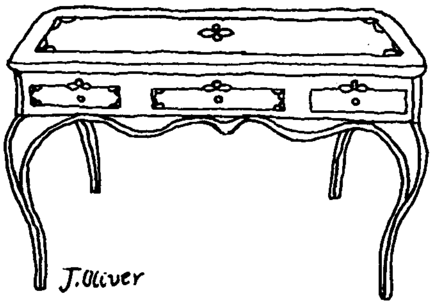
There were many new Nixons over the years. The first was in 1946, when he really was new. He ran for Congress as a fresh face, a war veteran, and a lawyer, during a year of a Republican sweep. Against a liberal Democratic incumbent, Jerry Voorhis, he went in for relentless red-baiting and distortions. In 1950, when he was running for senator from California against Helen Gahagan Douglas, his smears of her were boundless. In 1952, Dwight Eisenhower, to secure his right flank and to neutralize Senator Joseph McCarthy, named Senator Nixon as his running mate. Soon the slush fund was uncovered. A new Nixon was summoned in the Checkers speech, a compendium of kitsch: the "little cocker-spaniel dog," Pat's "respectable Republican cloth coat," and a misquotation from Lincoln on "the common people." Nixon survived and, reborn, accused Adlai Stevenson of studying at the "College of Cowardly Communist Containment" and Dean Acheson of being "taken in hook, line, and sinker by the Communists."

In 1960, there was no way Nixon could be more new than John F. Kennedy, so he campaigned on experience. Two years later, he ran for governor of California. "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore," he said, famously, after the election, "because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference." On ABC, Howard K. Smith thereupon entitled a documentary "The Political Obituary of Richard Nixon." Then, in 1968, Nixon staged his most incredible resurrection, winning the Presidency.

No one else in American politics has ever come back from such shocking political deaths. But what marked Nixon as a truly unusual politician was that even his victories fed the wellsprings of his loathing. Late in 1972, at the height of his power, having won reëlection by a landslide, with no more campaigns before him, and surrounded by his trusted aides, P (as he was identified in the transcripts of the White House tapes) gloated like a villain in a Victorian melodrama, all but twirling his mustaches: "One day we will get them—we'll get them on the ground where we want them. And we'll stick our heels in, step on them hard and twist—right, Chuck, right?" Charles Colson nodded. "Henry knows what I mean. Get them on the floor and step on them, crush them, show no mercy." Kissinger nodded.

Within his Presidency was lodged an embryonic new Nixon that was never brought to full life. This Nixon was suggested to the President by his domestic-policy adviser, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who imagined him as Disraeli, a Tory leader with liberal ideas. By today's standards, this Nixon would be liberal indeed. A spirit of reform was abroad in the land, and Nixon went along with—and sometimes even advocated—a great expansion of the regulatory and welfare state. He proposed, in the Family Assistance Plan, a guaranteed annual income for the poor; unfortunately, the Democrats were too unimaginative to endorse it, and it was defeated. Nixon abandoned the Disraeli ideal, reverting to a rhetoric of resentment, calling on the Silent Majority to smite the lawless and the establishment—an elaboration of the vision of the Checkers speech. It was a rhetoric that resonated with millions of people who felt a genuine sense of disenfranchisement. In domestic affairs Nixon's policies were actually quite moderate; he was passionate only about his hates.

Vietnam was the centerpiece of Nixon's foreign policy. His plan to "end the war" turned out to be a plan to end it by continuing it. Bombing villages in order to save them was a logic that perfectly captured his policy. Though he kept the war going, he undermined its strategic rationale by making dramatic and constructive moves: opening the door to mainland China, and establishing a détente with the Soviet Union. These policies, conducted with vigor and skill, provided Nixon with his most exalted moments. But, especially in the case of détente, he failed to outline a moral rationale for them, leaving them open to assault from the ideological right after his departure.



Since Watergate, pundits have attached "-gate" to each succeeding scandal or putative scandal. It is worth recalling that Watergate was about the following: trying to force the selection of the opposition party's candidate by means of dirty tricks; setting up paramilitary operations for use against opponents; attempting to use a fabricated C.I.A. investigation to keep the F.B.I. from doing its job; altering and destroying evidence; paying hush money to defendants; making promises of executive clemency to defendants; suborning perjury; using the I.R.S. against opponents; wiretapping opponents. At the end of July, 1974, the House Judiciary Committee, voting in favor of Articles of Impeachment, declared, "Wherefore Richard M. Nixon, by such conduct, warrants impeachment and trial, and removal from office."

On August 9, 1974, in his last speech upon leaving Washington, Nixon reverted to the aphoristic style of his book "Six Crises," mixing self-improvement with self-loathing: "Always remember, others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them, and then you destroy yourself." Prophetically, he declared, "We think that when someone dear to us dies, we think that when we lose an election, we think that when we suffer a defeat, that all is ended. . . . Not true. It is only a beginning, always."

With book after book, foreign trip after trip, Nixon brought off his last return from the dead—this time as a foreign-policy wise man. It was one of his most successful rebirths. And, once he was definitively out of power, his vulnerable awkwardness, his longing for respect, his obvious loneliness, and his sheer persistence made him a figure of gentle pathos. Some people who had always proudly counted themselves among his enemies found themselves feeling a kind of affection for him. When, ten months ago, he stood weeping at his wife's funeral, with his two daughters (who were always the best advertisement for him) at his side, it was impossible not to feel, simply, sorry for him. He was a man of high intelligence, great shrewdness, extraordinary vindictiveness, and almost comically bad character. There were many incarnations, but there was only one Nixon, and Nixon was the one. ♦

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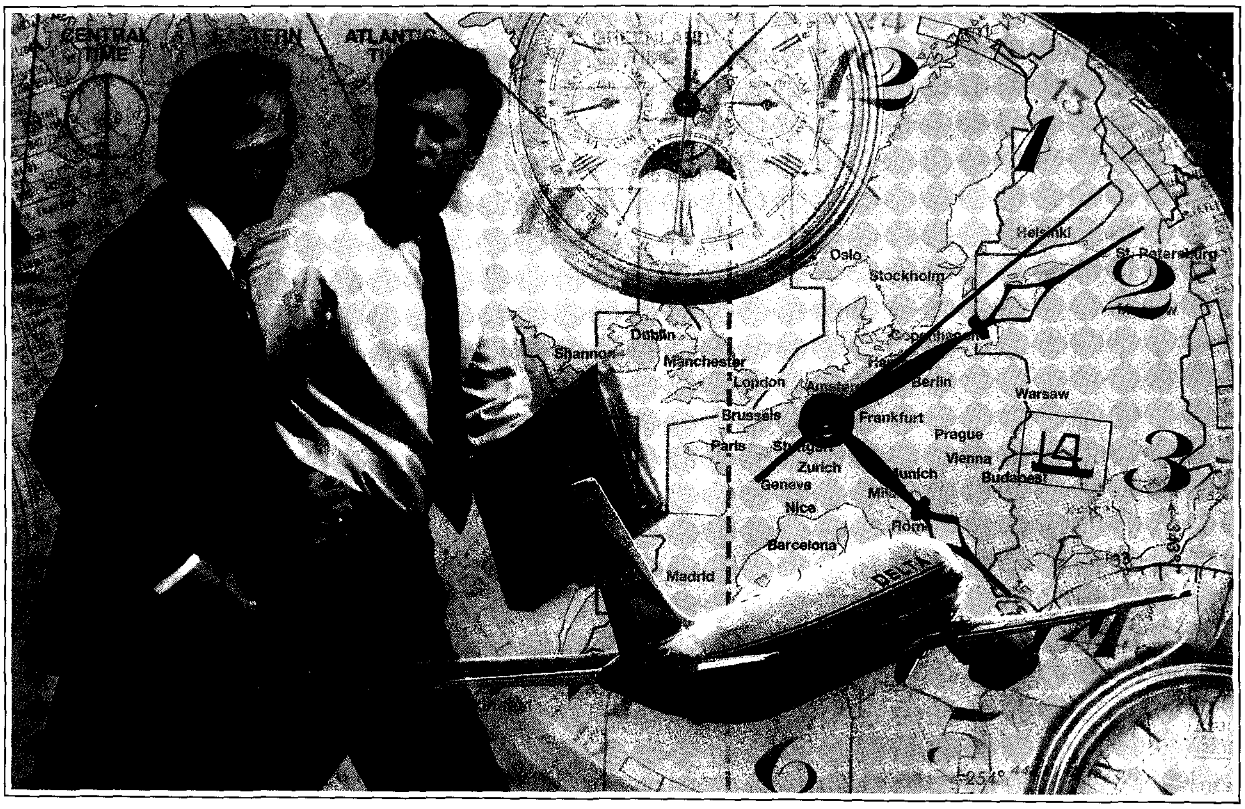
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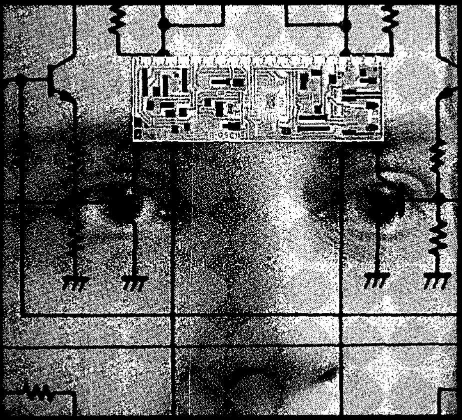

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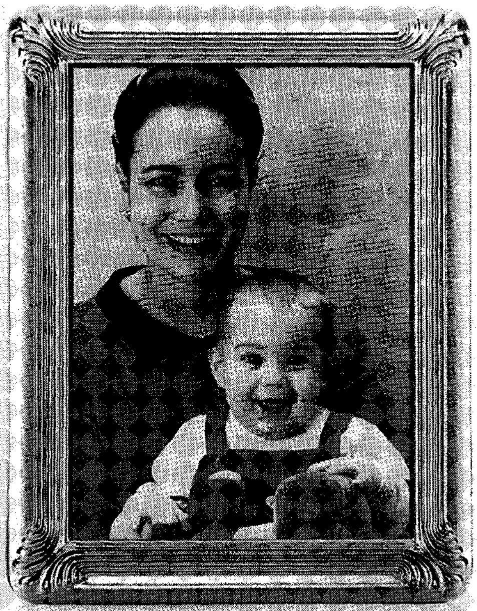

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IN THE MAIL

IN THE CARDS

Nicholson Baker does a superb job of depicting the current state of electronic access to information as a "self-inflicted on-line hell" ("Discards," April 4th). However, the fault lies less with the technology, as Baker claims, than with the techies, who are increasingly assuming positions of influence in the library profession. Many library schools no longer require their students to understand the complexities of the catalogue, a mastery of which is essential for navigating the bibliographic universe. Instead, students study "interface" design and ponder how much blank space should go at the top of an on-line screen. Yes, access to information and scholarship are at stake; so, too, is the library profession.

ELAINE SVENONIUS
Professor of Cataloguing, U.C.L.A.
Los Angeles, Calif.

After two disastrous arson fires and a vast rebuilding and expansion program, the Los Angeles Central Library has reopened, all regilded and repainted. There is no card catalogue. The few computer terminals that have replaced it are dumb, slow, and inaccurate. It's all now so hopelessly binary: if a book is correctly listed, you can find it; if not, not. One cannot see, for instance, whether the library ever owned a copy of a certain volume. I remember once browsing through the card catalogue of the blessed London Library (where books on Korea are listed under "Corea") and coming across a handwritten note on a card: "Destroyed by Enemy Action, 1945."

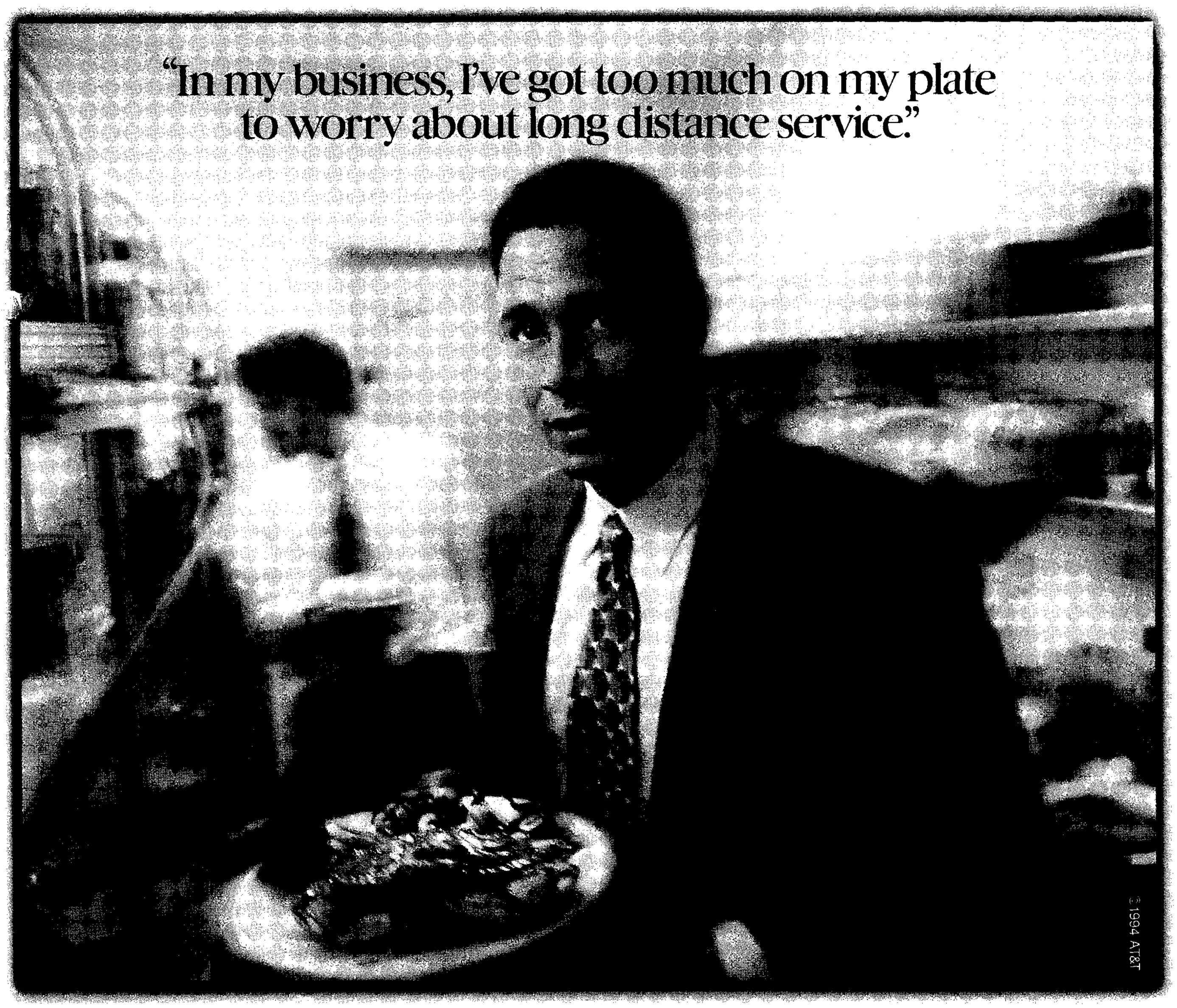
The cards from the L.A. catalogue? The artist David Bunn has recycled them: now they line the walls of an elevator shaft at the library, so while you whip from floor to floor looking for phantom volumes you can gaze longingly out the windows at irretrievable pieces of lost knowledge.

ROBERT BARRETT
Venice, Calif.

Nicholson Baker makes an impressive case for the retention of physical card catalogues in libraries. His argument is strengthened, I think, by the realization that many on-line catalogues actually restrict the availability of information, by providing a limited number of terminals through which patrons can gain access to the vast world of information inside. The odds on a simultaneous convergence of dozens of researchers or browsers upon the "C: Cantaloupes—Catamarans" card-catalogue drawer are small. However, when they all have to use the same few terminals, which contain the entire catalogue, waiting lines are inevitable.

STEPHEN A. MANZI
New York City

Nicholson Baker's article is a remarkable tour de force in the history of library cataloguing in the United States as well as a clear-sighted look at what may have been lost in the process of too hasty conversion to on-line systems, which are often poorly designed. But Baker gives insufficient attention to the advantages of on-line systems—particularly their ability (when they are designed well) to connect library users to the "world library" in ways that were previously impossible. He also tends to tar the best of the electronic systems with the brush of the worst. Finally, he ignores the errors and inconsistencies that were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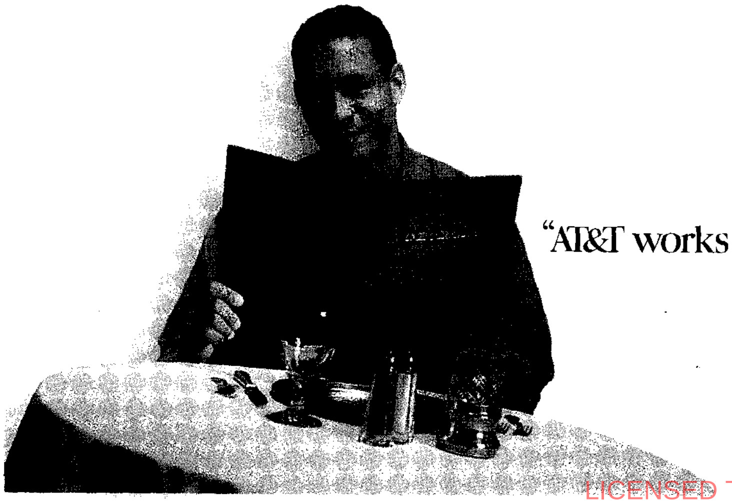

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rampant in the old card catalogues and that have led countless patrons astray just as readily as any quirky on-line catalogue does now.

In a lecture I attended some thirty years ago, Marshall McLuhan said that when a new technology replaces an existing one society is both fascinated and repelled by the new. As the new takes over, the old is discarded. When the new has become "cliché," the old is transformed into artifact, art object, or "archetype." The Romantic poets idealized nature because the steam engine was rushing through the English countryside, polluting the landscape. But in the Electric Age steam engines are displayed in museums and have come to represent a slower, more gracious era. Perhaps we librarians are still in the discard stage, and have yet to see our card catalogues as archetypes.

On balance, I am glad that our library discarded its public card catalogue, but I am having second thoughts about doing the same with the shelf list catalogue (used mostly by cataloguers), which lists books in call-number order. Perhaps if some of us keep at least some of our card catalogues long enough, we may someday be lauded for not having joined those who, like the urban renewalists of the nineteen-fifties, sixties, and seventies, destroyed the artifacts of their own cultural history.

DAMON D. HICKEY
Director of the Library
The College of Wooster
Wooster, Ohio

During my graduate-school days, I had the great good fortune to work in the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and the Biblioteca Nacional in Madrid. In all three libraries, I thumbed through catalogues that had been touched by, among others, Keynes, Foucault, and Ortega y Gasset as well as by countless other readers. Now that the footsteps that lead to these great cultures are being destroyed through computerization, what about the culture itself? Are we very far away from the day when the books will go "on-line"? Imagine how many study tables will fit into the space currently occupied by the stacks at the Library of Congress!

MICHAEL R. WEISSER
South Hadley, Mass.

Many of us who became cataloguers before the introduction of automation occasionally wish to freeze time, just as Nicholson Baker would like to, but for different ends from those described in his article. We would like to have the sufficient staffing and financing available for acquisitions which were the norm until sometime in the nineteen-sixties. I researched many undergraduate papers in the New York Public Library's card catalogue, and my professional career began in Harvard libraries, so I appreciate the tactile, visual, and intellectual pleasure of a card catalogue. But as a professional I know that, just as with automation, the system is only as good as what goes into it and how accessible it is to the user. Card catalogues, which existed for only a short time within the history of printed materials, not to say libraries, were incredibly labor-intensive and subject to human error.

We cataloguers led a very existential life before automation. Many people used catalogues only for author or title or broad subject searches, or not at all. Word processors, home and classroom P.C.s, and video games have made more and more people comfortable with keyboards and monitors, and they and the reference staff now make much more use of the catalogue. If a library has space to save its public card catalogue—or, at least, the shelf list, where many institutions kept the notes of local interest—then it should. But if what we are trying to do as cataloguers is to make it possible for you to find a specific work, or topical information within various works, then we feel obliged to use the best available means to that end.

CAROL SCHOR SHAPIRO
Head Cataloguer
Fordham Law School Library
New York City

Can you imagine what the inside of Nicholson Baker's refrigerator must look like?

TIM BERNSAU
Los Angeles, Calif.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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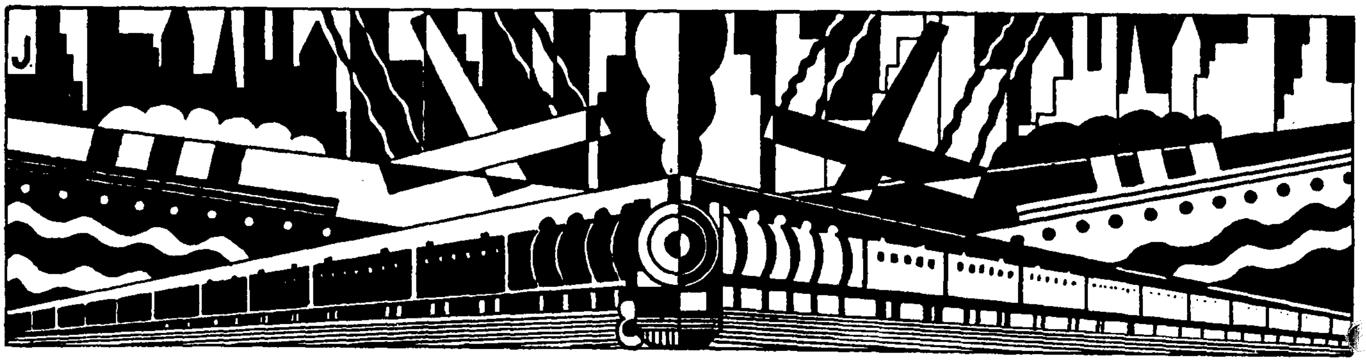

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Gorey Stories

EDWARD GOREY is famously disinclined to appear in public, so for "Amphigorey," the musical adaptation of his stories now playing at the Perry Street Theatre, he has sent "one of his less timid alter egos," Mrs. Regera Dowdy (Joyce Sozen), to represent him. Clothed in black and gray garments that recall the sterner portraits painted by Romaine Brooks, Mrs. Dowdy presides over an evening in which ten startling performers enact (on sets designed by Gorey) tales based on the artist's works, with appropriate music by Peter Golub. Some scenes come off more vividly than others—most vivid of all is a twisted barbershop-quartet version of Mr. Gorey's classic "The Osbick Bird"—but the production's over-all éclat is never in doubt.

"Amphigorey" began in 1984 as a New York University student show called "Tinned Lettuce" and has had more incarnations than any other recent musical except "Merrily We Roll Along" (which, as it happens, is getting a fresh scrub from the director Susan H. Schulman, for a production next month by the York Theatre Company). "Amphigorey" is billed as a "musicale," and it has the cozy yet forbidding feel of a late-Victorian parlor performance, in which a band of brilliant artists disport themselves for the amusement of their friends. The actors here first disported themselves for the director and choreographer Daniel Levans, and Mr. Levans has coaxed intense, silent-screen performances from all of them, especially Kevin McDermott as "the enraged telephone."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AIKEN FICTION—A black comedy by Kate Moira Ryan about two teen-age girls making their escape from the suburbs. Previews through May 1. Opens May 3 at 8. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE GOES PUBLIC—A sequel to the 1978 musical, with much of the same creative lineup: Larry L. King (book), Peter Masterson (book and direction), Tommy Tune (direction and, with Jeff Calhoun, choreography), and Carol Hall (score). Dee Hoty and Scott Holmes co-star. In previews. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER—A new musical by Polly Pen, based on a 1925 novel by H. G. Wells. In previews. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Presenting two one-acts by Lanford Wilson, collectively titled "Moonshot and Cosmos." Previews through May 1. Opens May 3 at 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

GREASE!—Rosie O'Donnell is Rizzo, Ricky Paull Goldin is Danny, and Susan Wood is Sandy in this revival of the 1972 musical by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey. In previews. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

AN INSPECTOR CALLS—The National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's mystery thriller, with Rosemary Harris, Kenneth Cranham, and Philip Bosco. Opens April 27 at 6:45. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

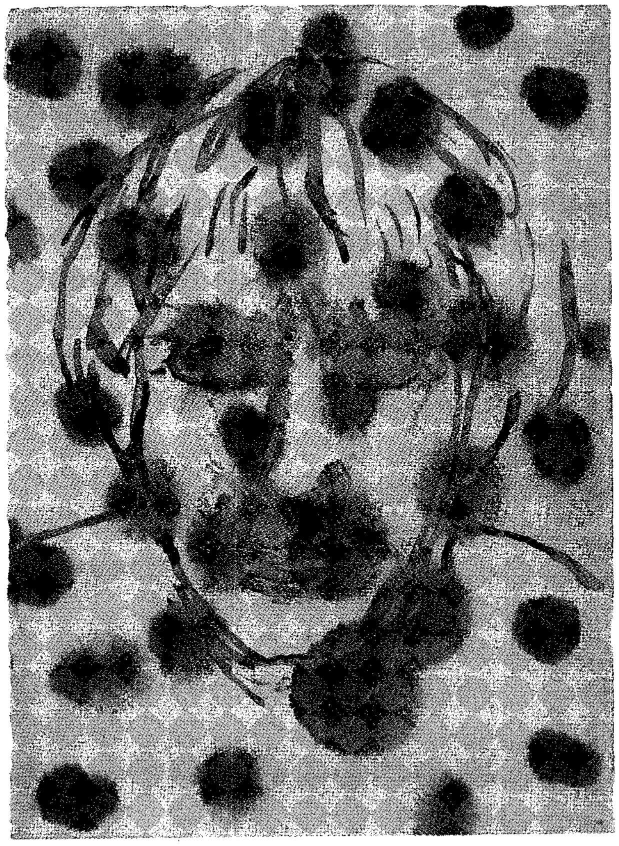
KINDERTRANSPORT—Dana Ivey has the leading role in a play by Diane Samuels. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

PASSION—Stephen Sondheim's new musical, with a book by James Lapine, who also directed. Donna Murphy, Jere Shea, and Marin Mazzie lead the cast. In previews. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE RISE AND FALL OF LITTLE VOICE—Hynden Walch portrays a painfully shy woman with a remarkable singing voice in this play by Jim Cartwright. A Steppenwolf Theatre Company production. Previews through April 30. Opens May 1 at 6:30. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

SALLY MARR . . . AND HER ESCORTS—Joan Rivers stars in a play about the mother of Lenny Bruce. Written by Ms. Rivers, Erin Sanders, and Lonny Price. In previews. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

SUBURBIA—This play by Eric Bogosian concerns some twenty-year-olds hanging out at a 7-Eleven. The cast includes Josh Hamilton, Martha Plimpton, and Steve Zahn. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Edward Albee, author of "Three Tall Women" and "Fragments."

MAX MILLER

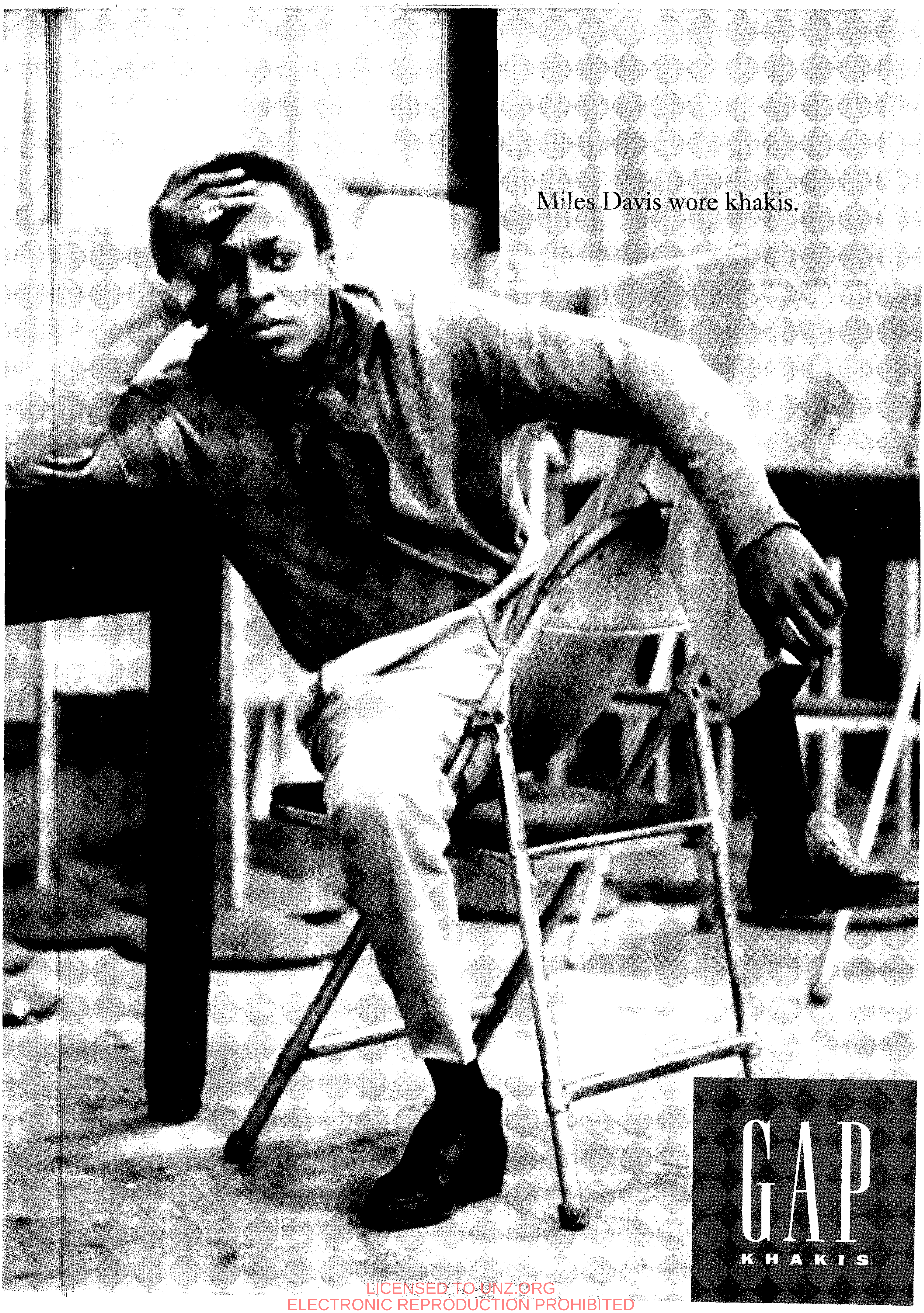
OPENED RECENTLY

ALL IN THE TIMING—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. The playwright is a master both of wordplay and of the comic possibilities of the human predicament. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel, who possess the energy of Mickey and Judy and the profound goofiness of Sid and Imogene. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

AMPHIGOREY: A MUSICALE—Fifteen Edward Gorey stories set to music. With sets by Mr. Gorey, of course, and a score by Peter Golub. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 777-7474. Closes May 22.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—The long-awaited musical juggernaut, based on the 1991 Disney movie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

BLOWN SIDEWAYS THROUGH LIFE—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about


Miles Davis wore khakis.
GAP
KHAKIS

THE THEATRE-Cont'd

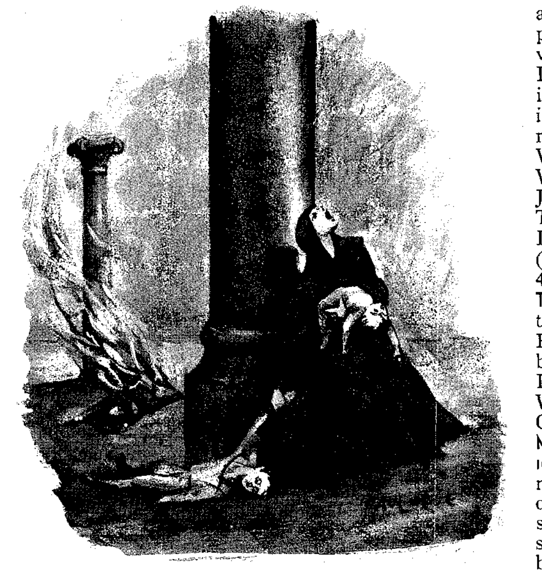
her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

Broken Glass—A new play by Arthur Miller, with Ron Rifkin, Amy Irving, and David Dukes. John Tillinger directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Brothers of the Brush—A comic drama by Jimmy Murphy, a Dublin housepainter turned playwright. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). The result is a vehicle that swerves between fifties stodginess and nineties cynicism. But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/94.) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)



Diana Rigg in "Medea."

PAUL DEGEN

Fallen Angel—Corey Glover is among the performers in this play about a rock band, written by Billy Boesky, who also wrote some songs for the show. The story is flimsy, but the songs—in a variety of styles—are enjoyable in a bar-band sort of way. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Fragments—The Signature Theatre Company winds up its Edward Albee season with his most recent full-length play. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes May 8.)

Hide Your Love Away: The Ballad of Brian Epstein—Kevin Scott's play about the Beatles' manager takes place in 1967. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—A considerably pumped-up version of Andrew Lloyd Webber's first musical, with former soap star Michael Damian in the title role. The Bible was never like this. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Love Thy Enemy—The Onyx Theatre Company's American Sign Language adaptation of a nineteenth-century comedy by Eugène Labiche. With simultaneous voice translation. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Closes May 1.)

Medea—Diana Rigg gives a magnetic performance in this production of Euripides' tragedy, an import from London's Almeida Theatre, under the direction of Jonathan Kent. She embodies the concept of deadly wit—in her hands, words are weapons, and she wields them with murderous mastery. Her verbal command is such that at times it obscures the grief that drives her to commit her horrendous acts, but there's a thrilling electrical charge whenever Rigg is onstage, and grief and horror are powerfully conveyed by Peter J. Davison's set, which is so dramatic that it functions as a main character. With Tim Oliver Woodward as Jason, Janet Henfrey, John Turner, and Donald Douglas. (4/25/94) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Mollusc—A turn-of-the-century English social satire by Hubert Henry Davies. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes May 8.)

Mort Sahl's America—One of the innovative funnymen of the fifties and sixties, Mort Sahl is sharply intelligent but too witty to be vulgar, and this is too bad. His gig is more a series of cocktail-party set pieces than a show, but he performs it with enormous laid-back charm. (4/25/94) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Movieland—In Everett Quinton's latest outing, Mr. Q. plays a character called Ruby Stevens (attention, non-campers: that's Barbara Stanwyck's real name), who frenetically acts out parts in half a dozen old movies, including "The Spiral Staircase," "The Ten Commandments," and "Madame X" ("the blondest movie ever made"), in an attempt to placate a dragon that's threatening her life. You have to admire Ruby's resourcefulness in using a Clorox bottle as Pharaonic headgear, but the dragon has a point. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

My Fair Lady—Howard Davies' genial new production of the Lerner and Loewe musical. With Melissa Errico as Eliza Doolittle and Michael Moriarty as Professor Henry Higgins. (1/17/94) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Picnic—A revival of William Inge's play, by the Roundabout Theatre Company. The cast includes Ashley Judd and Kyle Chandler. Directed by Scott Ellis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Richard II—This Steven Berkoff production is not a feast for the ears: Michael Stuhlbarg plays the unfit king as a half-mad hothouse flower, and speaks in a quavery tenor that doesn't get a grip on Shakespeare's magnificent poetry, and Larry Spivack's drony synthesizer music competes with the actors. The eyes don't have it, either: characters walk around in circles and sometimes, for no apparent reason, in slow motion (accounting for many minutes in a three-and-a-half-hour performance). Also with André Braugher, who, as Bolingbroke, displays spine and chilly resolve, Earle Hyman, Carole Shelley, and Herb Foster. (4/18/93) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes May 1.)

Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants—With a Mephistophelean smoothness, the master sleight-of-hand artist discourses on the history of trickery and performs illusions that will amaze even those who wouldn't normally go out of their way to see card tricks. Directed by David Mamet. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play, which just won Edward Albee a Pulitzer Prize. Myra Carter, Marian Seldes, and Jordan Baker represent three generations of women trying to sort out their pasts. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

The Triumph of Love—A production of Marivaux's 1732 romantic farce, in a witty new translation by James Magruder. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes May 8.)

Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992—Anna Deavere Smith's one-woman show, seen recently at the Public Theatre. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Who Will Carry the Word?—Charlotte Delbo, a survivor of Auschwitz, wrote this play about women in the death camps. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

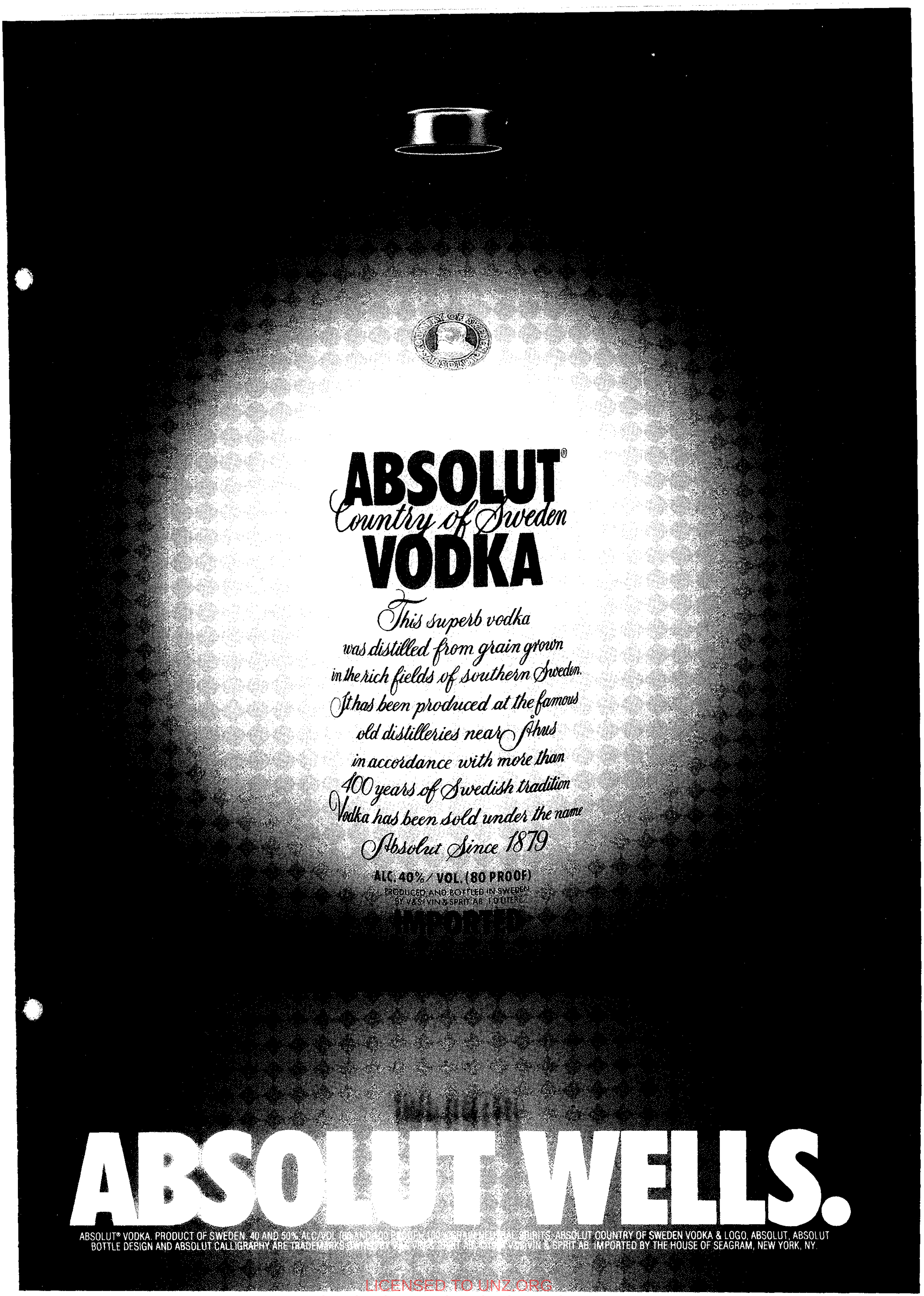
LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BEAU JEST:** Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes May 1. . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Ice Show—Nancy Kerrigan, Oksana Baiul, Surya Bonaly, Brian Boitano, Viktor Petrenko, and many others (but not Tonya). (Madison Square Garden. 465-4000. May 2 at 8.)

DeLights: Art on 5 Outlets—Dawn Chiang and Eric Cornwell's performance work utilizes a variety of lights. (Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St. April 27 at 7:30. No tickets necessary. Seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)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DANCE

Mind Readers

THE latest collaboration between Trisha Brown, the choreographer, and Robert Rauschenberg, the artist, is "If you couldn't see me," which is receiving its world première on May 3 at the Joyce Theatre. The ten-minute dance marks their fifth collaboration (Rauschenberg provided the sets and costumes for "Astral Converted," "Glacial Decoy," "Foray Forêt," and the triumphant "Set and Reset") and contains the first solo Brown has choreographed for herself in fifteen years. Rauschenberg not only designed Brown's costume for the new work but also composed the score—a piece for electronic piano, which will be heard on tape. The solo will open a one-week engagement of the Trisha Brown Dance Company.

Rauschenberg's musical reputation has till now been based largely on his ad-hoc anvil accompaniment for Merce Cunningham back in the sixties. Perhaps the artist is a more contemplative man these days: his keyboard score is spare and suggestive, as is Brown's choreography. She devised her dance before she heard the music. Brown and Rauschenberg have been friends for more than three decades and have become, according to Brown, "telepathic."

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Sleeping Beauty" open the spring season. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. April 28-29 and May 3 at 8, April 30 at 2 and 8, and May 1 at 1 and 6. Through June 26.)

American Ballet Theatre—April 27 at 2 and 8 and April 28 at 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Cruel World" (première), and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ April 30 at 2: "Symphonie Concertante," "Gala Performance," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ April 30 at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Gala Performance," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "The Red Shoes" (company première), and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: "Airs," "Cruel World," and "Sinfonietta." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 4.)

Laura Dean Musicians and Dancers—"Ecstasy," "Infinity," and "Sky Light." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 27-30 at 8 and May 1 at 2 and 7:30.)

Karen Bamonte Dance Works—The highlight of the evenings is the première of "The Open Palm." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 28-May 1 at 8.)

Humphrey-Weidman Gala—A presentation of dances created between 1928 and 1945 by the pioneer modern-dance choreographers Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, performed by Carla Maxwell, Douglas Nielsen, the Purchase Dance Corps, and others. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. May 1 at 5.)

Jennifer Muller/THE WORKS—"Point of View, a Case of Persimmons and Picasso" (première) opens a one-week engagement. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. May 3 at 7:30.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—The opening-night program of a one-week engagement includes "If you couldn't see me" (première), "Newark," "Another Story as in falling," and "For M.G.: The Movie." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 3 at 7:30. Through May 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

On Course

HALFWAY to heaven, Rainbow & Stars has at last begun to hire the performers it was designed for: first-rate jazz cabaret singers, who are, by definition, intimate, articulate, elegant, swinging, and reverent about their music. For the past several months, we have been offered—in addition to that perennial paragon Rosemary Clooney—Ann Hampton Callaway, Susannah McCorkle, and Annie Ross. And now Mary Cleere Haran has arrived. All are funny, garrulous, and light on their feet, and, as jazz-based singers, they let the "show" fall into place behind their singing.

A lithe Irish beauty with red hair and a nose that, in profile, could launch a thousand ships, Mary Cleere Haran pours herself into her gowns and uses her smile not to wow the room but to light her songs. She can sing in any tempo, but she prefers slower speeds and lower tones. Unlike many jazz cabaret singers, she knows how to use dynamics, and sometimes she pulls her quick, ruffled vibrato up short, like Anita O'Day. (The shadows of O'Day and Chris Connor and Ella Fitzgerald occasionally pass behind her.)

In the Irish way, Mary Cleere loves to talk, and some of her between-songs monologues become pocket essays. But she is witty and has an appreciative sotto-voce giggle, and you know that the next song, like love, is just around the corner.

Now, how about Barbara Lea, Carol Sloane, Dave Frishberg, and Marano and Monteiro?

Mary Cleere Haran at Rainbow & Stars.

TOM SULLY

CONCERTS

Anthony Braxton and Richard Teitelbaum—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 28 at 8.

Music by Ellington and Strayhorn—David Berger conducts a sixteen-piece big band featuring saxophonist Joe Temperley and singer Milt Grayson. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. April 29 at 7:30.)

Diedre Murray—Presenting "The Voice (Within): A Fractured Chorale," an a-cappella work for eight jazz vocalists. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 135th St. 650-7100. April 30 at 7:30 and May 1 at 3.)

Willie Colón and Ray Barretto—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. April 30 at 8.

Lenny Pickett—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 2-3 at 8.

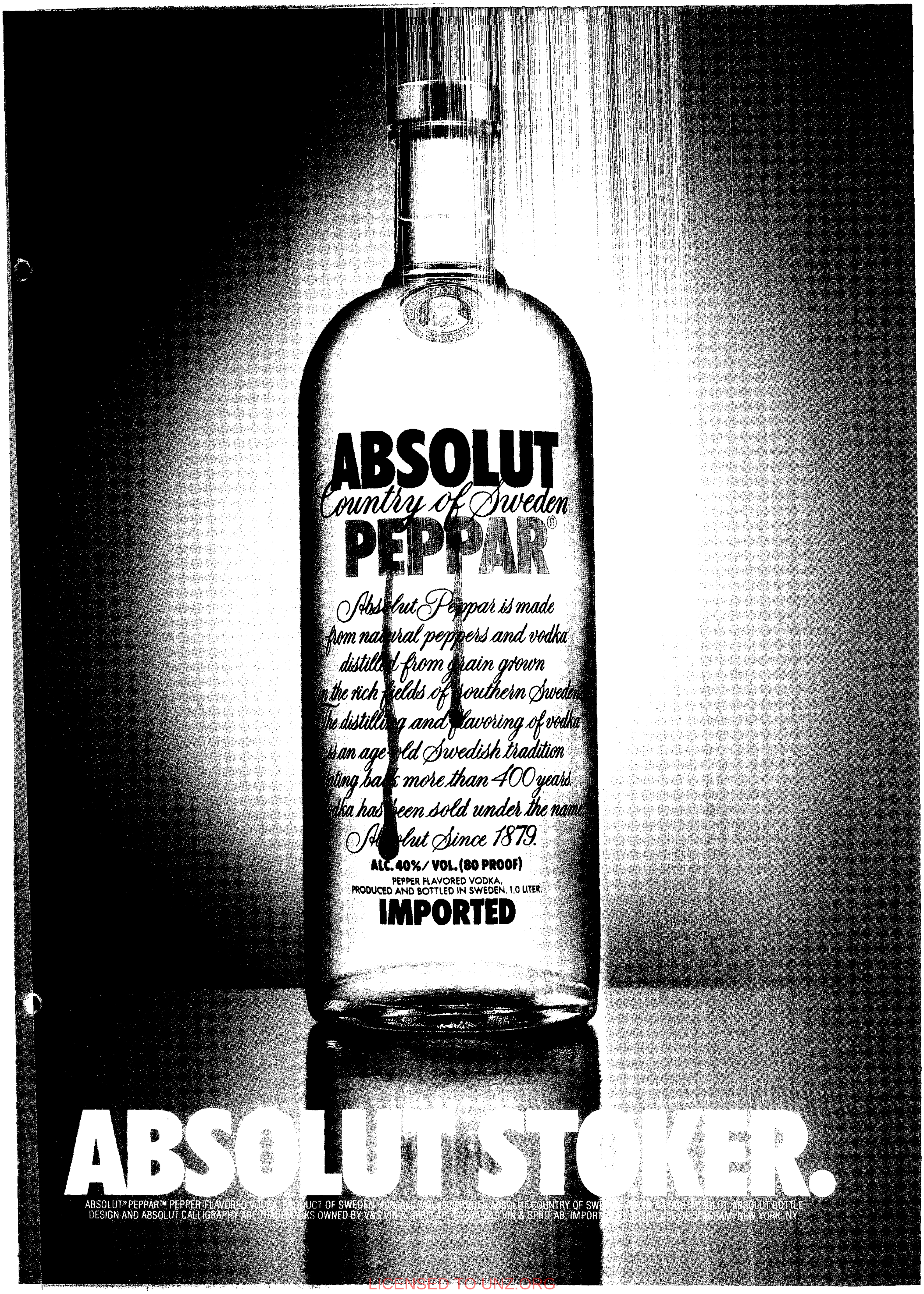
Festival of Mixology—A series focussing on the uses of technology in music. April 28, Nicolas Collins; April 29, Scot Konzelmann & Chop Shop; April 30, Key Ransone & Small Cruel Party. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242. Concerts at 9. Through May 7.)

Carnegie Hall Folk Festival—The final two concerts in the series. "Deep in the Heart of Texas" features rockabilly, blues, and *conjunto* music from the Bluebonnet State. The performers are Ronnie Dawson and High Noon, T. D. Bell and Erbie Bowser, and Mingo Saldivar. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. April 29 at 8.) . . . ¶ The festival wraps up with "A Country Hoot," starring Ricky Skaggs, whom many credit with beginning country's new-traditionalist revival; bright young bluegrass luminary Alison Krauss and her band, Union Station; the Johnson Mountain Boys, a bluegrass outfit from Washington, D.C.; and *conjunto* man Mingo Saldivar. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. April 30 at 8.)

Dominican Roots Music Festival—Cieguito de Nagua, Espíritu Dominicano, and AsaDifé. (Davis Hall. April 30 at 8. . . . ¶ Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. May 1 at 7.)

ROCK AND FOLK

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. April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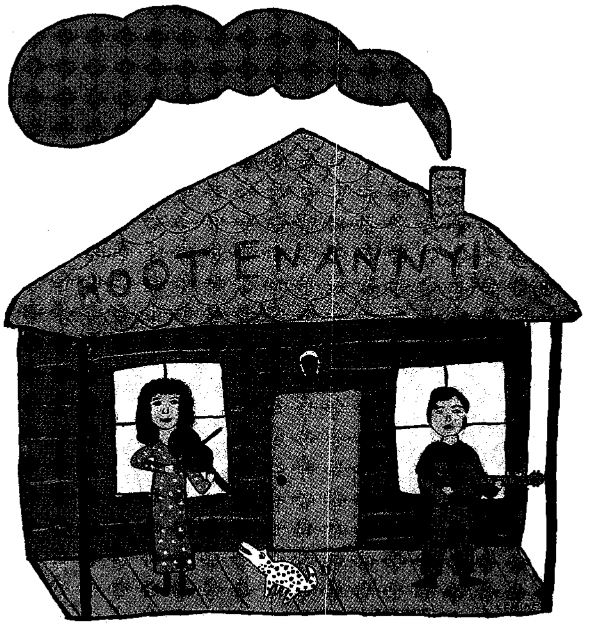
NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

29: The **PERSUASIONS.** On April 30: **BUSTER POINDEXTER & HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Poindexter is, of course, the hipster alter ego of David Johansen, that glam-rock icon of yore. His shows with the Banshees are always good, campy fun.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A serious room for serious rock-and-rolling, with a wall-o'-speakers up front and an ear-decompression lounge around the bar in the back. The neo-glam cult figure **FABULON** brings his T. Rex-cum-Duran Duran pop sensibilities to the club on April 27. Appearing with him are Red Eye, Crispy Brown, and Whiskey Road.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. **POI DOG PONDERING** stops by on April 29, with guest **SYD STRAW.** "If Poi Dog Pondering were a restaurant," reads the latest *Trouser Press Record Guide*, "it would be an urban fern bar with a kooky international menu, efficiently run by the children of hippies." As for Straw, if the gangly, pure-voiced folk-rocker were a restaurant, she would be a cowpunk bar with a great downtown-country jukebox. On April 30: the bluejeans-and-tie-dye sounds of **GOD STREET WINE.** This combo from Ossining may be the first band with an Internet address on its press release. E-mail is a forum for the band's fans: a dedicated but well-mannered bunch of youngsters who exchange set lists, reviews, recipes, etc., and follow their heroes across the country—sort of like Deadheads with Powerbooks. The fact that this very nineties-style grass-roots phenomenon happened without the benefit of a record deal was recently noticed by the suits at Geffen Records, who have just signed the band. **LIVE** arrives on May 3, with **VIC CHESNUTT** and **ANGELFISH.** Just a couple of years back, Live was one of the most talked-about new guitar-rock bands on the alternative scene; meanwhile, Chesnutt was being touted as one of Michael Stipe's favorite new folksingers. The hype is still fresh on Angelfish, a Scottish band influenced by punk and postmodern rock (Tina Weymouth and Chris Franz, of Talking Heads and Tom Tom Club fame, produced their début album), and fronted by Shirley Manson, a striking young woman who might be described as a neo-Nico. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.


HOOTENANNY!

Alison Krauss and Ricky Skaggs in "A Country Hoot," at Carnegie Hall.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. On May 1: **BELLADONNA,** the current project of former Anthrax singer Joey Belladonna. Culture Shock and Gyna Gyna open. On May 3, **EAT** arrives, with guests the Binsey Poplars and Room Eleven. Eat's roots are in the embryonic U.K. rave scene of the mid-eighties, but front man Ange Dolittle, who has a hippie mom (de rigueur for today's twentysomething artists), was also influenced by bands like Tangerine Dream and Jethro Tull. Eat's own sound, consequently, is groove-ridden, neo-psychedelic guitar pop, and if you haven't tired of such stuff by now, its current album, "Epicure," offers some tasty moments.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The Boston-based group **GIGOLO AUNTS** arrives on April 29. The Aunts can rock hard, but their melodies are sweetly graceful and their lyrics shy away from the gloom-and-doom stuff that preoccupies some of their post-punk peers. In short, yet another Beantown band that was influenced by Big Star.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights. When there's no live music, the jukebox blasts everything from the Chieftains to Greg Trooper to Paddy Reilly, the Irish folksinger who owns the place.

THREAD WAXING SPACE, 476 Broadway (255-9302)—April 29: An evening of alternative rock, "curated" by **THURSTON MOORE,** of Sonic Youth. On April 30: **YO LA TENGO** headlines a bill of progressive pop, with **COMBUSTIBLE EDISON** and other guests. Yo La Tengo is a Hoboken trio that struggled in the minor leagues for many seasons before making its major-label début last year, with the fine album "Painful."

TRAMPS CAFÉ, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—On April 30: **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON,** who honed his blues chops playing with Big Mama Thornton and Muddy Waters. Since the eighties, Johnson has fronted his own sizzling blues-rock outfit, the Magic Rockers, who will appear with him at this gig.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. On April 27: **LOTION, VANILLA TRAINWRECK,** and the **DAMBUILDERS** team up for a night of oddly catchy noise-pop.

JAZZ AND BLUES

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jazz, hip-hop, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. There's a long, elegant bar with enough seats to accommodate the few non-dancers; it can be a tight squeeze, but it's a svelte crowd. April 29: Giant Step presents **GET SET V.O.P.** On April 30: a triple bill of jazzy funk with **BLOOD SUGAR, KNOCKOUT DROPS,** and **MILO Z.**

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. The **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** quartet and the **TERENCE BLANCHARD** group are here through May 1. Griffin is an elusive giant of the tenor saxophone, slipping into New York once a year for a club date and recording session, then retreating to the French countryside, where he's lived for decades. Nonetheless, he deserves the same attention as his peers Joe Henderson and Jimmy Heath. Back in the late fifties, Griffin was the fastest gun in town. He can still startle with his speed and his elbowing sound, but now the tenorist's ballads have the power to chasten. He regularly surrounds himself with musicians half his age, and seems to delight in making them sweat. Trumpeter Blanchard, whose recent projects include the excellent score for Spike Lee's "Malcolm X" and a fine Billie Holiday tribute CD, has evolved from one of the Blakey school's enfants terribles into a polished veteran. **CHUCK MANGIONE** starts on May 3. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Saxophonist **GARY BARTZ** continues through May 1. On a good night, when Bartz is inspired to flaunt his unparalleled harmonic knowledge, he can be riveting. Dining.

THE COOLER, *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)*—Deep in the heart of the meat district, an authentic old locker has been converted into a comfortable, banquette-lined paradise. Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. **ELLIOTT SHARP'S CRYPTIDS** entertain on April 30.

DOWN BEAT, 101 Seventh Ave. S. (620-4000)—A long, warm, wood-panelled room with upholstered banquettes, a nicely appointed bar, and a reliable roster of jazz names. Murals of Diz, Bird, and Basie adorn the walls, so the players are always in good company. A quartet belonging to trumpeter **SPANKY DAVIS** is in all week.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The **SCOTT HAMILTON** quintet plays through May 1. When Hamilton hit New York nearly twenty years ago, he was like a fish out of water. While his fellow tenor saxophonists worshipped at the altar of Coltrane, the Rhode Island native was sifting the classic swing of players like Lester Young, Ben Webster, and Illinois Jacquet. These days, with the traditionalists at the gate, guess who's getting the last laugh. His own sound now firmly in place, Hamilton can elicit pure pleasure with his lyricism and rhythmic ease. Conservatism plays no part in his stance; this is swing as an active, vital force. Singer **CAROL SLOANE** begins on May 3. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar and lounge, hidden inside the Time Café, with satin couches and mosaic tables. April 27: **HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER,** featuring **G. E. SMITH,** the contortion-faced "Saturday Night Live" bandleader. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

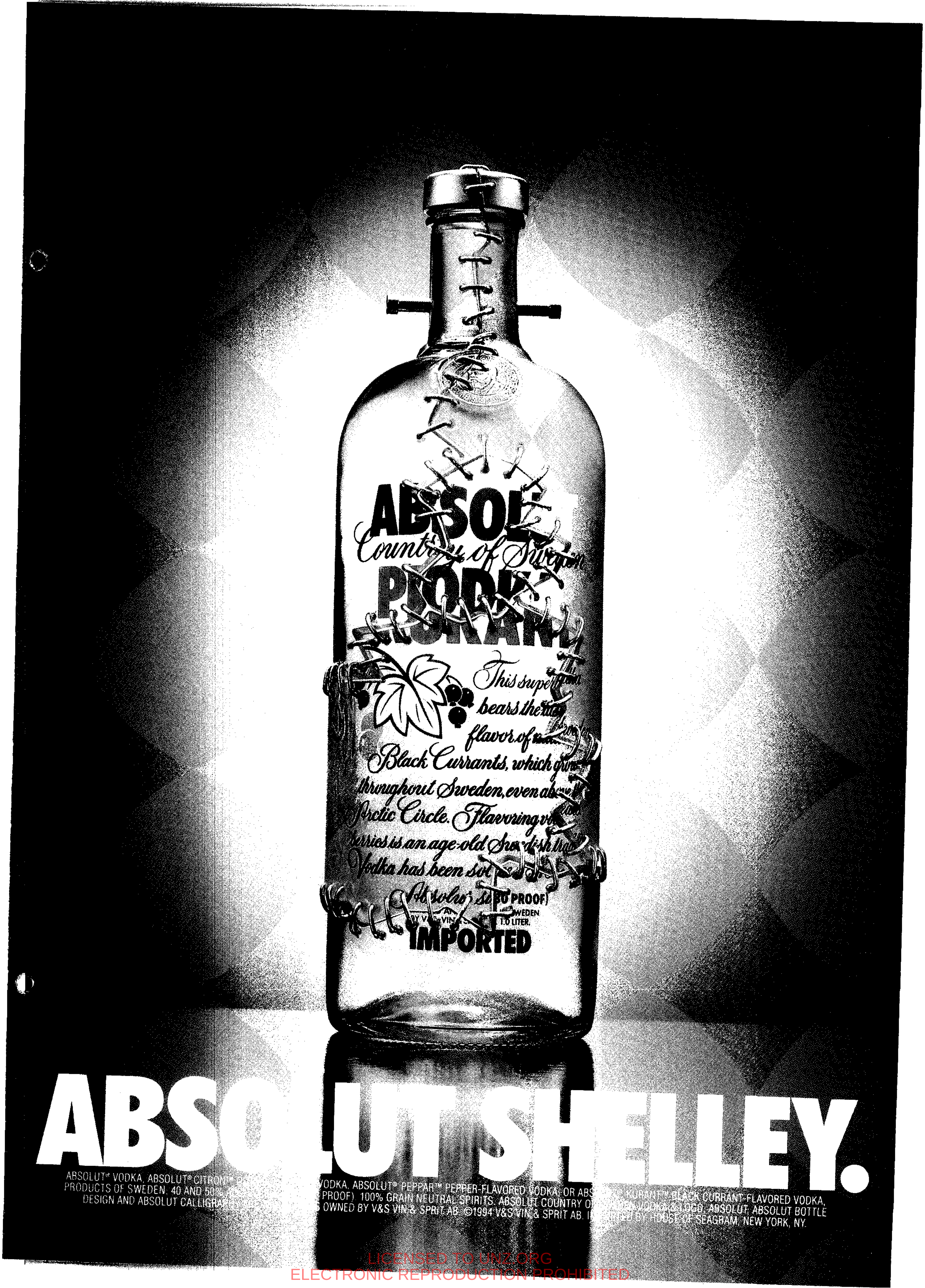
FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. April 29-30: **ROLANDO BRICENO** leads a big band. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This club, run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, specializes in all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. **KELVYNATOR** entertains on April 29.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble now in its twentieth year. The rest of the week, **VERNEL BAGNERIS** presents "Hoo-Dude," his tribute to Jelly Roll Morton. Closed Sundays.

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. The **NOEL POINTER** sextet plays on April 29-30.

LAURA LEVINE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NIGHT LIFE-Cont'd

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. On April 28: the **REBIRTH BRASS BAND,** with the **WILD MAGNOLIAS.** West African blues guitar with **ALI FARKE TOURÉ** on May 3. Touré will be performing material from the album "Talking Timbuktu," his wonderful collaboration with Ry Cooder. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. A big band belonging to **GIL GOLDSTEIN** is in action on Mondays. The **VINCENT HERRING** quintet is here through May 1. The saxophonist is still obsessed with Cannonball Adderley, but lately Herring has been inserting his own personality into his highly charged music. Joining him in this ensemble will be the exceptionally vibrant pianist **CYRUS CHESTNUT.** Starting May 3: **ARTHUR TAYLOR'S WAILERS.** Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—Pianist **DAVE MC KENNA** begins an engagement on May 3. McKenna's left hand is a force of nature, a massive rhythmic generator that could put any bassist out of business.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through May 1: the **GEORGE COLEMAN** quintet. Coleman is a marvel: there isn't a sax player who knows his instrument better, or one who feels as compelled to impart so much knowledge in every marathon solo. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through April 30: **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE.** *Tapping into the* contemporary wellspring created by Tyner, Hancock, and Evans, Brackeen has fashioned an engaging, personal piano sound. Everything she touches, from American songbook standards and Brazilian melodies to her own modernist pieces, is stamped with jazz authority.

STANDARDS AND CABARET

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Talk about extended runs: the Algonquin booked **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** for sixteen weeks last year, and now she's back for another eleven. She'll be ranging through golden-age standards and more up-to-date material. On May 3, the engagement turns into an Irving Berlin tribute. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Cabaret legend **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents an early show (6:30) on Friday and Saturday evenings.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, once again, reliable as rain, the fabulous **BOBBY SHORT,** who continues to sing with astonishing precision and energy.... ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano through June.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **MARY CLEERE HARAN** begins a four-week run on May 3. Closed Mondays.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. Vocalist **NANCY LA MOTT** is in on May 1.

DIVE BARS: A MISCELLANY

A dive, Webster's tells us, is "a place of low resort"—something all of us need at one time or another. The archetypal dive bar is a half-concealed basement or storefront (hence a place to "dive" into unobserved), with cheap liquor, low-fi music, and a dark, dank scumminess. New York supports a host of such places. Here is a list of a few variations on the theme.

Joe's, 520 E. 6th St., between Ave. A and Ave. B—The original tin-ceilinged split-personality dive bar. In the afternoon, old men drink their way back to their youth and complain about "the goddam kids"; sometime around happy hour, the kids show up. George Jones, Johnny Cash, and an album called "Trucker's Favorites" are on the jukebox. If a neighborhood bar crawl is your pleasure, move on to Downtown Beirut (158 First Ave.), Grassroots (20 St. Marks Pl.), and, for a more freakish, zebra-striped scene, No Tell Motel (167 Ave. A).

Hogs & Heifers, 859 Washington St., at 13th St. (929-0655)—A West Village theme bar where the theme is *wwwwwwiiiiild!* Every hour or so, a barmaid dances on the bar and the crowd will whoop, but there's no joy in it, or even any lust. H & H used to promote itself as a biker bar. Patrons were encouraged to hump their way up a thick pole in the middle of the bar. Those who completed the ten-foot climb got a free drink. This sport is now banned. Still, H & H has an eerie, meat-packing-district setting to recommend it, and the jukebox is a dive-bar classic.

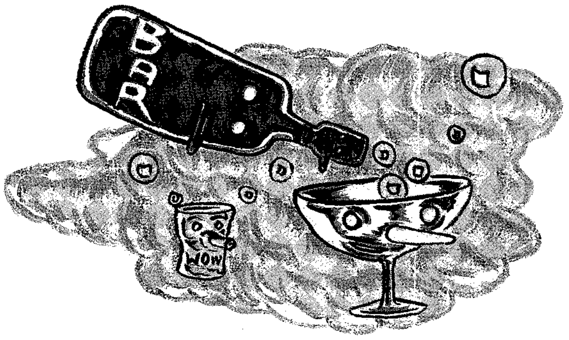
Ear Inn, 326 Spring St., just before New Jersey (226-9060)—Many people who are now dead did their drinking here. Cozy, dirt cheap, and in touch with the spirit world, the Ear Inn feels like a neighborhood bar but is not. For much of its hundred-and-seventy-seven-year history, it catered to sailors and others afflicted with wanderlust, and a native New Yorker may still be hard to find. The Ear Inn serves food until 3 A.M. on weekends, so it's perfect for that transition between tonight's boozing and tomorrow's hangover.

Rudy's Bar, 627 Ninth Ave., at 44th St. (974-9169)—Some of New York's oldest and most illustrious dives are in the midtown area, but they are an endangered species. (Gough's, a wonderful old newspaper bar on 43rd Street, closed last month.) Rudy's is in Hell's Kitchen. Its red neon sign, bright-red vinyl booths, and vintage National cash register are all original fixtures. The beer prices also seem left over from another era. (For eight dollars, you can purchase nearly a gallon of Whitbread ale.) But as the bartender says, "there was a real need for a regular downtown bar in this neighborhood, so we cleared all the scumbags out." If you long to mingle with that element, stumble over to the Full Moon Saloon.

Full Moon Saloon, 735 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (No incoming calls)—A modern setting for Manet's absinthe drinker, and home to suspicious-looking transactions of all kinds. Scruffy Duffy's, a cavernous dive three doors away, has recently upgraded, acquiring a pool table and a hipper, TV-industry clientele. Consequently, it's looking more and more like something out of a jeans commercial.

The Electric Café, 1608 Third Ave., at 90th St. (360-6036)—A trip back to the magic moment when the sixties became the seventies, complete with black lights, psychedelic music, lava lamps, and proud former radicals. "You guys wouldn't even be sitting here if it weren't for people like me, man," a patron declared. The Electric Café is one of those rare places where alcohol won't make you drunk. It gets you stoned, man.

Sapphire, 249 Eldridge St., near Houston St. (777-5153)—A black box that caters to Generation X. Patrons tend to have long hennaed hair or carefully contoured facial stubble, and even though they could probably thrive in today's job market, they wonder why they should bother when they can drink themselves into oblivion at Sapphire, and dance in a haze of blue light with people they've never met before.



Baby Doll Lounge, 34 White St., at Church St. (226-4870)—A topless joint and Tribeca neighborhood bar with a diverse clientele—artists, businessmen, bikers, Jim Jarmusch types. You can drink secure in the knowledge that there are near-naked women around. Take care not to offend the bouncers. A few blocks north, a sleepy bar called the Nancy Whiskey Pub (1 Lispenard St., near West Broadway) is a better place for conversation. Go up to the loft and pretend you're in a mining town in the Rockies. Another local favorite, Puffy's (81 Hudson St., at Harrison St.), is probably too upscale to qualify as a dive—but if it does, it's the only dive bar ever to appear in a Chanel ad.

DAVID SANDLIN

ART

MOMA Bits

AMONG contemporary artists, it might be said that there are two distinct breeds: those who create entirely new things, and those who recombine existing things in the manner of an editor, a connoisseur, or an impresario. John Baldessari is one of the latter. As both an artist and a teacher, he is the magus of a particular strain of conceptualism emanating from Southern California. The tenor of his art, which often incorporates still photographs from forgotten movies, is one of wry intelligence and deadpan humor, focussing less on things in themselves than on the relationships between them, drawing unexpected formal and thematic connections between otherwise unrelated materials.

Baldessari is the latest contributor to the Artist's Choice series at the Museum of Modern Art, in which artists are invited to curate an exhibition using the museum's holdings to illustrate their own vision. In "e.g. Grass, Water Heater, Mouths, & etc. (for John Graham)," Baldessari is the first artist in the series to use the assignment to make a new work. Using photographic reproductions of details from twenty-nine works in diverse mediums—paintings, photographs, prints, drawings, and film stills—Baldessari has strategically cropped, enlarged, and recombined them in an eccentric, sprawling composition. In the video that accompanies the show, which will be on display through May 10, Baldessari remarks that he was surprised to discover that his new work resembles a bizarre animal. Six of the original works are arrayed on facing walls, with the sections that Baldessari has used spotlighted from above; reproductions of the others, with relevant sections whited out, ring the gallery at ankle level. The toothy maw of Willem de Kooning's "Woman, I" is paired with the tumultuous whorls of van Gogh's "Starry Night," while a few feet away the schematic smile of Picasso's "Harlequin" echoes the savage grimace of the de Kooning.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Divine Protection: Batak Art of North Sumatra." Seventy primarily wooden works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, ranging from a three-inch-square ritual book to staffs and puppets. . . . ¶ Eighteen new permanent galleries devoted to the art of South and Southeast Asia have recently opened. Ancient India, Indonesia, Thailand, and Cambodia, among other nations and cultures, are represented. . . . ¶ "Waist Not," a Costume Institute exhibit, proposes that the waist is the defining element of the fashion silhouette, offering examples from the eighteenth century to the present. While it's a thin excuse for a show, there are interesting elements, like a showcase of eighteenth-century busks embellished with risqué carvings and romantic verse. A Jane Fonda exercise tape provides the audio. Paris bad boy Jean-Paul Gaultier's clownlike oversized pants offer a contrast to the rest of the cinched-in show. . . . ¶ "The Decorative Arts of Frank Lloyd Wright." Furniture, ceramics, textiles, sculpture, architectural fragments, photographs, stained glass, metalwork, and drawings. (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum.) (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Projects: Karin Sander." Three large works, including a seventy-by-fifty-foot sculpture made of Astro-Turf. Opens April 28. . . . ¶ "Bernard Tschumi: Architecture and Event." Models and drawings of six projects. Part of the museum's Thresholds series. . . . ¶ Selections from the museum's collection of American Surrealist photography. . . . ¶ The fourth exhibition in the Artist's Choice series features a composition by John Baldessari, "e.g. Grass, Water Heater, Mouths, & etc. (for John Graham)." Through May 10. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright: Architect." A retrospective, beginning with material from the eighteen-eighties. (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Metropolitan Museum and the Guggenheim Museum.) Through May 10. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Women on the Edge: Twenty Photographers in Europe, 1919-39" provides an antidote to the many historical surveys that have overlooked women who contributed to this fertile, influential period in European photography. The variety of intentions (from advertising to art) and the heterogeneity of styles make for a wide-ranging tour of the era's dynamics, from the work of well-known photographers like Florence Henri and Lucia Moholy to pages from Irene Bayer's personal photo albums. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright's Designs for the Guggenheim Museum." (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art.) . . . ¶ "Robert Morris: The Mind/Body Problem," a retrospective exhibition, explores the intellectual underpinnings of this protean artist through a selection of his sculptures, drawings, and videos from the early sixties to the present. Through May 1. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Rolywholyover A Circus." John Cage (1912-92) took his title from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" and used, among other things, a computerized version of the "I Ching" to create a circus. Cage said, "The basic idea is that the exhibition would change so much that if you came back a second time, you wouldn't recognize it." It includes a rotating exhibit of work by fifty artists, including Rauschenberg and Joseph Cornell; *enso* scrolls; an interactive computer installation; an object each from the permanent collections of several New York museums; and a media room with a changing program of recordings, video and slide shows, and live events. For schedule information, call 423-3836. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist. (There is a concurrent show of Stella's paintings at York gallery.) . . . ¶ "Ideas and Objects: Selected Drawings and Sculptures from the Permanent Collection." Sculptures by fifteen artists, coupled with drawings that relate to the finished

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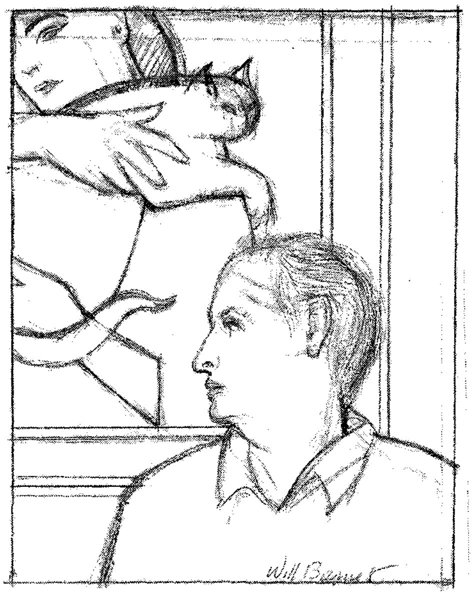
works. . . . ¶ "Richard Avedon: Evidence 1944-94." This retrospective includes photographs of Isak Dinesen (1959) and Francis Bacon (1979). (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fine art ("Watson and the Shark," by John Singleton Copley), casts of fossils, and a sample of items that have been found in fishes' bellies—armor, hubcaps, a fur coat—are a few of the items in "Sharks! Fact and Fantasy." There's also a walk-through diorama with lighting and ambient sound that make you think you're underwater. Through May 1. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Louise Bourgeois: The Locus of Memory, Works 1982-1993." An expanded version of the sculptor's *1993 Venice Biennale* exhibit, with some twenty-five works made from Carrara marble, rubber, wood, bronze, steel, and glass. There are also thirty works on paper. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Uncommon Beauty in Common Objects: The Legacy of African-American Craft Art" reveals African-American craft artists not only as keepers of their culture (sometimes not without political asides) but as prime movers in the field. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A thirty-eight-inch bronze Buddha from Thailand is the centerpiece of an exhibit of some fifty related sculptures—of Maitreyas, Buddhas, and bodhisattvas—which share certain postures and stylistic conventions. Closer inspection reveals the differences between the Khmer, Mon, and Shrivijayan types. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Self-portrait by Will Barnet (Dintenfass).

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Beyond the Borders: Art by Recent Immigrants" features thirty artists from more than twenty countries. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Photographs of nineteenth-century China by John Thomson (1837-1921). These beautiful sepia-toned works capture everyday life in China in the eighteen-sixties. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75." A trip down short-term-memory lane, documenting the rise of industrial designers, who became indispensable to the quenching of America's thirst for new products. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—"Japan: A Cartographic Vision, European Printed Maps from the Early Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century." Some hundred and fifty maps and related material documenting European exploration and cartographers' renderings of the mysterious East. One of the earliest maps, from 1528, is of an unknown Japan, scary and therefore disproportionately large. The most recent is an 1852 map of the Ryûkyû chain of islands, by the German doctor Philipp Franz von Siebold, who had been banished when he attempted to take secret maps of Japan back to Europe. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Letters from Theodore Roosevelt—a devoted father—to his son Quentin. Addressed to "darling Quenty-quee," they were written during a boat trip in 1907. . . . ¶ Edward Burne-Jones's illustrations for "The Fairy Family," executed from 1854 to 1856, are the earliest known surviving drawings by this Pre-Raphaelite artist. The stories about mermaids, pixies, and brownies, among other elfin folk, were written by Archibald MacLaren. . . . ¶ "Treasures from the Permanent Collection" includes Mahler's manuscript of his Fifth Symphony; letters from Miró, Braque, and Giacometti; and an illuminated manuscript from Ethiopia. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"New York Beauties: Quilts from the Empire State." Twenty or so quilts selected from approximately six thousand that were considered for this exhibit, including one made by the fiancée of a Union soldier, who survived the war but died a day before the wedding. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Treasury of New York Silver" chronicles the craft of silversmithing with work ranging from a memorial spoon (1678) to contemporary Tiffany and Cartier pieces. Opens April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"German Literary Landmarks: From the Enlightenment to the Romantic Era" documents the rise of modern German literature (from the mid-eighteenth to the mid-nineteenth century), with Goethe, Schiller, and Kleist appearing in first editions. Children's books from the same period will also be on display. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"The House I Live In: American Performance in the Era of Blacklisting" documents the effect of blacklisting on the entertainment industry. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays depicting the working and living conditions of black South Africans. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Elizabeth Catlett: Works on Paper, 1944-1992." Representational prints. Through May 8. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Sculptures and drawings from the artist's formative years in Paris (1922-30). Opens April 28. Through June 11. (Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Stuart Ingle—Watercolor still-lifes and portraits of people in Morris, Minnesota, where the artist lives and teaches. Opens April 29. Through May 27. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Graham Nickson / Paul Resika—Figurative paintings. / Landscapes of Provence. Opens May 3. Through May 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St.)

Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) / **Larry Rivers**—Approximately eighty prints, including the 1968 engravings from the 347 series. / "The Auction," a new three-dimensional work relating to African-American history, plus related drawings. Opens May 3. Through June 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Sean Scully—The artist's signature stripes rendered in watercolor, oil, and pastel on paper. Opens April 30. Through May 21. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

"Art New York International"—Sixty-five galleries from more than fifteen countries will offer paintings and sculptures. (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. April 28-30, from 11 to 8, and May 1 from noon to 6.)

"Gramercy International Contemporary Art Exhibition"—The first in what is planned as an annual New York show devoted to works by young artists, presented by international art dealers. (Gramercy Park Hotel, 2 Lexington Ave., at 21st St. April 29, from 6 to 10; April 30-May 1, from noon to 8; and May 2, from noon to 6.)

●

Will Barnet—Five paintings and related works on paper that serve as signposts in the artist's sixty-year career, from "Family and Pink Table (Mary and Sons)" (1948) to "Three Chairs" (1992), both of which portray a mother with her children and a cat. The earlier painting shows Barnet's debt to his European contemporaries, while the later is an example of his confident, precise compositional style. Through May 21. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pat Adams—Enormous paintings, shaped works on paper, and monotypes, all with geometric elements. Through May 28. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—An excellent show of late paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by this renowned German Expressionist. Through May 14. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Anthony Caro—Monumental new works in steel and bronze, plus a group of smaller floor and table pieces, in a show celebrating the sculptor's seventieth birthday. Through May 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Saint Clair Cemin—Sculptures in a variety of mediums, by a Brazilian artist living in New York. Through May 21. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio de Chirico (1888-1978)—Thirty paintings, plus drawings, by the Surrealist. Through May 28. (Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Graham—Eight sculptures of female nudes, cast in bronze or concrete, with a variety of painted and patinated surfaces. Through June 4. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

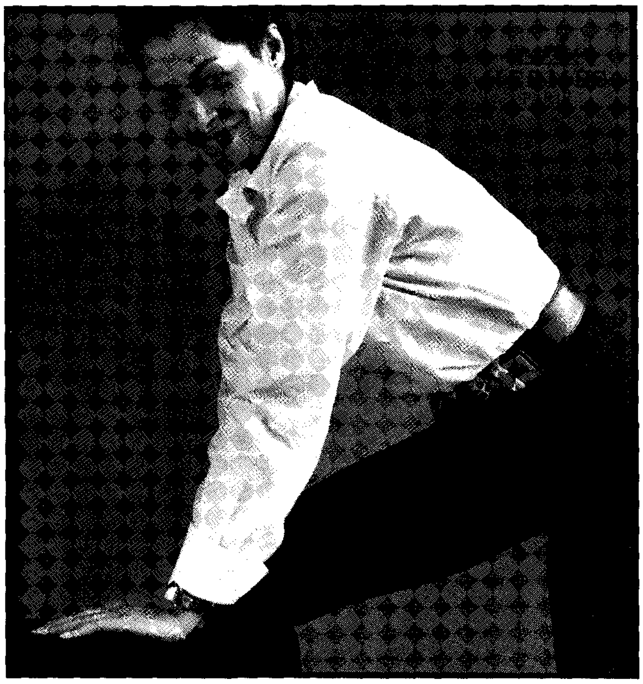
John Moore—Twenty semi-abstract cityscapes: people in windows, buildings shrouded in darkness, and so on. Through May 21. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Paintings dating from 1913, the year of the Armory Show, to 1918, when the artist summered in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Through June 4. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Nature-inspired drawings and paintings from throughout the artist's career, in oil, silverpoint, pastel, and watercolor. (A concurrent show is on view at the Whitney Museum.) Through May 27. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

Rufino Tamayo (1899-1991)—Paintings and works on paper spanning seven decades, a number from the collection of the Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes, in Mexico City. Through June 3. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ursula von Rydingsvard—A Polish artist living in New York, von Rydingsvard molds her



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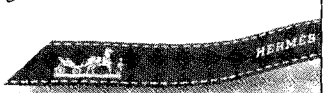

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ART-Cont'd

pleasingly raw cedar sculptures by hand from sawed-up four-by-fours. The forms, more complex than their repetitive formats suggest, are evocative of hollowed-out boulders, tools, and troughs filled with roughly shaped balls (as for some primitive game). Through May 14. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

"Urban Paradise: Gardens in the City"—By turns whimsical, ecologically correct, and futuristic, these ten design proposals by artists and landscape architects would transform neglected areas in four boroughs into pockets of pleasure. Most appealing is Lorna Jordan's plan for Canarsie's Paerdegat Basin, which features a large horseshoe-shaped steel sculpture that serves as an observation deck overlooking five garden follies and tethered floating islands. Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel's vision for Pier 32, Hudson River Park, has an undulating dock leading to a magnificent stepped landscape with a panoramic view. Through July 1. (Paine Webber, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Dara Birnbaum—"Hostage," a video installation. Opens April 29. Through May 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Rochelle Feinstein / Betty Woodman—Paintings with a grid structure, using such additives as rags and Velcro. / Large-scale ceramic works. Opens April 30. Through June 4. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Robert Gober—Four sculptures, one of which employs the gallery's architecture. Opens April 30. Through June 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Duncan Hannah—Representational cityscapes with figures. Opens April 28. Through June 4. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Guillermo Kuitca—"The Tablada Suite," a series of ten paintings containing imagery based on architectural plans for hospitals, cemeteries, and prisons. Opens April 30. Through June 11. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Kenny Scharf—Idyllic landscapes reflecting the artist's interest in the environment. Opens April 30. Through May 27. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

"Pier Show 2"—Work by more than a hundred artists, exhibited in a Civil War-era warehouse. (Brooklyn Waterfront Artists Coalition, 141 Beard St. Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6, from April 30 to May 29.)

●

Izhar Patkin—A suite of paintings, "The Exile," and an enormous blown-glass sculpture, "Where Each Is Both," which is a wildly inventive variation on the Hindu Siva Nataraja, the dancing Siva who creates and destroys the world from within a ring of fire. Patkin's Siva has elements drawn from Carmen Miranda and Josephine Baker. With its precarious stance and jewel-like colors, it's an example of inspired, extravagant lunacy. Through May 7. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

Doris Salcedo—Two large, chair-shaped constructions, made of old gray-stained wooden doors attached to furniture remnants, evoke simultaneously a sense of grandeur and of loss. The details reveal that each piece has a gender identity. The "masculine" work, standing in the middle of the gallery, has a piece of plaid material melded to the wood and a zipper at the panel seam. The smaller, "feminine" work has been squeezed into the arch between two rooms and wears a white lacy skirt. Through May 7. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Philip Taaffe—New and densely ornamental paintings from a master of high decorative art. Taaffe's designs may evoke Islamic and Far Eastern decorative arts, but he also succeeds in reworking his inspirations within the context of large-scale abstract painting. Through May 14. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Grimanesa Amoros—Paintings of anthropomorphic figures. Through May 30. (Roy, 46 Greene St.)

Hans Haacke—A conceptual installation. Through May 21. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Mary Heilmann—Mostly geometric abstractions from the seventies. Through May 21. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Margrit Lewczuk—Abstract paintings influenced by Dove and Hartley landscapes. Through May 25. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Matthew Weinstein—Abstract paintings with suggestions of the human body. Through May 14. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

AUCTIONS

Christie's—The house leads off the big May contemporary-art auctions with a sale on May 3 at 7. This is not for the faint of heart. Collectors will be looking at, for example, Mark Rothko's "Four Reds" (1957), with an estimate of $1.2 million-$1.6 million; Willem de Kooning's "Untitled, XIV" (1982), with an estimate of $750,000-$950,000; and Roy Lichtenstein's "Modern Painting with Green Segment" (1967), with an estimate of $600,000-$800,000. (Park Ave. at 59th St. For further information, call 546-1119.)

Sotheby's—Follow-up contemporary-art auctions take place here on May 4 at 7 and May 5 at 10:15 and 2, featuring art works that belonged to H. Gates Lloyd, a former deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency, and his wife, Eleanor. Their taste ran to Arshile Gorky's "Dark Green Painting" (1948), with an undisclosed estimate; Alexander Calder's "The Haverford Monster" (1944), which was commissioned by the Lloyds and named after the Pennsylvania town in which they lived (estimate: $700,000-$900,000), and Gerhard Richter's "Candle" (1982-83), with an estimate of $250,000-$300,000. (York Ave. at 72nd St. For further information, call 606-7176.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

William Abranowicz—Forty delicately lit black-and-white prints. Through June 4. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Ellen Auerbach—Photographs of Mexican churches, taken in the fifties, by this Bauhaus-educated photographer. Through May 7. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Lynn Davis—Photographs of religious and architectural artifacts in Burma, Cambodia, and Thailand. Through May 21. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Arthur Elgort—Photographs of professional waifs and other lanky goddesses. Through May 7. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

Emmet Gowin—Images of the Czech Republic and the American West. Through June 4. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Robert Glenn Ketchum—Landscapes in Alaska and the Hudson Valley. Through May 28. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

Dorothea Lange (1895-1965)—Forty-three extraordinary images taken between 1933 and 1963, many of which were produced under the auspices of the Farm Security Administration. Through May 7. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"American Ground Zero: The Secret Nuclear War." A remarkable set of photographs by Carole Gallagher, documenting the victims of radioactive fallout in the Western United States. . . . ¶ Bright, candy-colored photographs of life in northern New Mexico, by Alex Harris. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the Whitney Museum, the China Institute, and the Schomburg Center.)

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

Flights of Fancy

THE ability to improvise used to be a part of almost every musician's professional arsenal. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Liszt were acclaimed for their extempore skills at the keyboard, and even players who entertained no real pretensions about composing could be expected to pull a prelude or a capriccio out of the ether. The resultant pieces, in which spontaneity was informed by disciplined compositional technique, were often more than mere noodling. Nevertheless, the art of improvisation crumbled in the course of the nineteenth century, as the enterprises of composing and performing took increasingly divergent paths.

The only musicians who have held steadfastly to the art of improvising are the organists. Practical considerations may be partly to thank: most organists earn their living by playing at church services, where they have to be able to fill in with something interesting when the liturgy goes momentarily astray. But organists have long viewed improvisation as a benchmark of artistic achievement, taking pride in the idea that a single musician can sit at the intersection of creation and re-creation. The American Guild of Organists has included improvisation among its higher-level certification requirements since its inception, in 1896. So it's appropriate that a benefit concert for that organization, at St. Thomas Church on May 3, will include improvisations by two noted practitioners of the art, McNeil Robinson and Gerre Hancock. Listeners can be assured that their work really will be impromptu, since each organist will improvise on a theme submitted by the other on the spot.

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 996-1100.)

OPERA

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—April 29-30 at 7:30: Presenting "Falstaff," in a macaronic Italian-and-English production. . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30: "Ariadne auf Naxos," semi-staged and abridged. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Mariss Jansons conducts Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" Overture, Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Yefim Bronfman), and Sibelius's Symphony No. 2. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 28-30 at 8 and May 3 at 7:30.)

RIVERSIDE SYMPHONY—George Rothman conducts Stephen Hartke's Symphony No. 2, Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 5 (featuring Håvard Gimse), and Mozart's Symphony No. 41 (the "Jupiter"). (Alice Tully Hall. April 27 at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—The early-music group performs lute songs, madrigals, airs, and dances from Elizabethan England. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 29 at 8.)

JUILLIARD SYMPHONY—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts Mozart's "Zauberflöte" Overture and Symphony No. 39 as well as Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 2 (featuring John Root). (Alice Tully Hall. April 29 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directs Mendelssohn's "Die Erste Walpurgisnacht" and Orff's "Carmina Burana"; with soprano Joyce Guyer, mezzo-soprano Trudy Weaver, tenor William Watson, and bass Zheng Zhou. (Carnegie Hall. April 29 at 8.)

S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—Performing Cage's "Atlas Eclipticalis" (with the Midwood High School Orchestra assisting) and "Concert for Piano and Orchestra" (featuring Joseph Kubera). (Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. April 30 at 6:30. No charge beyond museum admission.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg doubles as conductor and soloist in an all-Bach program. (92nd Street Y. April 30 at 8.)

B-MINOR MASS—Bach's classic masterpiece, performed by the New York Virtuoso Singers, the Canticum Novum Singers, and soloists Julianne Baird (soprano), Jennifer Lane (mezzo-soprano), Patrick Romano (tenor), and David Arnold (baritone); directed by Harold Rosenbaum. (Alice Tully Hall. April 30 at 8.)

CHORAL SYMPHONY SOCIETY AND CANTATA SINGERS—David Labovitz directs Handel's "Hercules." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. May 1 at 2. Admission by contribution.)

MILTON KEYNES CITY ORCHESTRA—Hilary Davan Wetton conducts the chamber orchestra, which was founded twenty years ago as an element in the modern development of the city of Milton Keynes, Buckinghamshire, under Britain's "new towns" commission. April 30 at 2:30: Cimarosa's "I Traci Amanti" Overture, Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 5 (with John Malcolm Layfield), and Haydn's Symphony No. 45 (the "Farewell"), as well as the Serenade for Strings by Lennox Berkeley and the United States première of the "Gethsemani Fragment" by his son, Michael Berkeley. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ May 1 at 2: Samuel Wesley's Symphony No. 5, Malcolm Arnold's "Variations on a Ukrainian Folk Song," Lennox Berkeley's Serenade for Strings, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Steven Lubin), and Mozart's Symphony No. 40. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

MET ORCHESTRA—James Levine conducts Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," Debussy's "La Mer," and three works featuring mezzo-soprano Cecilia Bartoli: Mozart's aria "Ch'io mi Scordi di Te," Ravel's "Vocalise en Forme de Habanera," and Berlioz's "Zaïde." (Carnegie Hall. May 1 at 3.)

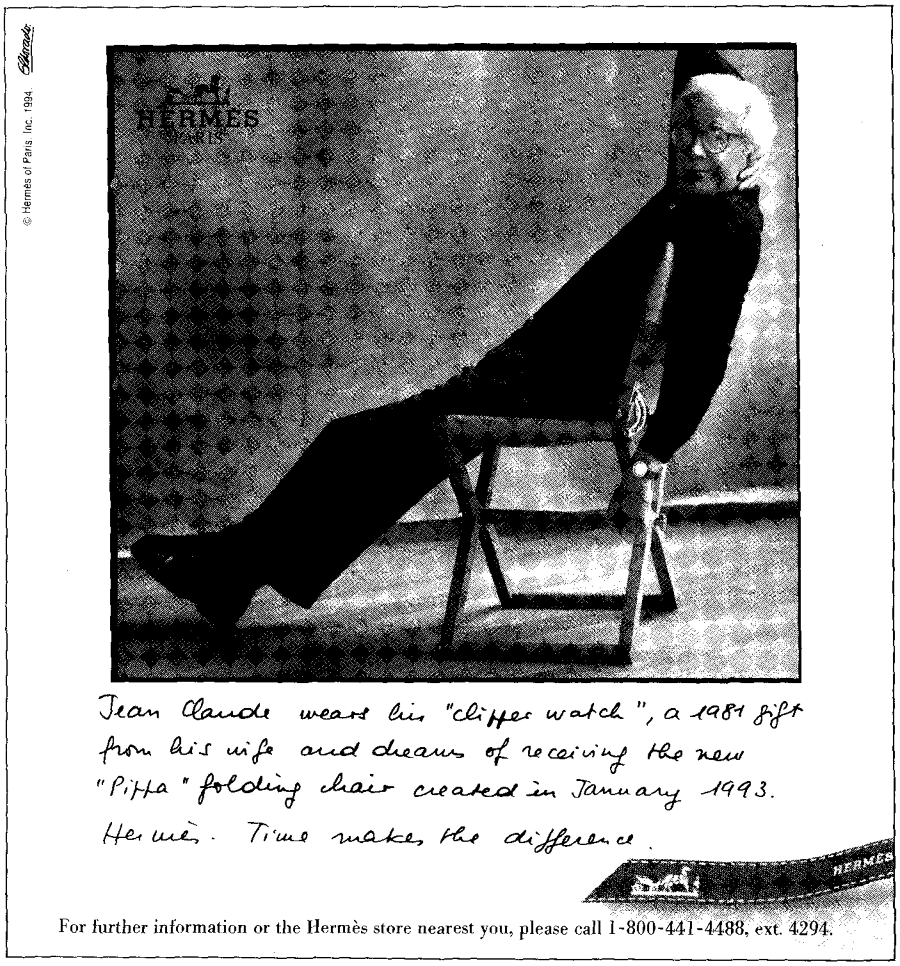
RECITALS

MARILYN NONKEN—Pianist, performing the complete solo-piano works of Schoenberg. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. April 27 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

JESSYE NORMAN—The soprano sings scenes and arias by Haydn, Purcell, Tchaikovsky, Barber, Offenbach, Strauss, and Saint-Saëns; with Jane Glover conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 27 at 8.)

KATHLEEN BATTLE—Soprano, performing works by Schubert, Strauss, and others; with pianist James Levine. (Carnegie Hall. April 27 at 8.)

SCHUBERT PLUS—Chamber musicians play Schubert's String Trio in B-Flat Major and "Trout" Quintet; tenor Paul Groves performs the song on which the latter's variations are based, as well as the New York



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CLASSICAL MUSIC-Cont'd

première of a song cycle by Rorem. (92nd Street Y. April 27 at 8.)

Rachel Franklin—In her New York début recital, the pianist performs works by Bach, Liszt, Chopin (his B-Flat-Minor Sonata), Bartók, and Juliusz Zarebski. (Weill Recital Hall. April 27 at 8.)

"Sometime Concerts"—The inaugural concert of a series that takes place in an intimate "English country style" church features Beethoven's "Archduke" Trio, Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, Brahms' two "Viola Songs," and piano music by Liszt and Ravel. Mezzo-soprano Jennifer Dudley, clarinettist Robert Yamins, violist Paul Coletti, and the members of the Anastos Trio perform. (Church of the Resurrection, 115 E. 74th St. April 27 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

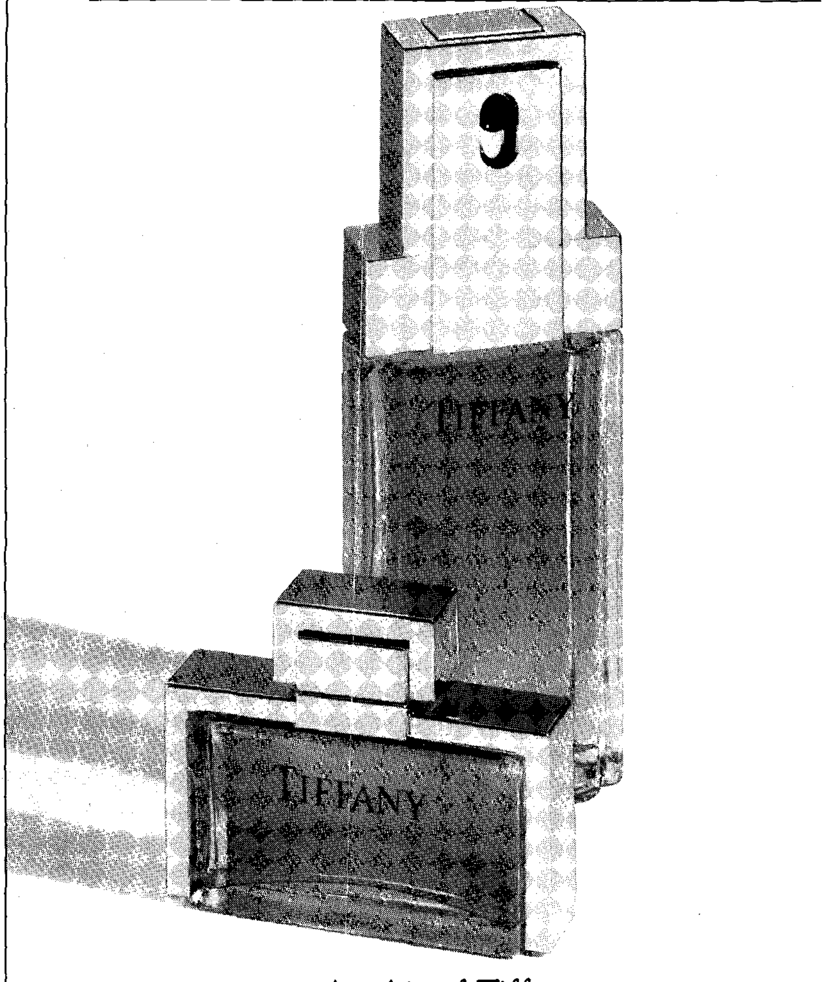
Bargemusic—Violinist Carmit Zori and pianist Wu Han perform Mozart's G-Major Sonata (K. 379); French hornist David Jolley joins them for trios by John Harbison (his "Twilight Music") and Brahms. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. April 28 at 7:30 and May 1 at 4.)

Schubertiade—This year's festival concludes with a performance of Schubert's "Drei Klavierstücke" (D. 946) by pianist Joseph Kalichstein and of the "Schwanengesang" by baritone Hermann Prey and pianist Leonard Hokanson. (92nd Street Y. April 28 at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Performing Harbison's Variations for Violin, Clarinet, and Piano; Milhaud's "La Création du Monde" (in the composer's own chamber arrangement); and Dvořák's Piano Quintet. (Racquet and Tennis Club, Park Ave. at 53rd St. April 28 at 8. For information about tickets, call 580-9933.)

Concert Royal—Bass-baritone Bernard Deletré is featured in chamber cantatas by Rameau, Michel Pignolet de Montéclair, and Joseph Bodin de Boismortier. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. April 29 at 8.)

Ilan Rogoff—Pianist, performing and discussing works by Chopin. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 30 at 7.)



Mother's Day is May 8th

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Timora Rosler—Cellist, playing unaccompanied suites by Bach. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. May 1 at 11 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.) . . . ¶ Performing music by Schumann, Chopin, George Crumb, and Lutoslawski, in a salon setting; with pianist Ilan Rechtman. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. May 1 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra, plus colleagues, perform Barber's "Dover Beach" (with baritone William Metcalf), Dvořák's Piano Quintet (with pianist Yefim Bronfman), and a horn quartet by Jan Václav Stich (a.k.a. Giovanni Punto, as he was often called by Mozart, Beethoven, and his other colleagues in the late eighteenth century). (Merkin Concert Hall. May 1 at 3.)

Florence Gould Hall Chamber Players—Performing works by François Devienne, Honegger, Stravinsky (his "L'Histoire du Soldat," in a reduced instrumentation), Marc-André Dalbavie (a première), and Ravel (his "Chansons Madécasses," with baritone Philip Frohnmayer). (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. May 1 at 3.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Composers in Person: Widor, Vierne, Dupré, Messiaen (EMI Classics). A new installment in EMI's series of composers performing their own works presents the leading French organists of four generations, spanning a century and a half of musical styles, with a couple of improvisations mixed in. (For live improvisation, there's the American Guild of Organists benefit concert on May 3 at St. Thomas Church.) Highlights of this disk's offerings of "composed" works include the aged Charles-Marie Widor infusing his celebrated Toccata with unaccustomed elegance; Marcel Dupré romping through his quirky, Addams Familyesque G-Minor Prelude and Fugue; and more than a half hour of Messiaen's precisely colored ecstasies. Louis Vierne's contributions include two of the three improvisations a mobile recording unit captured in 1928 at Notre-Dame de Paris (where he succeeded Widor as organist). They became repertoire standards after his pupil Maurice Duruflé transcribed and published them, but these tracks document their jubilant, boisterous creation. Turn up the volume, boost the woofer, and share their spectacularly refurbished sound with your neighbors.

New York Consort of Viols—Performing sixteenth-century music; with the Cambridge Court Dancers. (Wallace Hall, Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. May 1 at 4. Admission by contribution. Dance historian Ingrid Brainard will offer a pre-concert lecture at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Guarneri Quartet assists the Society in a program that comprises Beethoven's A-Minor Violin Sonata (Op. 23), Mendelssohn's F-Minor Piano Quartet, and Schubert's Octet. (Alice Tully Hall. May 1 at 5 and May 3 at 7:30.)

Lunchtime Music—Among the fine-weather pleasures Bryant Park affords midtowners are hour-long lunchtime concerts, most of which spotlight emerging recitalists and ensembles. The season opens with a program of songs and arias featuring soprano Roberta Peters, tenor Mark Marriott, and pianist Timothy Lindberg. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. May 2 at 12:30; rain date May 3.)

Marilyn Horne—The mezzo-soprano kicks off a weeklong vocal workshop by performing a recital of songs by Rossini, Schumann, and

Bolcom; with pianist Martin Katz. (Weill Recital Hall. May 2 at 8. For information about ensuing seminars and master classes at Weill Recital Hall, call 903-9670.)

Alfred Brendel—The pianist performs the first of two all-Beethoven recitals. This installment comprises the Sonatas in F Minor (Op. 2, No. 1), A Major (Op. 2, No. 2), C Major (Op. 2, No. 3), and F Minor (Op. 57, the "Appassionata"). (Carnegie Hall. May 2 at 8. The second concert will take place on May 12.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Premières of pieces by Vivian Fine and Linda Bouchard, in addition to works by Ruth Crawford Seeger, Shulamit Ran, and Janice Misurell-Mitchell. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 2 at 8.)

Organists Three—John Weaver, McNeil Robinson, and Gerre Hancock take turns at a remarkable Aeolian-Skinner instrument, in a concert that features works by Bach (his C-Minor Passacaglia and Fugue), Franck (his "Grande Pièce Symphonique"), Reger, and Dupré, as well as improvisations by Messrs. Hancock and Robinson. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Avenue at 53rd St. May 3 at 8. For information about tickets, call 989-4678. A benefit concert.)

SPORTS

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Away until May 6, when they'll face the Boston Red Sox.

Mets—Vs. the San Diego Padres, April 27 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Dodgers, April 29 at 7:40 and April 30 and May 1 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the San Francisco Giants, May 2-3 at 7:40.

CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL

Winter Winners—New York had a tough winter, but spring finds us smiling with the knowledge that every home hockey and basketball team made it to the first round of playoffs. As of press time, the Islanders were on thin ice with the Rangers, while the Devils had split games, 1-1, against the Buffalo Sabres. The Knicks have long since clinched the Atlantic division title. Basketball playoffs begin on April 28 or April 29.

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Hide and Seek—MOMA brings its season of family gallery programs to a close with a "treasure hunt" for images in one of the museum's exhibits. (Noble Education Center, 18 W. 54th St. 708-9400. April 30, from 10 to 11.)

Literary Salon—PEN authors, including Bernard Waber ("Lyle, Lyle Crocodile"), Myron Levoy ("The Witch of Fourth Street"), and Steven Kroll ("Mary McLean and the St. Patrick's Day Parade"), will read from their own books set in New York. The readings are interspersed with kid's activities. (Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. April 30, from 11 to 4.)

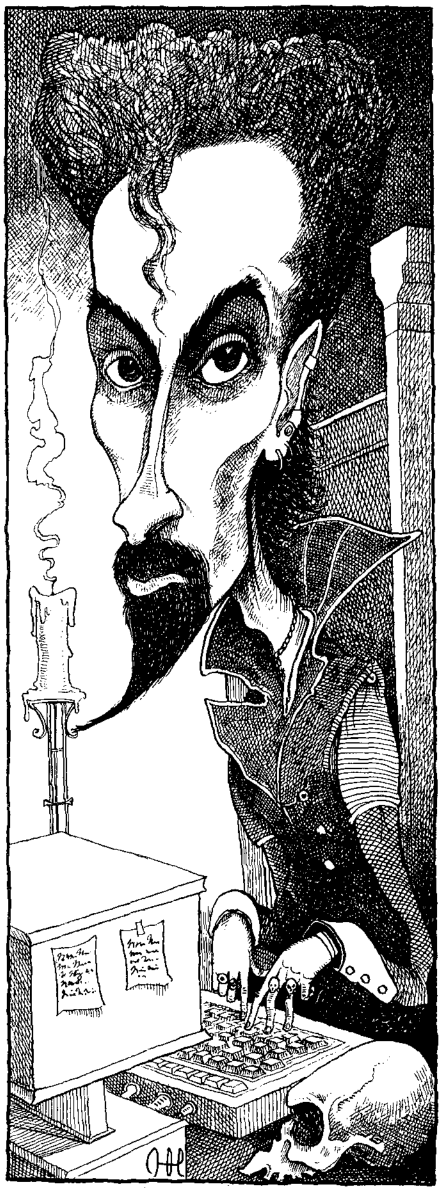
"Linsey-Woolsey Weekend"—Sheep shearing, flax planting, spinning, and weaving are some of the activities planned at the Lefferts Homestead Children's Museum, in Prospect Park. (Flatbush Ave. near Empire Blvd., Brooklyn. April 30-May 1, from 1 to 4.)

Keep in Mind—The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus at Madison Square Garden. (465-6000. Through April 30.) . . . ¶ May Day celebrations at Wave Hill (April 30-May 1; 1-718 549-3200), and at the Children's Museum of Manhattan (May 1).

HARRY HORSE

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Are You My Mother?—Celebrate the Great Mother—Mother Earth, that is. April 30 and May 1, from 11 to 4: The annual "Hug the Forest" event at the New York Botanical Garden will include the Spirit of the Earth Greeting, performed by the Mysterious Tremendum. On Saturday, people will link arms for a group earth hug. Tours, workshops, and other environmental activities. (Bronx Park. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ April 30 and May 1 at 3: "Il Viaggio della Madonna Nera," a folk opera about the Black Madonna in southern Italy. Music, dance, masks, and giant puppets. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109.) . . . ¶ May 1, from noon to 5: Fish and performers, both live, will be on hand for "Earth Day: Harbor Environment," at the South Street Seaport. (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. No tickets necessary.)



T. Coraghessan Boyle at the 92nd Street Y.

Spring Has Sprung—A medley of blooming events. April 30 and May 1, from 10 to 6: It's Sakura Matsuri, the cherry-blossom festival, at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. The Cherry Esplanade should be at its peak. Highlights of this celebration of Japanese culture include the Taiko Drummers, a kimono show, and demonstrations of Japanese sword and quarterstaff technique, ikebana (flower arranging), and origami. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 1 at noon: A tour of community gardens on the Lower East Side. For more information, call 674-8124. . . . ¶ May 2 at 7:30: Jamaica Kincaid and Michael Pollan will read from their own writing on gardening. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.)

That's All, Folks—Animation has come a long way since Sunday mornings with "Davey and Goliath." The New York University Animation Festival will screen student shorts, from Looney Tunes style to computer-generated designs and scratch-and-paint on film. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 29 at 8.)

Taste Treats—The written word meets the discriminating palate at the New York Festival of Cooks and Books. Chefs will sign their cookbooks, demonstrate proper wrist action in whipping egg yolks, and offer samples of, say, delicately seasoned crab cakes. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. 945-0505. April 30 and May 1, from 11 to 6.)

Olde New Yorke—Add an "e" to any old nowne in the English language and you're back in the Middle Ages. Jousting, Maypole dancing, and strolling minstrels will all be a part of the East Village Renaissance Faire. (McKinley Playground, E. 4th St. between First Ave. and Avenue A. April 30, from 10 to 5. Tickets at the drawbridge.) . . . ¶ The Ring O'Bells, a group of female morris dancers celebrating its twentieth anniversary, will welcome May Day at a dawn ceremony in Prospect Park. Morris dancers from all over the country will perform at various sites around the city on April 30 and May 1. For schedule information, call 569-4374.

92nd Street Boyle—T. Coraghessan Boyle, author of "The Road to Wellville" and "If the River Was Whiskey," will read from his new collection of short stories, "Without a Hero." Leon Rooke will also read from his own fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. May 2 at 8.)

Irish Poets—Ciaran Carson will read from his own work. April 29 at 6: Glucksman Ireland House, 1 Washington Mews. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: With Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Readings—April 29 at 8: Madison Smartt Bell will read from his latest novel, "Save Me, Joe Louis." (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. For information about tickets, call 875-4128.) . . . ¶ May 1 at 3: In a tribute to the poet David Rattray, who died last year, Maggie Estep, Gerard Malanga, and Brad Morrow, among others, will read from his and their own work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the tribute.) . . . ¶ May 3 at 7: Paul Allman and Stephen Dixon will read from their own fiction. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 3 at 7:30: Abigail Thomas will read from her collection of stories, "Getting Over Tom." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—April 27 at 6:30: Cultural critic bell hooks and director Peter Sellars will participate in a discussion titled "Gender, Race, Class, and Creativity." (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. For information about tickets, call 431-7500.) . . . ¶ April 28 at 6:30: Art editors and critics Paul Goldberger (*Times*), Lisa Kennedy (*Village Voice*), Phyllis Singer (*Newsday*), and Armond White (*City Sun*) will participate in a panel discussion, "Arts Editors: Influencing What Is Seen and Known." (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. 870-1671.)

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Backbeat" (†).
Theatre 2: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cronos" (directed by Guillermo del Toro, in English and Spanish).
Theatre 4: "Savage Nights" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sirens" (†).
Theatre 6: "The House of the Spirits" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"I Only Want You to Love Me" (1976, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Cops and Robbersons" (Michael Ritchie). From April 29: "With Honors" (Alek Keshishian).
Theatre 2: "Hans Christian Andersen's Thumbelina" (Don Bluth); and "Philadelphia" (Jonathan Demme), with Tom Hanks and Denzel Washington.
Theatre 3: "Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Madeleine Stowe, Mary Stuart Masterson, Drew Barrymore, and Andie MacDowell.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Threesome" (Andrew Fleming). From April 29: The Fifth Annual Human Rights Watch International Film Festival, along with a retrospective of the works of Margarethe von Trotta.
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "The Hudsucker Proxy" (Joel Coen). From April 29: "The Favor" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 3: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (†).
Theatre 4: "Naked in New York" (Dan Algrant).
Theatre 5: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme).
Theatre 6: "Chasers" (Dennis Hopper), with Tom Berenger, William McNamara, and Erika Eleniak.
Theatre 7: Through April 28: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack). From April 29: The Fifth Annual Human Rights Watch International Film Festival, along with a retrospective of the works of Margarethe von Trotta.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Red Rock West" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 3: "In Custody" (Ismail Merchant, in Urdu), with Shashi Kapoor and Om Puri.
Theatre 4: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).
Theatre 5: "Brainscan" (John Flynn).
Theatre 6: "The Inkwell" (Matty Rich), with Larenz Tate and Joe Morton.
Theatre 7: "White Fang 2: Myth of the White Wolf" (Ken Olin); and "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (†).
Theatre 2: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 28: "Philadelphia" (Jonathan Demme), with Tom Hanks and Denzel Washington. From April 29: "The Favor" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 4: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).
Theatre 5: "Brainscan" (John Flynn), with Edward Furlong and Frank Langella.
Theatre 6: "Backbeat" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Chasers" (Dennis Hopper), with Tom Berenger, William McNamara, and Erika Eleniak.
Theatre 2: "Sirens" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 28: "Cops and Robbersons" (Michael Ritchie). From April 29: "The Favor" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 4: "Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Madeleine Stowe, Mary Stuart Masterson, Drew Barrymore, and Andie MacDowell.

THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 36.

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Brainscan" (John Flynn), with Edward Furlong and Frank Langella.
Theatre 2: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme).
Theatre 3: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Schindler's List" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).
Theatre 2: "Serial Mom" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Madeleine Stowe, Mary Stuart Masterson, Drew Barrymore, and Andie MacDowell.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"In Custody" (Ismail Merchant, in Urdu).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson). From April 29: "PCU" (Hart Bochner).
Theatre 2: "Brainscan" (John Flynn).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi), with Stockard Channing, Will Smith, and Donald Sutherland.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Cops and Robbersons" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "The Paper" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "The House of the Spirits" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "The Inkwell" (Matty Rich). From April 29: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).
Theatre 3: Through April 28: "Bitter Moon" (†). From April 29: "The Secret Rapture" (Howard Davies).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan), with Daniel Day-Lewis.
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 3: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 4: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 5: "Chasers" (Dennis Hopper), with Tom Berenger, William McNamara, and Erika Eleniak.
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (Jane Campion), with Holly Hunter, Harvey Keitel, and Sam Neill.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Philadelphia" (Jonathan Demme), with Tom Hanks and Denzel Washington. From April 29: "The Favor" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 2: "Threesome" (Andrew Fleming), with Lara Flynn Boyle, Stephen Baldwin, and Josh Charles.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Naked in New York" (Dan Algrant), with Eric Stoltz.

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Hudsucker Proxy" (Joel Coen), with Tim Robbins, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Paul Newman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Sirens" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Backbeat" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal), with Leslie Nielsen.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Paper" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Madeleine Stowe, Mary Stuart Masterson, Drew Barrymore, and Andie MacDowell.

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Chasers" (Dennis Hopper).
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "Cops and Robbersons" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase. From April 29: "PCU" (Hart Bochner).
Theatre 3: "Threesome" (Andrew Fleming).
Theatre 4: "The House of the Spirits" (†).
Theatre 5: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 6: "Brainscan" (John Flynn).
Theatre 7: Through April 28: "Hans Christian Andersen's Thumbelina" (Don Bluth). From April 29: "The Favor" (Donald Petrie).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "The Inkwell" (Matty Rich).
Theatre 2: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Sunday's Children" (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl" (†).

At Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Tian Zhuangzhuang's "The Blue Kite."

VIVIENNE FLESHER

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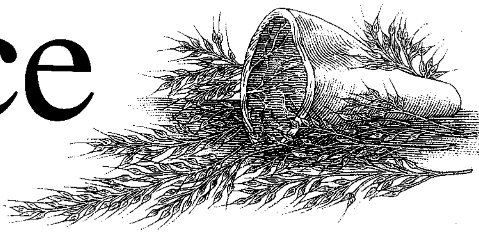
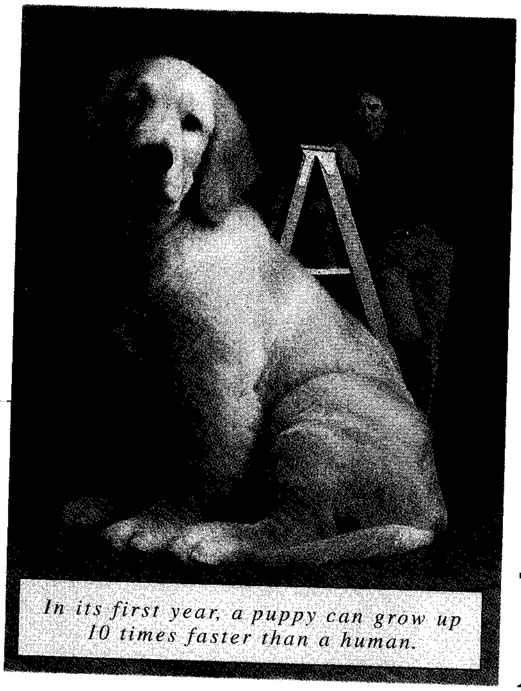


Formula For A Puppy's



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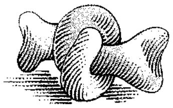
I Don't Know  *What Is."*

—Robert Urich

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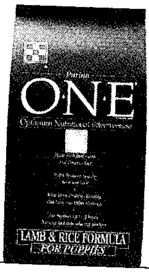

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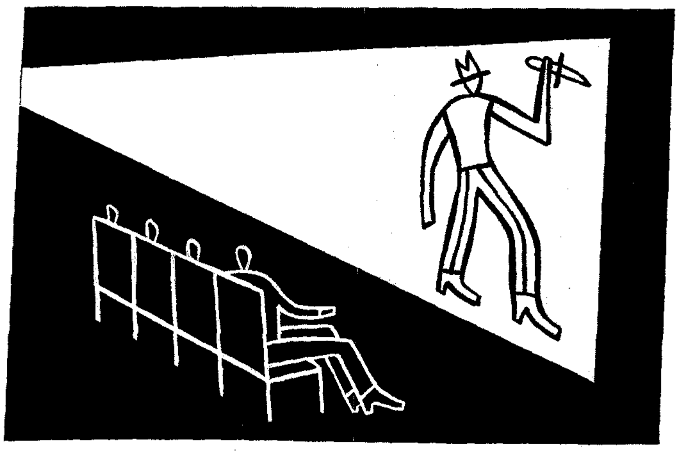
MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "In the Name of the Father" (directed by Jim Sheridan). From April 29: "PCU" (Hart Bochner).
Theatre 2: "The Paper" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Two Small Bodies" (Beth B), with Fred Ward and Suzy Amis.
Theatre 2: "A Tale of Winter" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 28: "The Piano" *(Jane Campion) and "Farewell My Concubine"* (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin). From April 29: "I Am My Own Woman" (Rosa Von Praunheim, in German).



LAURA LJUNGKVIST

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "The Paper" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Paper" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan).
Theatre 4: "The Inkwell" (Matty Rich), with Larenz Tate and Joe Morton.
Theatre 5: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 6: "Chasers" (Dennis Hopper).
Theatre 7: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 8: "Threesome" (Andrew Fleming).
Theatre 9: "The House of the Spirits" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme).
Theatre 2: "Cops and Robbersons" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 3: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"White Fang 2: Myth of the White Wolf" (Ken Olin).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (James Ivory).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (Chris Columbus), with Robin Williams and Sally Field.
Theatre 5: "Naked" (Mike Leigh).
Theatre 6: "China Moon" (John Bailey).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Paper" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Savage Nights" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sirens" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "The House of the Spirits" (†).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
Through April 28: "Cronos" (Guillermo del Toro, in English and Spanish) and "Suture" (Scott McGehee and David Siegal). From April 29: "High Lonesome: The Story of Bluegrass Music" (Rachel Liebling).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Germinal" (Claude Berri, in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Snapper" (Stephen Frears).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Tale of Winter" (†).
Theatre 2: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (†).
Theatre 3: "Ivan and Abraham" (Yolande Zauberman, in Yiddish).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 5: "The Blue Kite" (†).
Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Chasers" (Dennis Hopper).
Theatre 2: "The Inkwell" (Matty Rich).
Theatre 3: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).
Theatre 4: "Brainscan" (John Flynn).
Theatre 5: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 6: "Threesome" (Andrew Fleming).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Bitter Moon" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman). From April 29: "PCU" (Hart Bochner).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack). From April 29: "The Favor" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 2: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 28: "Above the Rim" (directed by Jeff Pollack). From April 29: "PCU" (Hart Bochner).
Theatre 3: "Threesome" (Andrew Fleming).
Theatre 4: Through April 28: "Cops and Robbersons" (Michael Ritchie). From April 29: "No Escape" (Martin Campbell).
Theatre 5: "Chasers" *(Dennis Hopper),* with Tom Berenger, William McNamara, and Erika Eleniak.
Theatre 6: Through April 28: "Hans Christian Andersen's Thumbelina" (Don Bluth); and "Philadelphia" (Jonathan Demme). From April 29: "With Honors" (Alek Keshishian).
Theatre 7: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Inkwell" (Matty Rich).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme).
Theatre 2: "You So Crazy."
Theatre 3: Through April 28: "Clifford" (Paul Flaherty). From April 29: "The Favor" (Donald Petrie).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Brainscan" (John Flynn), with Edward Furlong and Frank Langella.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Madeleine Stowe, Mary Stuart Masterson, Drew Barrymore, and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 2: "Leprechaun 2" (Rodman Flender).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
April 27: "Flesh and the Devil" (1926, directed by Clarence Brown) and "Love" (1927, Edmund Goulding).
April 28: "The Fire Brigade" (1926, William Nigh) and "Winners of the Wilderness" (1927, W. S. Van Dyke).
April 29-30: "Greed" (†).
May 1: "The Student Prince" (1927, Ernst Lubitsch) and "The Pagan" (1929, W. S. Van Dyle).
May 2: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920, Rex Ingram), with Rudolph Valentino.
May 3: "Sherlock Holmes" (1922, Albert Parker); and "The Green Goddess" (1923, Sidney Olcott).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 27: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984, Rob Reiner) and "Stand By Me" (1986, Reiner).
April 28: "The Last Laugh" (1924, F. W. Murnau) and "The Spiders" (1919, Fritz Lang).
April 29-30: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish) and "Shame" (1968, Bergman; in Swedish).
May 1: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German) and "The Blue Angel" (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German).
May 2: "Sawdust and Tinsel" (†) and "Monika" (1953, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
May 3: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950, John Huston) and "D.O.A." (1950, Rudolph Maté).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films directed by John Ford. April 28 at 2:30: "The Shamrock Handicap" (1926). . . . April 28 at 6: "Hangman's House" (1928). . . . April 28 at 8: "The Informer" (1935). . . . April 29 at 2:30: "Seas Beneath" (1931). . . . April 29 at 6 and May 2 at 2:30: "Judge Priest" (1934). . . . April 29 at 8 and May 1 at 5: "My Darling Clementine" (†). . . . April 30 at 2: "Up the River" (1930). . . . April 30 at 5: "Tobacco Road" (1941). . . . May 1 at 12:30: "Donovan's Reef" (1963). . . . May 1 at 3: "Stagecoach" (1939). . . . May 2 at 2:30: "Three Bad Men" (1926). . . . May 3 at 2:30: "Sergeant Rutledge" (1960). . . . ¶ April 28 at 3 and 6: "Sri Lanka Children in War" (1993, Herzel Jacoby). . . . ¶ April 29 at 3 and April 30 at 5: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942, Orson Welles). . . . ¶ April 29 at 6:30 and April 30 at 2:30: "Portrait of Jennie" (1949, William Dieterle). . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30: "John Heartfield, Photomonteur" (1977, Helmut Herbst). . . . ¶ May 1 at 5: "Homage to August Sander" (1977, Pavel Schnabel). . . . ¶ May 3 at 6: "The Russian Question" (1947, Mikhail Romm; in Russian).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Ten different programs of Merce Cunningham choreography on film and video.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A retrospective of films starring Joan Crawford. April 30 at 2: "A Woman's Face" (1941, George Cukor). . . . ¶ April 30 at 4:30: "Possessed" (1947, Curtis Bernhardt). . . . ¶ May 1 at 2: "Harriet Craig" (1950, Vincent Sherman). . . . ¶ May 1 at 4: "Strait-Jacket" (1964, William Castle).

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—A series of films by American independent filmmakers. May 3 at 7: "El Mariachi" (1993, Robert Rodriguez; in Spanish). . . . ¶ May 3 at 8:45: "El Norte" (†).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 27 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Little Thief" (1989, Claude Miller; in French), with Charlotte Gainsbourg.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—A retrospective of Shiro Toyoda films. April 29 at 6:30: "Legend of the White Serpent" (1956). . . . ¶ April 30 at 1: "A Cat and Two Women" (†).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting April 29: A retrospective of films and videos by Willie Varela.

Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—A program of films from Africa. April 30 at 2: "More Time" (1993, Isaac Mabhikwa) and "Jim Comes to Jo'Burg" (1949, Donald Swanson). . . . ¶ May 1 at 2: "Tilai" (1990, Idrissa Ouedraogo).

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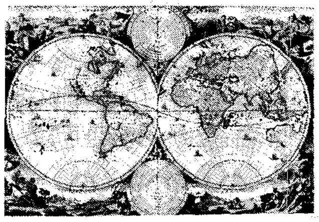

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

The Favor—A romantic comedy about a single woman (Elizabeth McGovern) who goes to her high-school reunion and does a favor for a married friend (Harley Jane Kozak); complications ensue. With Ken Wahl, Bill Pullman, and Brad Pitt. Directed by Donald Petrie. Opening April 29.

High Lonesome: The Story of Bluegrass Music—Rachel Liebling's documentary focusses on the career of mandolin player and bluegrass pioneer Bill Monroe. With performances by Ralph Stanley, Earl Scruggs, the Osborne Brothers, and Alison Krauss. Opening April 29.

I Am My Own Woman—A drama about the life of Charlotte von Mahlsdorf, transvestite extraordinaire, East German dissident, and antique collector. With Lothar Berfelde, Ichgola Androgyn, and Jens Taschner. Directed by Rosa von Praunheim. In German. Opening April 29.

No Escape—Ray Liotta stars as a twenty-first-century Marine officer who is unjustly convicted of murder and exiled to a secret island prison where inmates fight other inmates in a perpetual war. With Stuart Wilson, Lance Henriksen, Ernie Hudson, and Kevin Dillon. Directed by Martin Campbell. Opening April 29.

PCU—Political correctness runs rampant at Port Chester University, the fictional setting of this comedy, which was written by two recent college graduates, Zak Penn and Adam Leff, and directed by Hart Bochner. Opening April 29.

The Secret Rapture—Howard Davies directed, from David Hare's adaptation of his own play. The cast includes Juliet Stevenson, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, Penelope Wilton, and Neil Pearson. Opening April 29.

When a Man Loves a Woman—Andy Garcia and Meg Ryan are a happily married San Francisco couple whose lives fall apart when the wife is no longer able to cope with her alcoholism. With Lauren Tom and Ellen Burstyn. Directed by Luis Mandoki. Opening April 29.

With Honors—Harvard grad Alek Keshishian returned to his alma mater to direct this film about a homeless man (Joe Pesci) who teaches a group of students about life outside the classroom. With Brendan Fraser, Moira Kelly, Patrick Dempsey, and Josh Hamilton. Opening April 29.

You So Crazy—Comic Martin Lawrence in concert at Brooklyn's Majestic Theatre. Directed by Thomas Schlamme. Opening April 27.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Backbeat—Iain Softley's movie tells the story of Stuart Sutcliffe (Stephen Dorff), who was John Lennon's best friend at the Liverpool College of Art and, for a short time, the bass player of the Beatles. The picture doesn't quite succeed in turning this obscure sideman into a pop-culture myth in his own right. In the period that the screenplay covers—roughly, from August, 1960, when the group played its first night-club gig in Hamburg, to April, 1962, when Sutcliffe dies of a brain hemorrhage—the Beatles were unambiguously John Lennon's band. And, despite all Softley's efforts to deflect our attention to the tragic ironies of Stuart's brief career, Lennon (Ian Hart) dominates the movie, too. When the picture concentrates on Lennon's edgy wit and on the fierce, joyful music that his band is making, it's terrific. But when it focusses on its nominal hero and his love affair with a worldly German bohemian (played by Sheryl Lee) it seems very ordinary. The script is by Softley, Michael Thomas, and Stephen Ward. The Beatles' music is re-created by a wonderful group of alternative-rock all-stars assembled by Don Was, including Thurston Moore, Mike Mills, Dave Grohl, and Greg Dulli.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/94.) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, and Tower East.)

Bitter Moon—Roman Polanski's rivetingly weird new movie tells the story of two married couples who meet on a cruise ship. Nigel (Hugh Grant) and Fiona (Kristin Scott Thomas), a proper pair of Brits, are obviously a little bored with each other; voluptuous Mimi (Emmanuelle Seigner) and her wheelchair-bound husband, Oscar (Peter Coyote), are locked in a destructive relationship in which their mutual passion can be expressed only as cruelty. Polanski can't quite muster the icy absurdist rigor that made his early pictures so distinctive, and the big erotic set pieces play like an "SCTV" parody of "Last Tango in Paris." The couples' sadistic gamesmanship isn't nearly as disturbing—or as funny—as it should be. Also with Victor Banerjee.—T.R. (4/11/94) (Quad Cinema, and Thalia. . . . ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue; through April 28.)

The Blue Kite—Directed by Tian Zhuangzhuang. In Mandarin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Four Weddings and a Funeral—Everything that depicts nuptial chaos is funny—particularly Rowan Atkinson's self-contained bit as a novice priest who blows a mental fuse during a marriage service and soldiers on with panicky determination. But the central relationship, between a British commitment-phobe (Hugh Grant) and an all too easy American (the flat, inexplicable Andie MacDowell), makes for few sparks and less sense. Grant's goofy charm holds the comedy aloft—he rises like a fuzzy balloon. Mike Newell directed Richard Curtis's script; co-starring Simon Callow, Kristin Scott Thomas, and James Fleet.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, New York Twin, and Columbus Circle.)

The House of the Spirits—Adapted from the novel by Isabel Allende, and directed by Bille August, this movie brings together Jeremy Irons, Meryl Streep, Winona Ryder, Antonio Banderas, and Vanessa Redgrave, and insures that, without exception, they all give their worst performances ever. It all starts in Latin America in the nineteen-twenties, with Irons as Esteban Trueba, a devilish patriarch with a wife (Streep) who is clairvoyant, though strangely unable to see how terrible this movie is going to be. Then there's his creepy sister, played by Glenn Close—the only performer to emerge with a scrap of dignity. One generation down, his errant daughter (Ryder) is torn between thoughtful voice-overs ("Our memory is fragile") and soupy talk with Antonio Banderas: "I love you and you love me, and that's what matters. . . . I hear you've started to make political speeches." And so on, for decades.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Like Water for Chocolate—Alfonso Arau's sticky, lusty, and rather ludicrous movie is set on a Mexican ranch in 1910. The head of the family is the the unyielding Mama Elena (Regina Torne), who determines the destinies of her three daughters. The youngest, Tita (Lumi Cavazos), must stay at home and never marry. Needless to say, she promptly falls in love. It's the old story, passions trying to burst through the shell of repression, and it infects the rest of the film: well-behaved wedding guests suddenly grow weepy or horny, and the old social order is menaced by bands of roaming revolutionaries. But what should be a struggle turns into a giggle; Arau's style loses its balance, swooning into endless closeups of damp brows and heaving bosoms. Scripted by Laura Esquivel from her own novel. In Spanish.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Paper—Ron Howard's big-city-newspaper comedy is a game try at reviving a great Hollywood genre. The movie—which follows Henry Hackett (Michael Keaton), the Metro editor of a struggling New York tabloid, through a single, absurdly gruelling day—gets most of its laughs by constantly piling fresh difficulties on top of already impossible circumstances. Keaton is at his best here, which means that his mind appears to be working at warp speed, and with a berserk, reckless lucidity. Randy Quaid, Marisa Tomei, Robert Duvall, and Jason Alexander create lively, funny characters for Keaton to bounce off, and Howard lets the actors' energy drive the movie. Unfortunately, some inappropriate yuppie philosophizing starts creeping in toward the end; it's clear that Howard and the screenwriters, David and Stephen Koepp, aren't quite willing to go all the way with the heartless, cynical wit of the genre. Also with Glenn Close and Catherine O'Hara.—T.R. (3/28/94) (Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

Reality Bites—Ben Stiller's film is a romantic comedy about what has come to be called Generation X. The characters are just out of college, and they're not thrilled about their prospects: they're overeducated and underemployed, and no one seems to know, or care, what they're going through. The picture has its charms: Stiller's direction gives it an appropriately loose, drifting rhythm; Winona Ryder, in the central role, has a fresh, natural style that makes even the most contrived dialogue sound authentic. But the story is essentially a thin and conventional romantic triangle, straight out of thirties Hollywood; the filmmakers try to disguise the fluffiness by unleashing a torrent of trash-culture allusions and sociological truisms. Also with Stiller, Ethan Hawke, Janeane Garofalo, Steve Zahn, and John Mahoney. The script is by Helen Childress.—T.R. (3/7/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, and Metro Cinema.)

Red Rock West—This clever thriller about a good-hearted loner (Nicolas Cage) who trips and falls into a murder plot ranks tops among low-budget neo-noirs. Taut and deadpan witty, it makes spooky use of the setting—a small, windblown Western town—and its surprises actually add up: for once, an angular narrative serves to sharpen the characters. Dennis Hopper and J. T. Walsh do their freshest, snappiest work in years, and Lara Flynn Boyle is a tense, ambiguous love object. Most important, Cage's shaggy hangdog charm and core of intelligence and rectitude keep the audience rooting for the hero after several dumb moves. John Dahl's direction, like the script he wrote with his brother Rick, is sure and economical. Dwight Yoakam contributes a piquant cameo as a tough, helpful truck driver.—M.S. (Cinema Village.)

Savage Nights—This is the story of Jean, a young French bisexual filmmaker with AIDS, caught between the opposing charms of Laura (Romane Bohringer) and Samy (Carlos López). He is played by Cyril Collard, a young French bisexual filmmaker with AIDS, who also directed the movie and wrote the screenplay, based on his own original novel. (Collard died last year.) For those who who found "Philadelphia" too kindly and sanitized, the emotional dirt of "Savage Nights" will come as a relief; when Laura learns of Jean's condition, she throws a fit and then takes off his condom, wanting to prove her love with perilous sex. It's that old French refrain, the dark poetry of the death wish, and the best scenes consist simply of the hero gunning his red sports car through the night. But the movie disintegrates badly, and loses force; the characters seem not so much to be living through their experiences as using them to strike a philosophical pose. In French.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Festival.)

Schindler's List—The story of Oskar Schindler (Liam Neeson), a dashing and resourceful German Catholic businessman who saved over a thousand Polish Jews from almost certain annihilation by the Nazis, is extraordinary even by the standards of Holocaust literature. Steven Spielberg's film, adapted by Steven Zaillian from the 1982 book by Thomas Keneally, runs better than three hours and doesn't seem a minute too long. Spielberg respects the essential mystery of the protagonist's heroism, and uses his prodigious skills with an intensity that he hasn't shown in a long time: he captures images of experiences that most of us thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen. This is by far the finest, fullest dramatic (i.e., nondocumentary) film ever made about the Holocaust. Along with Neeson, who is brilliant, the standouts in the large cast are Ralph Fiennes, Ben Kingsley, and Embeth Davidtz. The wonderfully expressive black-and-white cinematography is by Janusz Kaminski.—T.R. (12/20/93) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

Serial Mom—With Kathleen Turner, directed by John Waters. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Sirens—John Duigan removes the sting—and the thrill—from the concept of *épater les bourgeois* in this smug period comedy inspired by the life of painter Norman Lindsay (Sam Neill). Set in Australia's Blue Mountains in the thirties, it lavishes attention on Lindsay's nude models, who are amazons with attitude (bohemian, feminist, and Marxist); when an Anglican priest (Hugh Grant) tries to get Lindsay to withdraw a blasphemous art work from a touring exhibition, they twit the priest and sexually liberate his wife (Tara Fitzgerald). The debate is rigged on the hedonists' side, but Duigan's view of pagan sensuality is so uncomplicated and natural and life-affirming and wholesome that it's lulling. Duigan ultimately reduces Elle Macpherson and Kate Fischer (as Lindsay's top models), Pamela Rabe (as his model-wife), and Portia de Rossi (as a servant turned model who sheds her inhibitions) to human topography; his design is realized when he poses them and Fitzgerald naked on a ridge.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Sunday's Children—Daniel Bergman's film—which is based on an autobiographical novel by his famous father, Ingmar—is mostly set in and around a summerhouse in the late twenties, and the picture has a lazy, daydreamy rhythm. There's no narrative momentum to speak of: all that holds the story together is the muddled consciousness of its protagonist, eight-year-old Ingmar (Henrik Linnros), nicknamed Pu, who's trying—and largely failing—to understand the sensations that seem to come at him from everywhere. Daniel Bergman gives this rambling memoir a shimmering, lyrical clarity, and his direction of the actors is extraordinary; he gets a superb performance from Thommy Berggren, who plays Pu's minister father, Erik. The movie is no more than a series of random vignettes, but most of them are striking and evocative, and the undirected, one-thing-after-another flow of recollection becomes surprisingly moving: the apparently artless style reflects, with uncanny precision, the indiscriminate receptivity of a child's imagination. Also with Lena Endre and Per Myrberg. Cinematography by Tony Forsberg. In Swedish.—T.R. (4/25/94) (Film Forum.)

A Tale of Winter—The second film in Eric Rohmer's current cycle, "Tales of the Four Seasons" (the first, "A Tale of Springtime," was released here in 1992), is, as usual, a slow, closely observed story of romantic indecisiveness. The heroine, Félicie (Charlotte Véry), is an irritating woman, of the sort that Rohmer often treats with great tenderness: she keeps two ardent suitors at arm's length while she clings to the faint

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

possibility of a reunion with a long-lost love. She's so stubbornly idealistic that she can't accept the imperfect joys available to her. It's Rohmer's pleasure to reward her for her fanaticism and her irrational patience. His aesthetic philosophy is to stake out, and hold, a position from which he can ambush the rare life-altering event, the moment of grace, the miracle. He captures one of those at the end of this picture, and you smile at its aptness and its beauty. Also with Hervé Furic, Michel Voletti, and Frédéric Van Den Driessche. In French.—T.R. (4/11/94) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

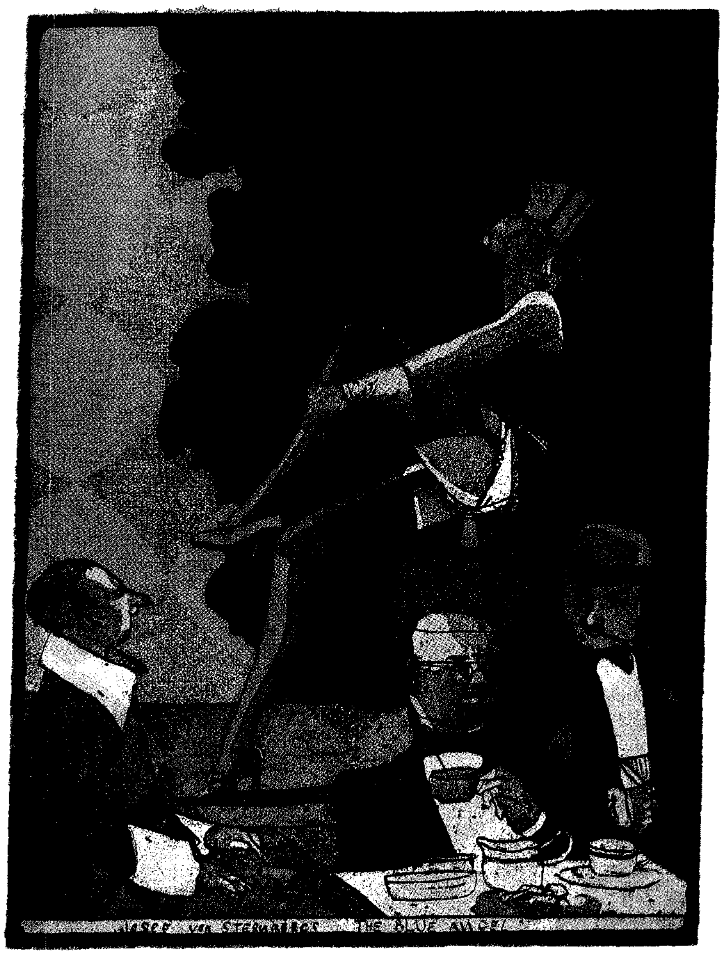
Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould—Glenn Gould, as scorned and revered as any figure in modern music, died in 1982. François Girard's new movie honors his strong-willed, idiosyncratic genius with a suitably offbeat approach: a bunch of little films, none lasting more than a few minutes, all of them angling for a new take on the pianist's life and work—thirty-two ways of looking at Glenn Gould. Scenes from his boyhood and professional career are neatly dramatized; the Canadian actor Colm Feore plays the adult Gould, though he never, thank goodness, tries to reproduce his manner at the keyboard. In between come interviews, dashes of animation, and even a sequence shot in X-ray. The whole enterprise is designed to skirt the traditional traps of the music movie; instead of a laborious bio-pic, we get a sly, quick-witted meditation on a character always likely to elude our grasp. The finale—a Gould recording of Bach is carried into deep space by a Voyager spacecraft—leaves you gawking.—A.L. (4/18/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl—This German documentary is a profoundly unsettling three hours at the movies. Riefenstahl, now ninety-one years old, made two brilliant documentaries—"Triumph of the Will" (1935) and "Olympia" (1938)—under the aegis of the Nazi Party. She was known as "Hitler's favorite filmmaker," but has always insisted that her movies were never meant to advance a political program—that she looked at contemporary events with the pure, disinterested eye of an artist. Subjected to on-camera interrogation by this film's director, Ray Müller, she sticks to that story. If you believe her, she's one kind of monster; if you don't, she's another. The juxtaposition of her grotesque apologia with clips from her grandiose, strikingly composed films makes for a bizarre and sobering spectacle. In German.—T.R. (3/28/94) (Film Forum.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

A Cat and Two Women (1956)—A wry psychological comedy about a man who prefers his cat to his two wives. The tart flavor of the film derives from the familial nastiness: one can't like any of them, one can't even really like the cat. Some of the most famous Japanese players are the leads: the first wife is the legendary Isuzu Yamada (she was in over three hundred movies between 1929 and 1956, had been married six times, and was still playing romantic roles); Kyoko Kagawa, usually a demure heroine, plays the unsympathetic second wife; Hisaya Morishige is the indolent, cat-loving husband; the character actress Cheiko Naniwa plays his mother. The manner in which these four scheme for affection and power, using the cat as a decoy, is a perverse object lesson in Japanese mores. The story (by Junichiro Tanizaki) is set among shopkeepers at a small seaside town near Osaka, in the Kansai district. The director, Shiro Toyoda, is more traditional than is usually the case with Japanese directors whose films reach this country, and the narrative construction is a bit trying for American moviegoers, but the film is distinctive enough to be worth the small effort of adjustment. (Japanese movies are notorious for badly selected, derivative music; this one is an exception.) In Japanese.—P.K. (Japan Society; April 30.)


JOSEF VON STERNBERG THE BLUE ANGEL

At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel."

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Greed (1924)—"He can't make small of me!" the burly dentist McTeague (Gibson Gowland) screams at the San Francisco saloongoers who witness his best friend throw a knife at him. But McTeague's buddy, Marcus (Jean Hersholt), *can* make small of him, and does. The director, Erich von Stroheim, manages to make his characters small and big simultaneously. He uncovers creatures of the id inside these avaricious men and the woman who starts out as Marcus's girl and becomes McTeague's wife: the proper, increasingly miserly Trina (ZaSu Pitts). The three friends' money lust and sexuality send them into a death spiral that ends with a nightmarish showdown in Death Valley. M-G-M's production chief, Irving Thalberg, ordered von Stroheim's epic adaptation of Frank Norris's 1899 novel "McTeague" to be cut to a quarter of its original nine-hour length. But it remains the benchmark of movie naturalism—veracious and harrowing.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; April 29-30.)

My Darling Clementine (1946)—Among the greatest Westerns ever made. John Ford's version of the famous gunfight at the O.K. Corral is unhurried yet thrilling: it seems to be moving to the rhythm of Henry Fonda's tense, elegant stride. Fonda, wearing a little mustache, plays the fabled lawman Wyatt Earp, and it's a beautiful, delicately shaded performance. Young Mr. Earp is a true hero, a man of almost unfathomable courage and integrity, but Fonda makes us believe in him: he gives the character a luminous simplicity. The movie is largely atmospheric and anecdotal—a patient buildup to the big shoot-out. There's a long, daringly slow sequence, set on a bright Sunday morning in Tombstone, which ends with a town dance: it's one of the most brilliant scenes of Ford's career. And the action, when it comes, is swift, unfussy. This is a Westerner's Western—laconic and large-spirited. The rest of the cast isn't on Fonda's level, but Walter Brennan is terrifying as the patriarch of the murderous Clanton family, and Victor Mature coughs effectively as the bitter, self-destructive Doc Holliday. The clean, eloquent black-and-white cinematography is by Joseph P. MacDonald.—T.R. (Museum of Modern Art; April 29 and May 1.)

El Norte (1983)—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands, which probably hasn't changed much since pre-Columbian times, to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Within a matter of days, Rosa goes from carrying a large jug of water on her head to trying to operate an electronic washing machine in a Beverly Hills mansion. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan as Josefita, Trinidad Silva as the L.A. job broker, and Lupe Ontiveros as Nacha. In Spanish.—P.K. (Symphony Space; May 3.)

Sawdust and Tinsel (1953)—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman, the film is set in the circus world at the turn of the century. It opens with a flashback shot on different film stock: a clown's wife—a dumpy, middle-aged woman—bathes exhibitionistically in view of a whole regiment of soldiers; the clown comes and takes her away. From there the story moves to the circus owner, Åke Groenberg, and his voluptuous mistress, Harriet Andersson; this swinish Circe betrays him, and is in turn betrayed, and they go on together. The atmosphere suggests E. A. Dupont's 1925 film, "Variety," with Emil Jannings, but has upsetting qualities all its own. There is an erotic scene between Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as a seducer-actor, that leaves audiences slightly out of breath. "The Naked Night" is one of the bleakest of Bergman's films: no one is saved from total damnation, life is a circus, and the people are gross clowns; it is a round of frustraton, humiliation, and defeat. With Anders Ak, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Åke Fridell. In Swedish.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 2.)

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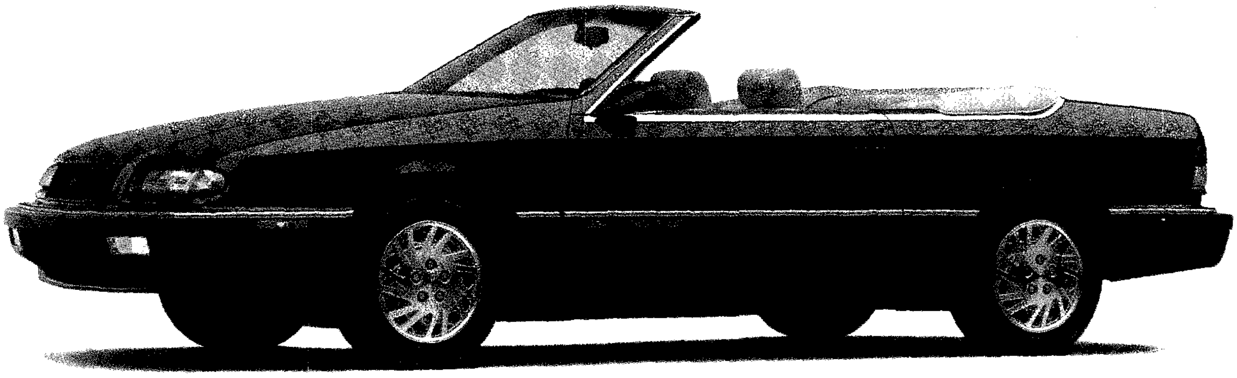

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

SEEING RALPH ELLISON

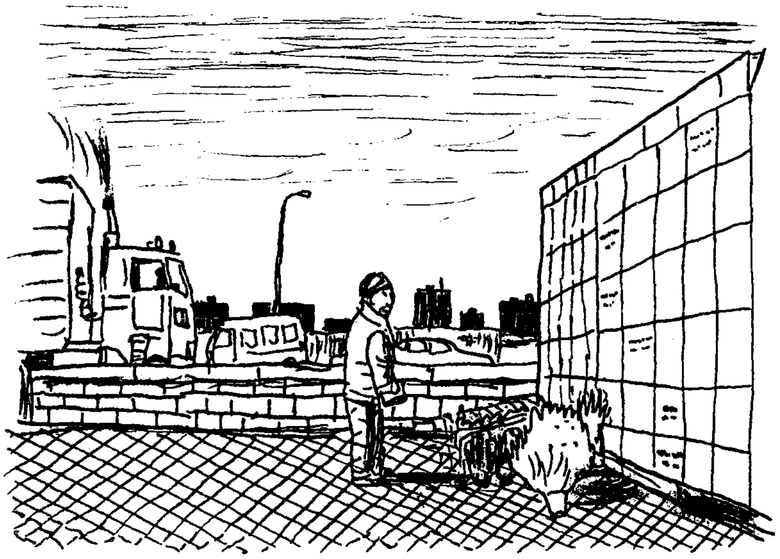
WHEN the speeches were over and the last prayer said, about sixty people at the Trinity Church Cemetery mausoleum, on Riverside Drive in Washington Heights, watched a pair of workmen slide Ralph Ellison's casket into a crypt. A few in the small crowd of mourners, as they looked up and watched that banal task—the hoisting up of the casket, the workman taking his caulking gun to seal things off—seemed fascinated, even stunned, by the plainness of it. A great life lived, a great novel, "Invisible Man," sent out into the world, and now this last, simple job. The mausoleum is out in the open, and the cars whizzed along the drive and the afternoon wind whipped off the river. A fine, sad day.

Several of Ellison's friends had spoken: the novelists Leon Forrest and William Styron; the poet Michael S. Harper; a dean at Lewis & Clark College, John Callahan; and R. W. B. Lewis, the biographer of Edith Wharton and a friend of Ralph and Fanny Ellison for forty-five years. Lewis remarked that, even though Ellison had reached his eightieth birthday in March, no one really thought this day would come. "The loss of Ralph Ellison was all the more shattering since there was a kind of timelessness about him, an agelessness, an immortality," he said. Styron recalled how when "Invisible Man" came out, around the same time as his own first novel, "Lie Down in Darkness," to his astonishment he felt no envy. "I realized I was in the presence of one of those amazing books that one can call transforming," Styron said. After reading such a book, he added, "one is never the same again."

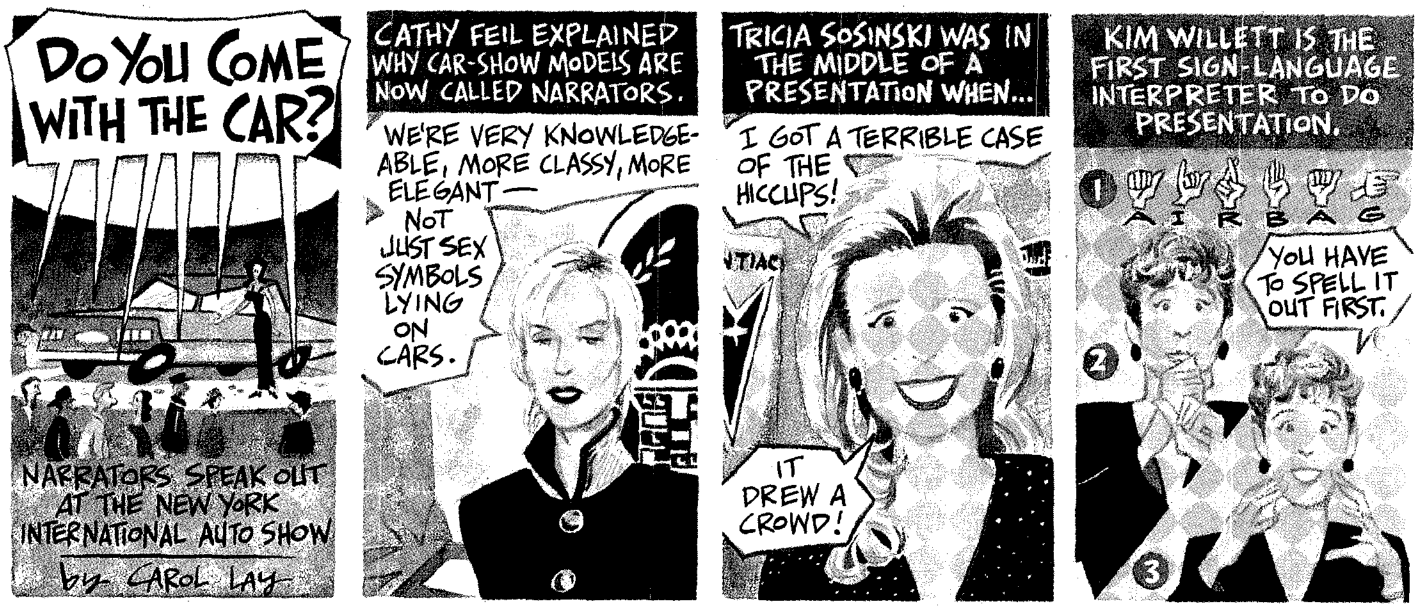
The funeral, which took place last Tuesday, was held a couple of blocks north of the building, at Riverside and 150th Street, where Ellison had lived for forty years. Just a few days before his eightieth birthday, we had called on him there, and that conversation turned out to be his last interview. By all accounts, he did not know at the time that he was sick—the pancreatic cancer that killed him was swift—and he moved around that day with the grace of a man many years younger. He had just come in from a walk, and looked splendid: slender, elegant, a pencil-line mustache trimmed just so.

"One of the advantages as a writer I still have is that people usually don't recognize me," Ellison had said, smiling. "I get out of that a certain objectivity which comes with distance. You're not so caught up in the relationships that can block out the echoes of life. One of the mistakes that some good writers make is latching on to celebrity, being fêted wherever they go. That blurs things. You can be lonely in a crowd. That isolation, which allows you to hear a little better, and sometimes to see with more perception—that's what real novelists have."

"Invisible Man," which was published in 1952, won the National Book Award and a place as an American classic. (Styron has compared it to "Huckleberry Finn.") We asked Ellison how he felt when he read, in the press or in literary criticism, that his novel had deepened the meaning of "invisibility," making it a term for the lack of identity in modern life. His face lit up. "When I find the rather broad definition of invisibility present in news reports, in turns of phrase, I like that," he said. "If you can expand the meaning of a single word, that's very important. And it's not limited to referring to blacks. It's broader than that. I still get letters from white kids and black kids saying the book gave them a sense of who they were just by pointing out the invisibility that touches anyone who lives in a big metropolis. I still hear from all kinds of people. Everyone from grade-school kids to people writing doctoral theses. It's too much for me to handle. I'm pleased, but 'Invisible Man' has its own identity now. It's beyond me now. I just hope it will live on."



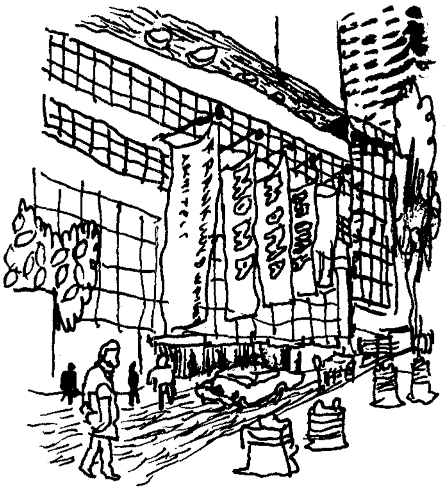
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY PANTER


DO YOU COME WITH THE CAR?
NARRATORS SPEAK OUT AT THE NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL AUTO SHOW
by CAROL LAY
CATHY FEIL EXPLAINED WHY CAR-SHOW MODELS ARE NOW CALLED NARRATORS.
WE'RE VERY KNOWLEDGEABLE, MORE CLASSY, MORE ELEGANT— NOT JUST SEX SYMBOLS LYING ON CARS.
TRICIA SOSINSKI WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A PRESENTATION WHEN...
I GOT A TERRIBLE CASE OF THE HICCUPS!
NTIAC
IT DREW A CROWD!
KIM WILLETT IS THE FIRST SIGN-LANGUAGE INTERPRETER TO DO PRESENTATION.
1
A I R B A G
YOU HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FIRST.
2
3

(STILL) WANTED: A NEW MOMA DIRECTOR

“I SORT of thought it might be easier,” Agnes Gund, who chairs the Board of Trustees of the Museum of Modern Art, said the other day. Ms. Gund, who is fifty-five years old, is a straightforward woman—she met us in a small, nondescript office on the sixth floor of the museum, wearing a plain black dress and gray pearls—and she was being straightforward with us. More than seven months have passed since Richard E. Oldenburg, the museum's director, announced that he planned to step down this June, and the museum board, to its surprise and consternation, has been having a rather hard time filling the position—such a hard time, in fact, that Mr. Oldenburg has reportedly offered to stay a while longer. Ms. Gund does remain confident that a new director will be found before too long. But she straightforwardly confirmed the talk we'd heard that James Wood, the director and president of the Art Institute of Chicago, had declined to be even considered for the MOMA post. Ms. Gund also said, in regard to Mr. Wood, who would appear to have had an inside track to the position but chose to remain in Chicago, “I don't understand it.” Then she laughed—a polite laugh, and a bewildered one.

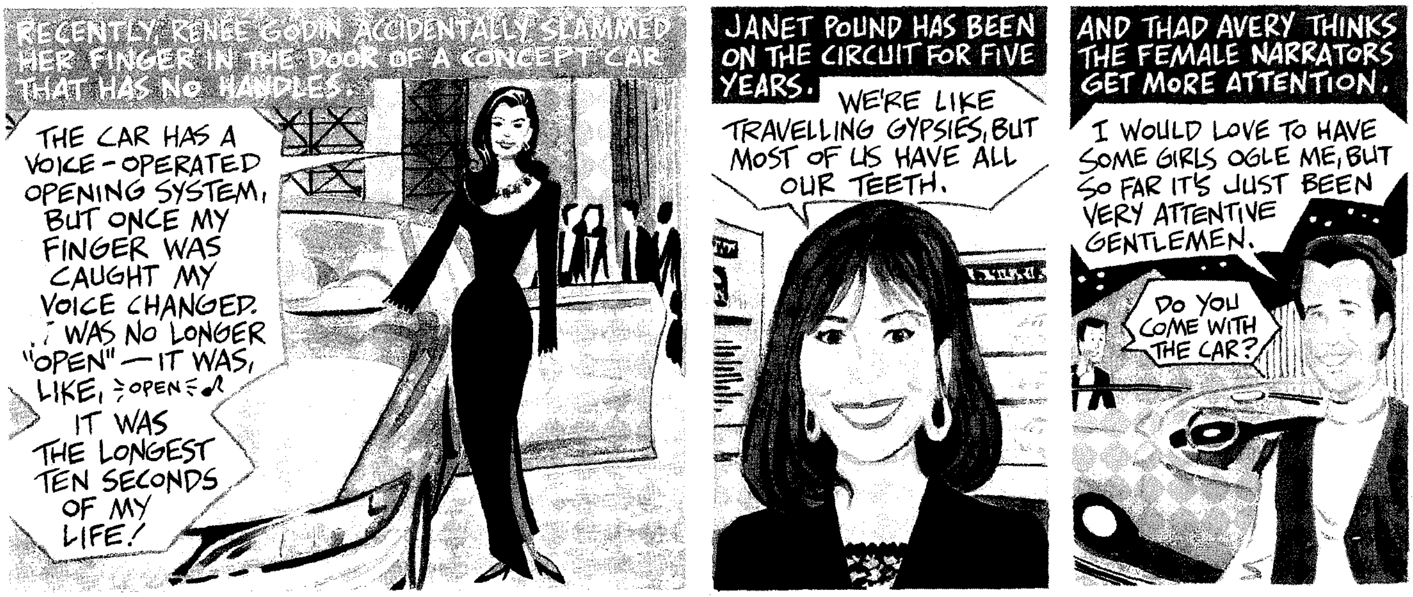
A number of theories have been put forward about why a new director has been so difficult to find. It could be that the Modern's problem is simply part of a broader one: twenty art museums nationwide, including the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, are currently looking for directors. Noting this phenomenon, Ms. Gund speculated that while the number of art museums had increased considerably during the past few decades—and the ambitions of many art museums had grown as well—perhaps the number of men and women equipped to direct these museums had not. A corollary to this theory has it that there is a shortage of qualified directors because the responsibilities of a director have changed from those of the curator and the administrator, in some subtle combination, to those of the fund-raiser, which are not subtle at all. Ms. Gund considers this analysis harsh, but she did lament the passing of what she saw as the golden age of corporate sponsorship, and noted that today's directors could not do without fund-raising skills. Another theory has it that the Modern, for all its prestige, is a place where, under Mr. Oldenburg, the shaping of the museum's identity has been done at the curatorial level, and consequently the director's position has come to be perceived as the institution's second or third most important job.



Ms. Gund considers that theory completely wrong. She said, “What could be more of a challenge than a museum that has one of the great modern collections in the world?” She also said, “If I were able to and I had the background to, I would love to have this job.” Ms. Gund was, without question, being straight with us on that one.

ALEXANDRE GRANT KNOWS THE HITS IN BRIGHTON BEACH

AT 3 A.M. last January 12th, two police officers responding to an emergency call found a burly white male who appeared to be in his mid-forties lying face up on the corner of Brighton Beach Avenue and Brighton Third Street, in Brighton Beach—a part of Brooklyn that has come to be known as Little Odessa, because of the many Russian immigrants who live there. The man, who had close-cropped hair and a mustache, had been shot once in the head; at three-twenty-nine, he was pronounced dead at Coney Island Hospital. His name was Oleg Korotaev, and he had been a well-known boxing champion in Russia before he came to New York, three years ago. In Brighton Beach, where he eventually


RECENTLY, RENÉE GODIN ACCIDENTALLY SLAMMED HER FINGER IN THE DOOR OF A CONCEPT CAR THAT HAS NO HANDLES.
THE CAR HAS A VOICE-OPERATED OPENING SYSTEM, BUT ONCE MY FINGER WAS CAUGHT MY VOICE CHANGED. I WAS NO LONGER "OPEN"—IT WAS, LIKE, OPEN. IT WAS THE LONGEST TEN SECONDS OF MY LIFE!
JANET POUND HAS BEEN ON THE CIRCUIT FOR FIVE YEARS.
WE'RE LIKE TRAVELLING GYPSIES, BUT MOST OF US HAVE ALL OUR TEETH.
AND THAD AVERY THINKS THE FEMALE NARRATORS GET MORE ATTENTION.
I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE SOME GIRLS OGLE ME, BUT SO FAR IT'S JUST BEEN VERY ATTENTIVE GENTLEMEN.
DO YOU COME WITH THE CAR?

settled, he was pretty well known, too. An autographed photograph of Mr. Korotaev hangs, along with photographs of cosmonauts and other Russian heroes, on one of the green velvet walls of the Arbat, a popular neighborhood restaurant on Brighton Beach Avenue.

One recent evening, this picture attracted the attention of Alexandre Grant, who arrived here six years ago from Russia, where he had been, among other things, a reporter for *Molodoy Kommunist*, the monthly magazine of the Komsomol, or Young Communist League. Mr. Grant is now the news editor of *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, the only Russian-language daily newspaper in the city—or, as he likes to say, "the only Russian daily in the Western Hemisphere"—but he is better known around town as the person who knows more than anyone else about the increased presence here of Russian organized crime.

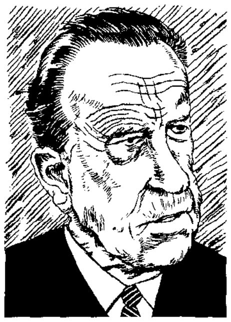
"He was sitting right in this restaurant that night in January, when he had a quarrel with a man over a business matter," Mr. Grant said, in his accented English, referring to Mr. Korotaev and pointing to his photograph from a seat at a table near it. Mr. Grant went on to say that he had heard from his sources that the man Mr. Korotaev was arguing with was a Russian. Mr. Korotaev and the other man went out of the restaurant together, leaving behind the other man's girlfriend, according to Mr. Grant's sources. "Then the guy shot Oleg in the head, he went back to the restaurant, paid his check, and left with his girlfriend," Mr. Grant said. "There were fifteen other people in the restaurant that night, but none of them saw anything"—which is to say that no one would talk to the police. Mr. Grant does not know who the killer is, but he believes that some or all of those who were in the restaurant that night know. He also believes that the murder was a Russian-mob-related hit. "The detectives are desperate," he said. "They like to say that the reason they can't find the killer is that he has gone back to Russia. He hasn't. He's here. If the murderer were a stranger, every one of those people would describe him."

Mr. Grant took a sip of vodka—Absolut vodka. (On being asked about his preference for Swedish vodka when he ordered it, he'd replied, "I may be Russian, but I'm not an idiot.") He is forty-nine years old and, thanks to a whitish beard and gold-rimmed glasses, he could pass for a poli-sci professor, but that is something he would never want to be. As a youth, he had wanted to become a diplomat, but he is a Jew, and, he said, there was no place in the Soviet diplomatic corps for a Jew. In the press, stale and propagandistic though it was, he learned a craft and made a living, for a while. Later, he spent a number of years in prison for various political offenses, including having provided a British journalist in Moscow with a transcript of Joseph Brodsky's trial. He says that prison taught him to feel comfortable around criminals. He has a cynically ironic perspective on Soviet Communism. On the lapel of his blue blazer that night he wore a small K.G.B. pin. He'd bought it last fall in Moscow, he said, from a beggar standing not far from Lenin's Tomb.

Over a dinner of borscht and blini, Mr. Grant sketched his picture of the Russian organized-crime activities in this city. He estimates that in and around New York there are only a couple of hundred Russian mobsters, and he says they are loosely organized, tending to come together in small groups to work scams—counterfeiting, credit-card fraud, pyramid schemes, and the like. The victims of these criminal activities tend to be other Russian émigrés. Unlike Italian Mafiosi or Asian gangsters—or members of the Russian mafia in Russia, who, Mr. Grant maintains, have an enormous influence on that country's fragile economy—the Russian mobsters here do not deal drugs. Nor do they run prostitution rings. "They try," he said. "But they've had problems getting into the business. What they do is import some girls, but after about five days the other pimps in the area will find out and ask the police to shut down their enterprise. Another difficulty is that the Russian girls are very romantic, so they keep falling in love with their clients and marrying them."

Unlike those who cover the activities of, for instance, the Italian Mafia here, Mr. Grant does not get much of his information from the police. Actually, he said, it is more likely to work the other way around. The police have a hard time getting information on the street, he said, because Russians do not trust men in uniform. "The F.B.I. runs a classified ad in our newspaper asking anyone who has ties to organized crime to please come clean," Mr. Grant said. He considers the ad naïve. His advice to the police is to read his newspaper as closely as he does—that's where he gets many of his leads. In particular, he advises close scrutiny of the obituary page. Russians, he said, are big on death notices, and if they have the money they are likely to pay for a photograph of the deceased to be published along with a text. If a person in a picture on the obituary page is young and male, and if he is shown wearing a flashy chain around his neck, the first thought that comes to Mr. Grant is: Hit.

THE NIXON VIGIL



On East Sixty-eighth Street last Wednesday afternoon, outside the main entrance to New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, there were thirty or forty media people standing around, the mood among them wistful and contemplative, as if they were preparing to experience the last throes of a tumultuous entanglement. Richard Nixon, of course, lay inside—partly paralyzed, unable to speak, his brain swelling and his life in danger, as a result of what the doctors were calling a serious stroke. The media's impassioned and volatile feelings toward Nixon, and, as one of Nixon's biographers, Stephen E. Ambrose, reminded us last week when we phoned, Nixon's "love-hate" feelings toward the media—all this was now, perhaps, over. There were eleven satellite and microwave vans parked along the street; on the sidewalk, the reporters were milling, waiting, and grumbling over what they perceived to be a paucity of information about the former President's condition. It was as if Nixon himself were calling the shots in there, trying to keep them in the dark one last time.

Richard Pyle, who writes for the Associated Press, and who first met Nixon in 1964, was going around to the other reporters, saying, "Did you see the *Times* crossword puzzle today? The clue for sixty-one across is '—— list.' And the answer is 'enemies.' "

When Rich Lamb, a reporter for WCBS-AM radio, heard Pyle say this, he said, "A lot of us were on that list."

A number of reporters that afternoon found themselves talking about Watergate. Robyn Walensky, a young reporter for WINS, said that she'd entered journalism in large part because she was inspired by Woodward and Bernstein. Sarah Kidwell, a thirtyish field producer for CNN, said, "We are doing hourly updates with live shots even though nothing's changing. The interest is so high because my generation of journalists was so influenced by Nixon and his times. I remember watching the Watergate hearings that summer. They were the precursor to the wall-to-wall coverage that CNN does now."

The elder statesman of this city's broadcast journalists, Gabe Pressman, now of News 4 New York, was talking about Nixon, too. "There was an awkwardness to him, and he was, in particular, rather tentative in his informal dealings with reporters," Pressman said at one point, his choice of the past tense perhaps unconscious, or possibly that of a seasoned pro who was, in his mind, already composing his last Nixon piece. "Once, my wife and I were at the White House, and he said something to her like 'Does your husband still keep those long hours?' It was meant to be funny, but it was odd. There was a pathos about it.

"I thought there was something about his face and his awkward personality that made us treat him unfairly," he went on. "A lot of reporters saw him as a snake. But the thing you have to admire about him was his resilience."

At that point, Pressman got a call on his cellular phone. It was an assignment editor. He told Pressman that he had better start writing Nixon's obituary, just in case.

LYNN REDGRAVE, PLAYER

The Players club was named long before "player" became a smirky Hollywood word for somebody in an expensive suit who can get Mike Ovitz on the phone. When Edwin Booth founded the club, in 1888, he wrote that it should be the kind of place that would promote "social intercourse between members of the dramatic profession and of the kindred professions." However, Booth did not think that women should be members of the club. And so, had he been in attendance at a recent cocktail party at the club's mansion, on Gramercy Park South, his response to being introduced, as the current members were, to the new president of The Players might have been dismay, for the new president is Lynn Redgrave. A woman.

Ms. Redgrave pointed out, in her acceptance speech, that she and Booth had much in common. They were both actors, they both had a thing for Shakespeare, and they both had siblings with a knack for getting themselves into trouble. She got a big laugh with that line.

Garson Kanin, the man who wrote the best movies that Tracy and Hepburn starred in, said he couldn't have written a better acceptance speech himself.

Two men in plaid jackets and toupees said they liked Ms. Redgrave because she looks you in the eye when she talks to you.

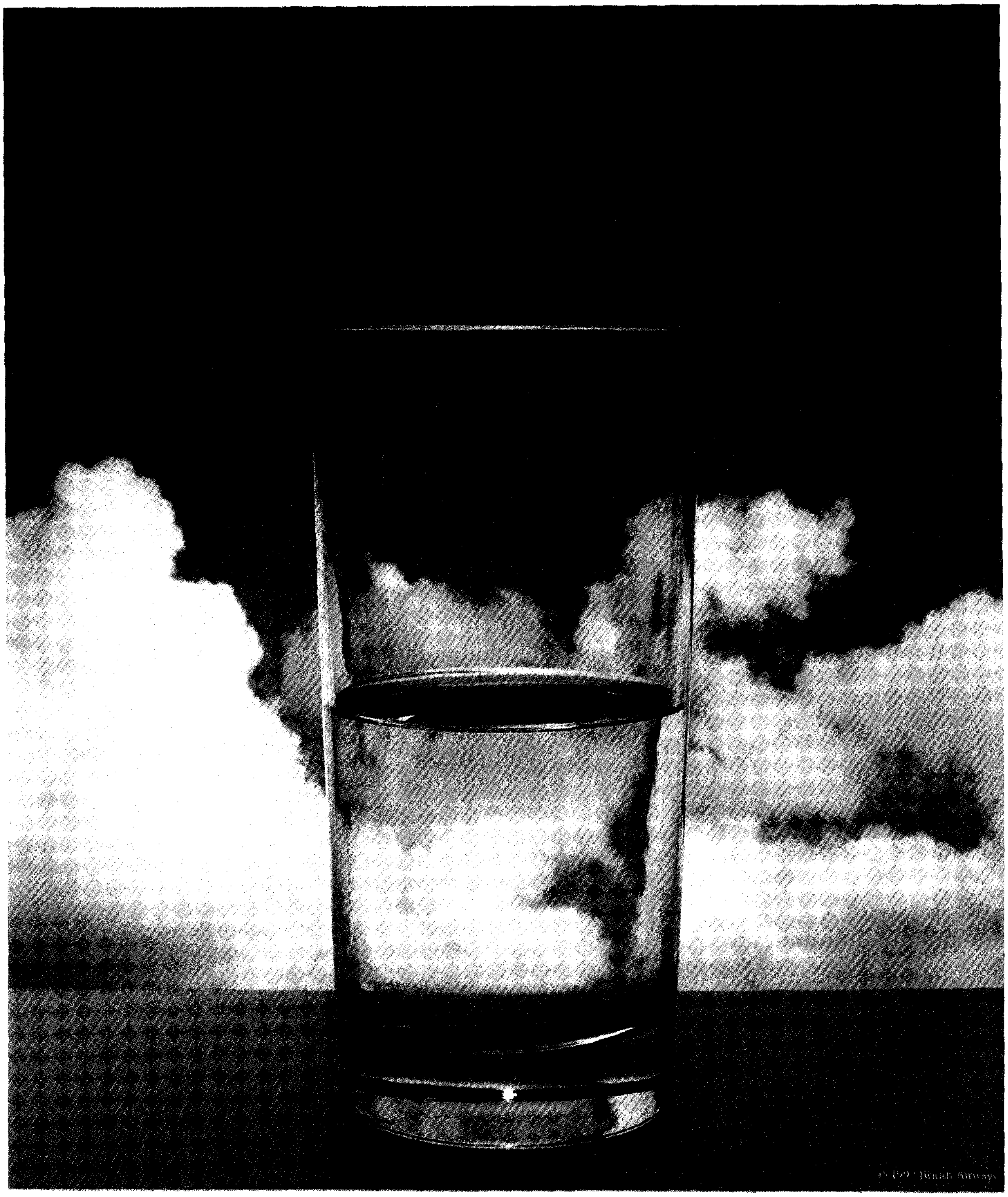
The Irish actor Milo O'Shea called her a breath of fresh air, recalling that the club had been kind of dreary until it started accepting women, in 1988.

The actress Sylvia Miles, who was wearing a black top hat and thick black eyeliner, and who described herself as a "frequent guest" at the club, not a member, exclaimed, "A new president! Next, a new chef!"

Everybody agreed that the turnout for the event was phenomenal. Of the total membership of seven hundred and fifty, a full third had R.S.V.P.'d that they would attend. True, none of the more recognizable celebrity members, such as Kevin Kline and Gregory Peck, showed up, and at least one member who did show up, the writer Sidney Zion, suggested that the big turnout had something to do with the open bar. "Watch how it empties out at five o'clock, when they have to start signing for drinks," he said.

Mr. Zion was in favor of Ms. Redgrave on principle, but he was a little concerned about her feelings about smoking—she doesn't like it. Would she ban smoking at the club? It seems that the man behind her nomination, Werner Klemperer (probably best known for his role as Colonel Klink on the TV sitcom "Hogan's Heroes"), wants to bar smoking, which may be why Mr. Zion feared that Ms. Redgrave was about to put a ban in place. "Let's light up in front of her," Mr. Zion suggested, "and see what she says." However, Ms. Redgrave was surrounded by so many Players eager to make her acquaintance that no smoke had any chance of wafting her way. ♦

To some this glass is half full.
To our flight attendants it's definitely half empty.



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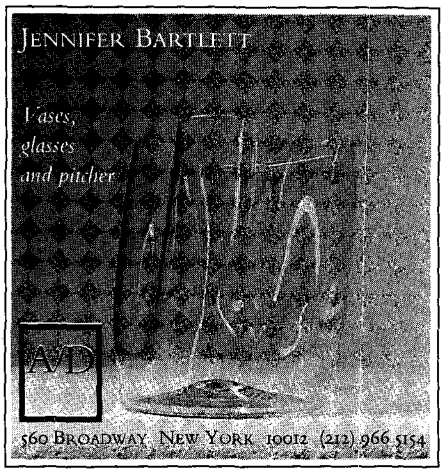

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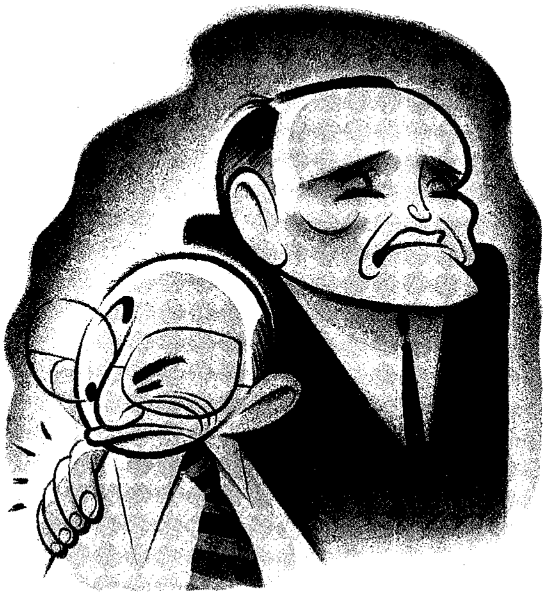
AROUND CITY HALL

RUDY'S PEOPLE

The Mayor thought he was doing so well that he took the Presidential step of celebrating his first hundred days. Then he tangled with Ramon Cortines.

BY ANDY LOGAN

MOST politicians—and certainly most mayors of this city—have their favored constituencies. Edward Koch, after his first election as mayor, frequently mentioned that New York's middle class should be grateful that it now had a friend at City Hall, and that it could count on him to demonstrate that friendship. His successor, David Dinkins, told a gathering of his fellow-blacks last year, toward the end of what turned out to be a losing campaign for reëlection, that although critics were giving him a hard time, his spirits always rose when he was among "my brothers and sisters." The judgment of other voters that, as mayor, Dinkins was partial to the interests of his brothers and sisters helped defeat him last November. Rudolph Giuliani, the Republican who succeeded Dinkins as mayor in January, is more insistent than most politicians on dividing his constituents into *his* people—and all those others. White Catholics (like him), who, according to exit polls, gave him eighty-six per cent of their vote last fall, are his people. Residents of Staten Island—the least black and most middle-class of the city's five boroughs—are largely his people. (Although among the borough's registered voters there is a sizable Democratic margin, Staten Islanders gave him a hundred and nine thousand votes, or eighty-four per cent of their total.) His people are not the city's poor or needy or desperate, most of whom probably did not get around to voting; or blacks, ninety-five per cent of whom voted for Dinkins; or members of the municipal employees' unions, most of whom also supported the former mayor. However, members of the police and firemen's unions, which were strong backers of Giuliani, are definitely his people.



Bully pulpit: The Mayor decided that the Schools Chancellor really wasn't one of his people.

ERIC PALMA

Giuliani's dividing up of New Yorkers according to whether or not they voted for him seemed understandable in the first weeks after a very close election, but he marked his hundredth day in office on April 10th, and it is clear that in his mind the segregation into two unequally deserving worlds continues. The evidence is especially striking in his budget priorities: in order to make up a $2.3-billion deficit in the budget for the coming fiscal year, drastic cuts are needed. However, the Mayor specified that there would be no reductions at all in the Police and Fire Departments. In late March, there was a terrible fire in the SoHo section of Manhattan, in which two firemen were so badly burned that they died. They were the first city firemen to be fatally injured in the line of duty in nearly two years. At a press conference, the Mayor announced that he had taken Abe Lackman, his budget director, to the hospital so that their suffering would impress upon him the need for an emergency addition to the budget of ten million dollars for special protective equipment for firemen. A reporter asked the Mayor whether he had thought of having the budget director visit any of the homeless shelters or welfare offices where, because of staff shortages in the city's Human Resources Administration, clients, some of them children, were being mistreated, so he could see whether some emergency allotments were needed in this area. In fact, Giuliani's preliminary list for reducing the budget deficit included the loss of more than a thousand welfare caseworkers and a hundred homelessness caseworkers, and more than twelve hundred other social workers as well. The Mayor responded to the question so emotionally that some reporters had the impression that he was on the verge of tears. The police and firemen, he said, "are my employees." It was essential "to keep their morale up." Asked if other municipal workers weren't also his employees and might not also have morale problems, the Mayor said it was not the same thing at all. "I don't think you *want* to understand," he told the reporter. Just before the end of the press conference, the Mayor chided reporters for not asking him about a story just breaking. A four-year-old girl named Shayna had been found dead on her family's dining-room table; her body was covered with bruises and cigarette burns. The city's Human Resources Administration had known that she was abused but had failed to keep in touch with her family. The Mayor did not suggest, however, that Budget Director Lackman examine little Shayna's body to certify an emergency.

What was widely described as the first major crisis of the Giuliani administration (or, as Howard Golden, the Brooklyn borough president, put it, his "first political shoot-out") came after the Mayor apparently concluded that Ramon Cortines, the city's schools chancellor, was not, as he had previously thought, one of his people. The specific circumstances had to do with the budget. By mid-March, after ordering punishing budget reductions from the head of each city agency—many of which still have not reached him—Giuliani had decided that the worst laggard in making deep cuts fast was Cortines. The school budget had taken more than a billion dollars in hits in the last four years. Since Cortines moved here from the San Francisco school system only in September—that is, four months before Giuliani took over at City Hall—he couldn't be held responsible for the schools' long-term financial problems. Nevertheless, during the last weeks of March and the early part of April, the Mayor concentrated his attention on forcing Cortines—a slightly built, soft-spoken, hard-working figure with, as Giuliani was to discover, many friends—to knuckle under. On April 8th, Cortines announced that he had no choice but to resign. He rescinded that move two days later, as a result of vigorous intervention by Governor Mario Cuomo, who kept reminding him that he must change his mind for the sake of the city's children. One message from Cuomo, who is running this year for reëlection to a fourth term, was "You can't go. You have to stay. This is the Governor."

Over the previous weeks, the Mayor had accused Cortines of giving him phony budget numbers and of being an out-of-towner who didn't live in the real world. Deputy Mayor Peter Powers said that Cortines had come to the chancellorship "with a briefcase and nothing else." When a reporter commented at an April 7th City Hall press conference that it seemed that the Mayor might be glad to have Cortines gone, Giuliani replied that he couldn't possibly give him a vote of confidence. The implication was that it would be perfectly all right with him if the Board of Education, which had spent most of last year in a painful and racially divisive search for a new schools chancellor, which ended with the choice of Cortines, now had to go through the ordeal again. Many New Yorkers doubted whether, in view of Cortines's experience, there would be a long line of eager applicants. However, Giuliani and Powers said that they expected résumés to flood into City Hall, apparently forgetting that, although the city's mayor has vast powers, these do not include the appointment of a schools chancellor. That is the responsibility of the Board of Education, to which the Mayor names two members, the five others being appointed by the city's five borough presidents. There was something about Giuliani's air of complacency at having established himself—in his own mind, at least—as the city's supreme ruler that rather comically re-

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sembled Secretary of State Alexander Haig's commanding (and legally erroneous) pronouncement after Ronald Reagan was shot: "*I* am in control here." Giuliani described Cortines's resignation as "childish" and "peevish." Other members of the Mayor's staff called the Chancellor "a wimp" and "a coward."

Until this confrontation, the Giuliani performance at City Hall had, generally speaking, received good notices, and not only from the scant fifty-two per cent of New Yorkers who voted for him. He clearly believed that he was seen as St. George, arrived just in time to slay the city's budget (and other) dragons, although the *News* columnist Jim Sleeper described him as someone who "seems almost ego-less"—not a legendary St. George trait. During last year's mayoral campaign, Dinkins' commercials frequently referred to Giuliani, who until 1989 was the United States Attorney here, as "the prosecutor" and portrayed him as a grim and threatening figure. To erase this image, the new Mayor has been smiling a lot. One scene from the small war with Cortines could go a long way toward spoiling this effort. Just before ten in the evening on April 7th, Cortines, being driven back to his office from a meeting with parents, received a call on his car phone from Ninfa Segarra, a political ally of Giuliani's and now one of his deputy mayors, who was at Gracie Mansion. "She was inviting me, ordering me, summoning me," Cortines reported later. The Chancellor had himself driven, alone, to the Mansion. Waiting for him were the Mayor, Segarra, Powers, and Lackman. In the next hour, they worked out an agreement under which Cortines would cut twenty-five hundred people from the Board of Education's central headquarters, at 110 Livingston Street, in Brooklyn (he had already planned to cut seven hundred), but could do it over the next fifteen months, instead of having to accomplish it by the end of June, as he had feared, and could count among the twenty-five hundred positions five hundred that were currently not filled. The agreement involved concessions on both sides. As Cortines was leaving, however, members of Giuliani's staff, despite the late hour, called City Hall bureau chiefs to announce that the Chancellor had "caved." During the meeting, Giuliani and his three cohorts told Cortines that he would be required to dismiss two members of his staff—Leonard Hellenbrand, the Board of Education budget director, and John Beckman, Cortines's thirty-two-year-old press secretary, who had held the job only two months. Until January 1st, Beckman had been a member of Dinkins' press staff. No one outside the Mayor's end of City Hall seemed to know for sure whether Beckman was included in the off-with-their-heads edict because of the Dinkins connection or because of the fact that a week earlier he had told a reporter, "The Mayor's reaction has been born of a misunderstanding, as angry reactions often are."

It did seem extraordinary that the Mayor felt free to demand that the head of an independent agency dismiss individual members of his own staff. "I am frankly shocked that anyone in the Mayor's office would think that I would even consider firing anyone who was doing good work in good faith," Cortines wrote on April 8th, in his resignation letter. If Cortines did not fire the two employees, he had been told at Gracie Mansion, the Mayor would appoint a fiscal monitor—the Puerto Rican-born Herman Badillo, who in last year's election was Giuliani's political sidekick as an unsuccessful candidate for comptroller on the Giuliani ticket. It was assumed that Badillo had been chosen by the Mayor to deflect any possible political heat for beating up on a Latino chancellor. Cortines had protested that he had done nothing wrong, and that the school system did not need a special fiscal monitor reporting directly to the Mayor. He declined to fire Hellenbrand or Beckman. Giuliani's response, early the next afternoon at a City Hall press conference, was to appoint Badillo. Before the press conference was over, Cortines had announced his later-to-be-withdrawn resignation, describing the Mayor's ultimatums as "nothing short of blackmail," and adding, "Obviously I could not succumb."

Referring to the heavy-handed scene at Gracie Mansion the night before the resignation, an April 10th *Newsday* editorial began, "It's a classic prosecution strategy. . . . Summon your target to a meeting. Make sure the session is on your turf before a solid phalanx of your own players. . . . And then—with the intensity of an Amazon boa constrictor—

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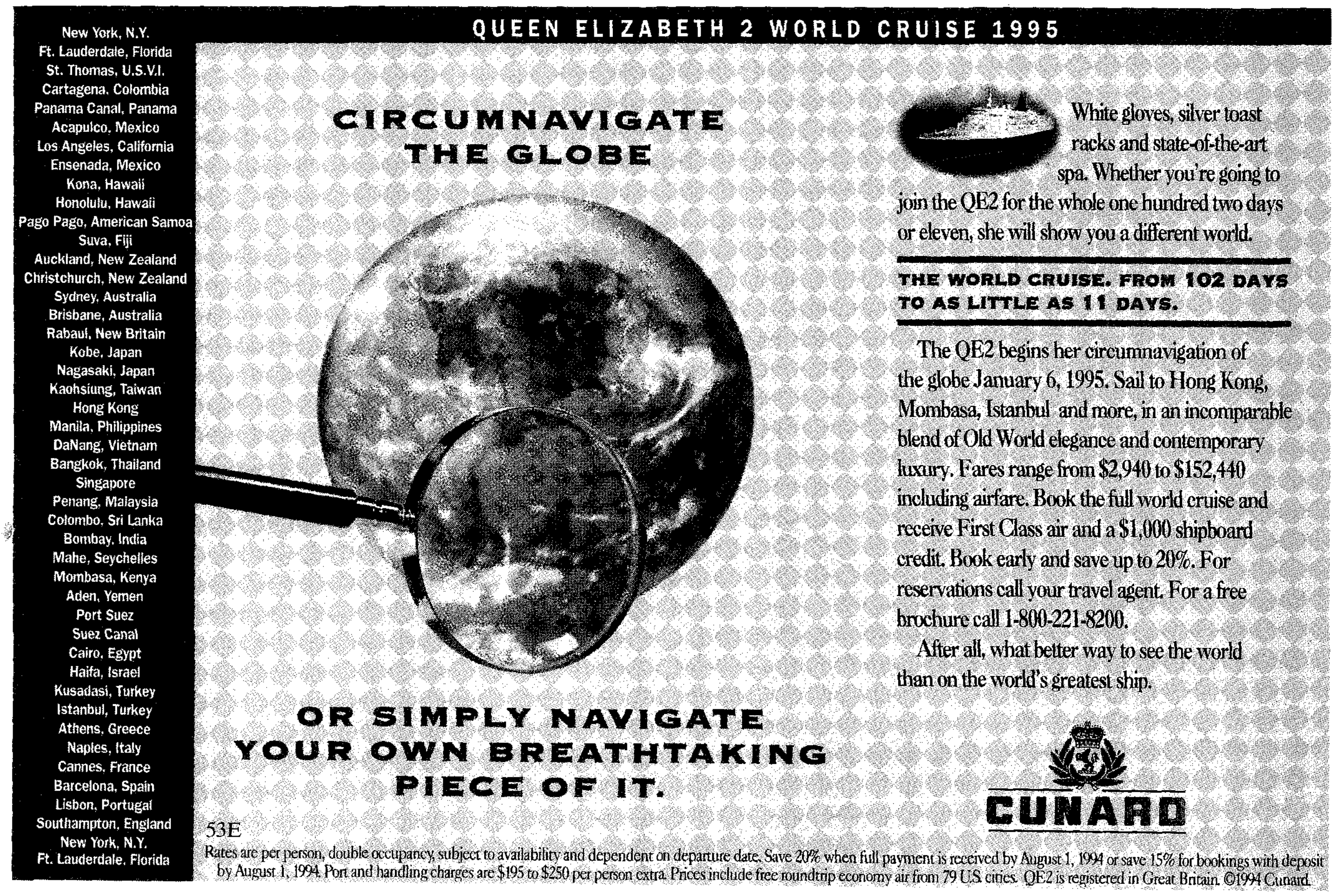
squeeze the poor sucker until he coughs up the goods. Without a doubt, U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani was a master of this art." The strategy, *Newsday* noted, had worked with indicted Wall Street "bottom feeders," and now Giuliani was trying the same trick in the political world. The editorial was not alone in pointing out that the Gracie Mansion meeting recalled Giuliani's old law-and-order days. An official described as a "high-ranking mayoral adviser," possibly more sensitive to images than some of the other people at the Mayor's end of City Hall, told Paul Schwartzman, of the *News*, "The idea of the four of them in there with Cortines under the hot lamp—it was like they were forcing a plea bargain out of him."

Not only had the Mayor not planned on being accused of third-degree tactics (or, for that matter, being compared to a boa constrictor) but the confrontation with Cortines caused the *Newsday* columnist Sheryl McCarthy to bring up another matter that the Mayor had surely hoped was forgotten history. "There is a theory that links Rudolph Giuliani's bullying of Schools Chancellor Ramon Cortines to his avoidance of the draft during the Vietnam War," the column began. As a law clerk to a judge, Giuliani got a deferment by claiming that his job was too important for him to "be sent overseas to get shot at," she noted, and she went on to say that a soldier who has been in combat "develops a sense of proportion about things," whereas Giuliani "picks fights over things big or small"—a practice that had caused him rashly to push "an enormously popular chancellor against the wall."

IN Giuliani's first three months in office, he was given little reason to doubt that his personal scheme of governing—move ahead forcefully, trash all criticism, declare victory over some photo-op-worthy problem every day or so, always on one's own terms—was the way to go. On April 7th, his ninety-seventh day in office, his staff handed out to the press a twenty-five-page report describing the accomplishments of his first hundred days. The next day, the page-two headline in the *Post* was "RUDY'S STILL BASKING IN THE HONEYMOONLIGHT—& EVEN CRITICS ARE AMAZED." The accompanying story, by David Seifman, reported that a Democratic member of the City Council had told him that he and a colleague had thought it would be safe to criticize the Mayor's budget-cutting policies in their own Democratic clubhouses. Instead, their fellow-members kept interrupting them with shouts like "Give the guy a chance!" and "Stop picking on the Mayor!" Peter Vallone, also a Democrat, who is the speaker of the City Council and the second most powerful figure at City Hall, had said in introducing Giuliani at a Queens civic meeting that week, "I think we have the right person at the right time to lead us into the next century."

The fact that City Hall reporters who got up their own first-hundred-days scorecards did not judge his record a series of virtually unrelieved triumphs cannot have surprised Giuliani, who daily makes it apparent that he sees the local press as a hostile force. Some press scorecards included black marks when proposals by politicians not on the



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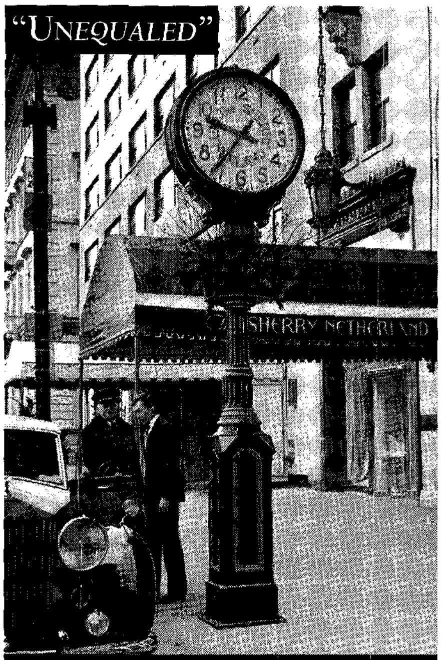
Giuliani team were dismissed by the Mayor as "idiotic" or "silly." Nor was it considered a big plus when Giuliani's police commissioner, William Bratton, outlined his philosophy—and possibly that of the administration—as "If you punch me, I'll punch back. That's the way it works." The new mayor had been making so many public appearances with Bratton that it seemed he wanted New Yorkers to think of them almost as co-police commissioners.

ONE reason the Mayor had until recently thought of Cortines as one of his people is that when, last August 31st, the members of the Board of Education chose him as the new schools chancellor, by a four-to-three vote, the three who opposed him were all Dinkins supporters, while the four who carried the day had opposed Dinkins' school policies and included two Giuliani campaigners—Ninfa Segarra, of the Bronx, and Michael Petrides, of Staten Island. The same four—all Catholics, and none from Dinkins' home base in Manhattan, which Giuliani did not win—had clubbed together to elect one of their number, Carol Gresser, of Queens, as the board's president, over Dinkins' protests, and the previous February the four had voted, over the pro-Dinkins opposition, not to renew the contract of Cortines's predecessor, Joseph Fernandez, in part out of disapproval of his so-called Rainbow Curriculum and what they saw as its encouragement of undue tolerance of the gay community. There was a complication. Even before the August choice of the new chancellor, it was rumored that Cortines might be gay. If board members did hear the rumor, it changed no votes. When Cortines was asked about this at his first press conference here, he said that the question had come up in San Francisco, and he went on, "I've said previously that I'm not going to discuss that. And I won't discuss it now." And it seems that he has not. Nor has his possible affectional preference been a factor in discussions of his performance as chancellor or in his recent conflict with the Mayor—although it is possible that the gay issue could have made the macho Giuliani believe that Cortines could safely be pushed around.

The fact that from the time Cortines took over he gave the impression of being constantly in the midst of the schools' problems, moving energetically—and often effectively—from one element of the system to another, had apparently escaped the notice of the Mayor, who seemed to believe that he could force Cortines out if it suited him. Instead, the possibility of losing the Chancellor brought an outcry from parents, students, educational organizations, union leaders, powerful local politicians, and even the executive director of the state Financial Control Board, which oversees the city's finances—the last weigh-in seeming to undermine the Mayor's insistence that Cortines was fiscally irresponsible. The Chancellor had the backing of City Council Speaker Vallone and of the members of the Board of Education, including the three—two black and one Hispanic—who had voted against hiring him. Petrides, now an official adviser to the Mayor, called Cortines "superb." All five borough presidents supported him, including Staten Island's Guy Molinari, who described him as an "excellent" chancellor. Among the more peremptory voices insisting that Cortines be kept on was that of the Reverend Al Sharpton, who last year opposed his appointment. It was one of the few times anyone could remember when Sharpton and Molinari had come down on the same side of any question. Sharpton announced that on April 11th he would join parents in a rally on City Hall's front steps to urge a boycott of the schools by the more than one million public-school children (seventy-three per cent of whom are black or Hispanic) until Cortines was back in power—a rally that became unnecessary after Cuomo moved into the situation.

While Cortines was being praised to the skies almost everywhere in town, many commentators found themselves unable to describe the Mayor's part in the confrontation without using the word "bully." Giuliani's "bullying tactics . . . backfired badly," said the *Times*. "BULLIED BY MAYOR, HE KEEPS THE PEACE" was the headline over a *News* article on Cortines, and the one over Andrea Peyser's column in the *Post* was "90-POUND WEAKLING FLATTENS CLASS BULLY IN CLASH OF WILLS." The headline over a *Times* column by Bob Herbert was "GIULIANI THE BULLY." And a cartoon by the nationally syndi-



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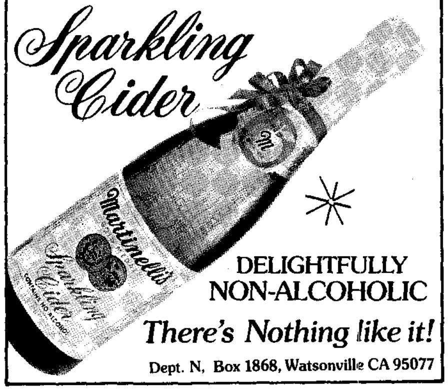

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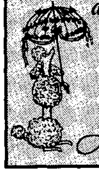

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cated Doug Marlette, whose home base is *Newsday*, showed Cortines watching—monitoring, one might say—while a figure with the name "Rudy" on the back of his jacket wrote over and over on a blackboard, "I will not try to bully Mr. Cortines again. I will not try to bully Mr. Cortines again."

On the morning after Cortines announced that he was resigning, Governor Cuomo received a call for help from the Board of Education president, Carol Gresser, who had said of Cortines's threatened departure, "I'm absolutely devastated. I can't bear the thought of his leaving." The Governor spent much of that day and the next on the phone. To Cortines, Cuomo kept talking about the harm that would be done to the children by the threatened boycott of the schools; the Chancellor kept saying, "That can't happen." It was finally agreed that there would be no mayoral demands that Cortines fire anybody. It was also agreed that Badillo would report to Cortines as well as to the Mayor. Early on the evening of April 10th—the Mayor's hundredth day in office—Cortines and Giuliani met at Gracie Mansion and afterward held a joint press conference, at which they politely shook hands. Gresser and the Chancellor then hugged each other. Cortines, who is into civility, said that his use of the word "blackmail" to describe the Mayor's actions—accurately, in fact—had been regrettable. The Mayor, who is not into admitting error, did not express regret for having said that Cortines had given him phony numbers or had been peevish and childish.

That Cuomo had resisted the urging of his media adviser, David Garth, to swoop down from Albany and preside over the Gracie Mansion meeting as the TV cameras rolled made it harder than it otherwise would have been for backers of his likely Republican opponents to accuse him of election-year grandstanding. Many New Yorkers, of all parties, were only grateful to whoever had made it possible—and if that was Cuomo, so be it—for the school system, described by the head of the Public Education Association as being already "in meltdown," to be spared another yearlong search for a chancellor.

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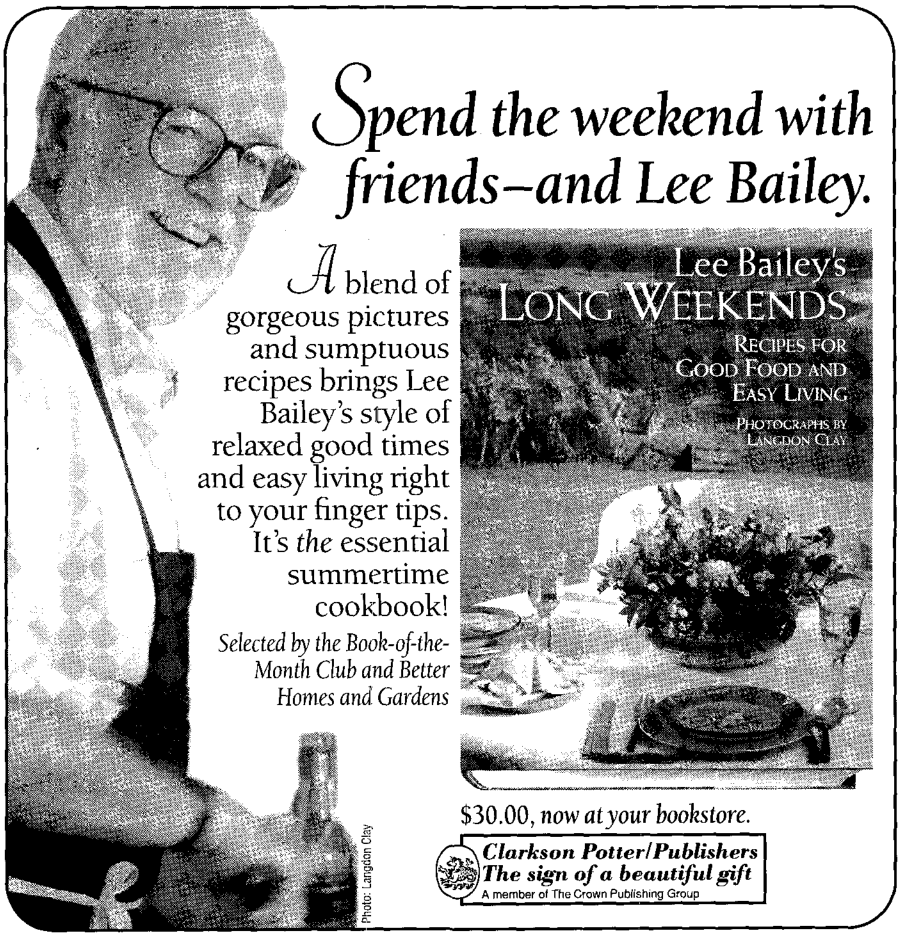
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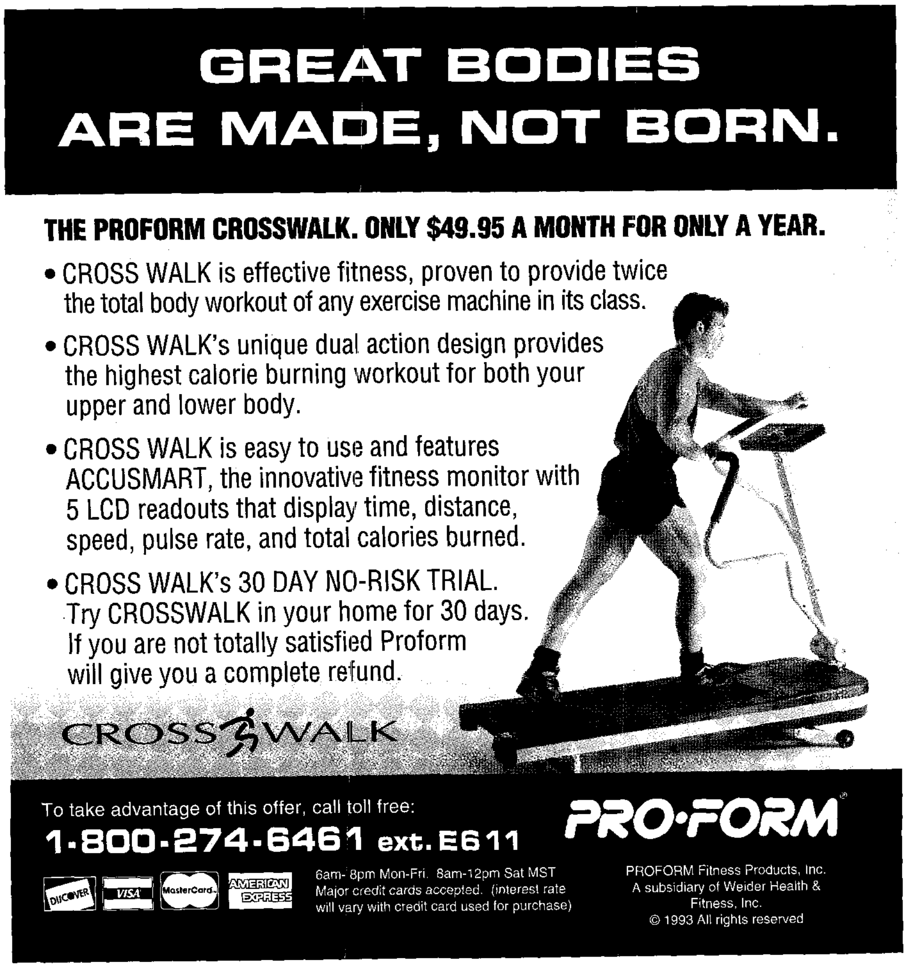
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ment, which he had been concerned to maintain at all costs, was the least of the department's worries. Fourteen New York City police officers in Harlem's Thirtieth Precinct were charged with forcing drug dealers to pay them protection money, breaking into apartments and stealing thousands of dollars in drugs and cash, and beating up on dealers who resisted. It was the biggest roundup of police officers on corruption charges in nearly a decade. Bratton was present as the arrests were made, and it was predicted that there would be arrests for corruption in as many as ten of the city's seventy-five precincts. From their names and pictures, the officers appeared to be black, Hispanic, Italian, Eastern European, and Irish. It had been an equal-opportunity undertaking by the boys in blue. Giuliani, who had seemed so eager to be acknowledged as virtually a co-police commissioner, was not on hand as Bratton contemptuously confiscated the badges of officers before they were led away in handcuffs.

While Cortines called the Gracie Mansion armistice a compromise, the Mayor described it as a substantial victory, which had gone exactly as he had intended. In the future, however, although the Mayor may continue to go after ninety-pound weaklings, they will probably not include Cortines, who—as Giuliani did not intend—emerged from the April dispute more independent than before, and with a large, openly acknowledged constituency. Recollections of Giuliani as the city's new political hero will from now on be colored by memories of Rudy the bully, the one with the habit of subjecting visitors to the hot-lamp treatment. The honeymoonlight has begun to dim below basking level. An attribute of those who occupy the Giuliani City Hall is that they seem to have no sense of history: one gets the impression that in their view nothing happened before they arrived there except for the purpose of being compared unfavorably with their mayor's brilliant plans. Yet certain lessons can be learned from the past. Big Tim Sullivan, the Lower East Side district leader at the turn of the century, had stores of wisdom, although he was a Democrat. He used to hold clubhouse seminars in which he warned budding politicians never to act overbearing, saying, "God and the people hate a chesty man." ♦

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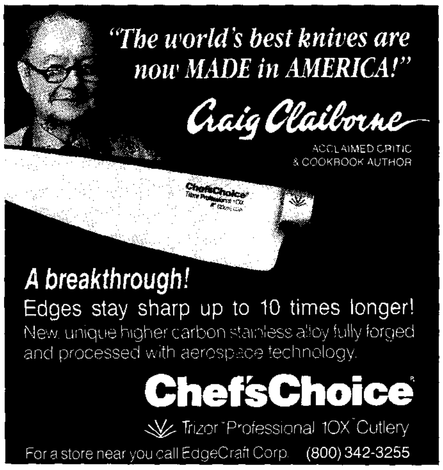
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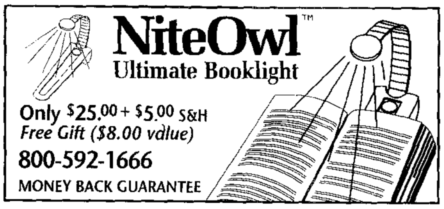
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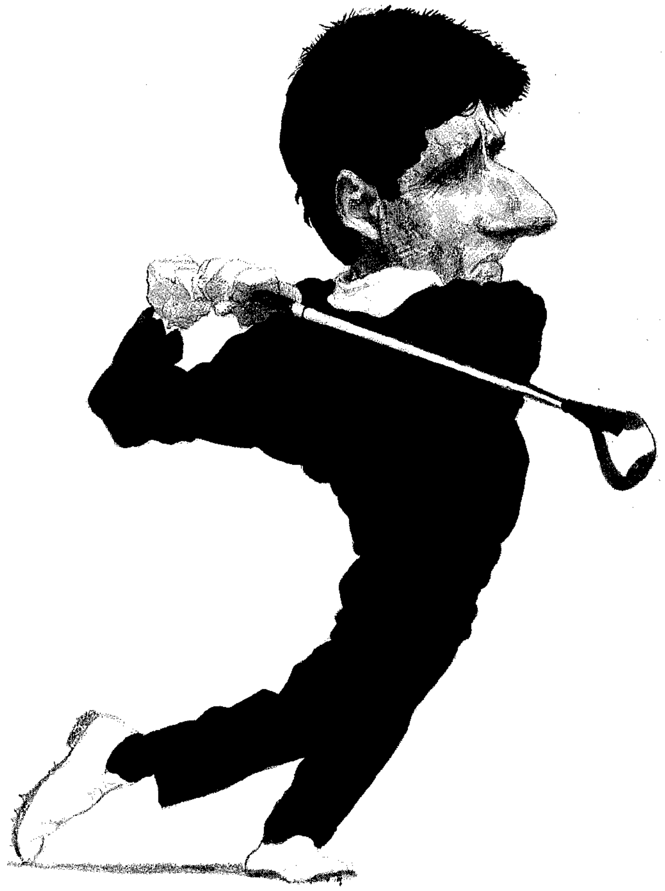
THE WIZARDS OF OZ

With late drama and carefully cultivated rituals, the High Church of the Masters tournament can convert even the golf agnostic.

BY CHARLES McGRATH

IN the eyes of some heretical golf experts, the celebrated Masters tournament, the jewel of American golf, can no longer be considered a major championship, because the field is so small and unrepresentative. Getting invited to play in the Masters is like getting invited to the country-club formal: the dance cards don't go out to just *anyone*. Only eighty-six golfers teed off this year, compared with a hundred and forty-four in the Players Championship, just two weeks before; moreover, because the Masters, by tradition, extends lifetime invitations to all former champions, no matter how long in the tooth, and also makes a point every year of including a number of amateurs, fully a third of the entrants have no chance at all of winning. Some of those same experts also argue that the Augusta National course itself, with its wide, parlorlike fairways and slick, perplexing greens, rewards a kind of shotmaking that is not entirely typical of the way professional golf is played elsewhere in the world right now. But nobody goes to the Masters just to see great golf. You go the way you would go to some proper and exclusive church. The Masters is dignified; it's peaceful; it can be boring but also uplifting. In a setting that's part fakery and part unearthly beauty, it encourages you to think high thoughts—to recall heroic deeds and painful failures, and to take inspiration from venerable figures of the past.


Spain's José María Olazábal drove erratically but nonetheless steered the Masters title back to Europe.

Here's ninety-two-year-old Gene Sarazen, a two-time U.S. Open winner and the Masters champion in 1935, stepping up to the first tee this year, as an Honorary Starter, and, after hitching up his voluminous knickers, smacking a 100-yard drive right down the middle. Here's the golden pair (now fading a little toward bronze) of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, sixty-four and fifty-four, respectively, striding up the ninth fairway together during a practice round—Arnie after showing us that slashing downswing of his, and the little twist of body English at the end, and Jack, a bit later, still fur-

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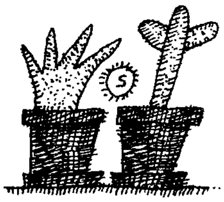
rowing his brow while he stands interminably over a putt. And here implicitly, of course, is the hovering shade of Bobby Jones, the saintly amateur with the sweet, effortless swing, who founded this particular golfing sect back in 1934, when he invited a bunch of pals for a week of friendly competition over the rolling and woodsy two-year-old Augusta National course. It's doubtful whether he could have imagined the tens of thousands of the faithful that the tournament would eventually attract, and the many more devotees who would discover that there wasn't room for them inside the chapel doors.

You can always watch the Masters on television, of course—or, at least, parts of it. (The tournament committee carefully rations the amount of time the cameras are allowed to be on, and forbids almost any coverage of the front nine.) The waiting list for tickets has grown so long that the committee stopped taking new names sixteen years ago, and each morning during the tournament small bands of forlorn but apparently well-heeled supplicants line the roads leading to Augusta National, to brandish cardboard signs announcing their needy, ducatless condition. This year, I was told, a pass good for all four days of the tournament could have fetched as much as twenty-five hundred dollars on the scalpers' market. Perhaps forty thousand spectators walk the course each of the four days of the Masters, and slightly more than that during the three days of practice beforehand—vague numbers because the club refuses to release figures. At a Wednesday-morning news conference this year, a Scottish reporter asked Jackson T. Stephens, the tournament chairman, whether there was any particular reason for all the secrecy. Stephens, the head of a major Little Rock investment-banking firm, replied, in a patient, honeyed drawl, "It has to do with class, taste. I just think it's good taste."



Details about the actual membership of Augusta National—the Masters vestry, as it were—are kept similarly confidential. But, to judge from the green-blazer-clad gents one sees on the clubhouse veranda or strolling around the course, most of the members are, like Stephens, prosperous, white—with one exception—middle-aged businessmen. The exception is Ron Townsend, a fifty-two-year-old television executive who was elected to membership in 1990, not long after civil-rights leaders in Georgia threatened to picket the Masters if Augusta National was not integrated. The roster of those who have played in the tournament still includes no more than a handful of blacks: the first, the tour veteran Lee Elder, wasn't invited until 1975. But if Augusta National is still racist—in fact if not provably by intention—it is no more so, surely, than hundreds or thousands of other clubs in America; it's in the very nature of country clubs not to keep people out, exactly, but—well, to let only a certain kind of person *in.* ("His skin may be black," I heard one onlooker say of Vijay Singh, the statuesque Fijian, who was playing in his first Masters this year. "But his *features* are Caucasian.")

I should confess that I am something of an agnostic when it comes to the religion of golf—especially the High Church, country-club version. My own game is pretty much a disgrace—the product of deep character flaws and a want of application—and over the years I have explained away my failures on the course by pretending that golf doesn't matter to me. But it does—or else why do I keep sneaking off to the driving range, and tuning in the final rounds of even the unclassic Honda Classic or the K mart Greater Greensboro Open? This spring, tugged by that Chestertonian thread that eventually reels all lapsed believers back, I found myself outside the white-latticed spectators' entrance of Augusta National, and experiencing a surprising amount of inner anxiety and unworthiness. Each morning, as I filed through the gates in the company of thousands of true believers—the men dressed like the players, in golf slacks and golf shirts and golf hats, and even golf *shoes,* their spikes clacking on the cart paths, and the women, with their pearls and scarves and frosted hairdos, got up as if for a club luncheon—I heaved a little sigh of relief at not being found out as the cynical, backsliding, public-links duffer that I am.

I was also relieved to discover, as the days went on, that not everyone in the gallery was single-minded in his or her devotions. I overheard sunburned fraternity guys complaining about hangovers. I caught the tail end of a riveting conversation in which two straw-hatted matrons were talking about a gentleman of their acquaintance who was apparently on the verge of giving all his money to a woman who lived in a trailer. And at the sixth green one morning, while Ray Floyd was trying to line up a tricky putt, I was distracted by a discussion between two portly fellows with syrupy Southern accents.

"I know this place where you can get two pork chops, rice, iced tea, and a vegetable for a dollar ninety-nine," one of them was saying.

"Is that *with* cornbread or without?" the other wanted to know.

Watching a golf tournament—watching in person, that is—is unlike attending almost any other sporting event, because you can't begin to take it all in. While you're standing in one place, something momentous or catastrophic is always happening someplace else, and the news comes to you the way it does to the competitors themselves, via ripples of applause (or groans of despair, or wild shouts of excitement) echoing from elsewhere on the course, followed, moments later, by a new number going up next to a player's name on one of the leader boards.

One strategy is simply to park yourself for the day at some picturesque vantage point and, forgetting about scores, watch the procession of golfers float past; another is to attach yourself to a single golfer and follow him around, regardless of his fortunes or those of anyone else. This was the favored plan of a sizable contingent of Japanese fans—some of them dressed in long-sleeved white shirts and slacks, others in Bermuda shorts, with black nylon socks—who trudged dutifully after a golfer named Hajime Meshiai, the top money-winner on the Asian tour last year. Meshiai, who wore the loudest outfits of anyone at the tournament—a purple ensemble one day, white-and-gold another—was also by far the most emotional of all the golfers, jabbing his arm into the air when he sank a putt, staggering away when he missed: mannerisms that seemed both genuine and touchingly secondhand, as if he had learned them from watching highlight films. For a while, he was among the contenders; then, on Saturday, he shot a humiliating 80 and fell right off the leader board. But his followers, I noticed, reacted to Meshiai's dramatics with absolute dispassion, and they stuck with him to the end.

As a first-time visitor to Augusta, I spent a day just learning my way around the course, discovering, for example, that by positioning myself on the knoll behind the second green I could take in all the action on the second fairway and also, just by moving a few feet, keep an eye on the third tee, the minuscule seventh green, and the eighth tee. It took me a while to get over the feeling that I was always in the wrong place at the wrong time. On Thursday, the first day of the tournament, I spent an hour or more hanging around No. 12—the seductive and infamous par 3 that has been the scene of so many players' undoing. I was hoping to see lots of tee shots plunk into the creek that guards the long, extremely narrow green. But, as I later learned, the horrifying aquaclysms that day were taking place just up ahead, on the fifteenth, a 500-yard par 5, with ponds in front and back: the pin was so close to the front of the green that day that golfers who were going for it in two, and even some who had laid up, found their approach shots bouncing just short and then rolling back down the steeply pitched bank and into the drink. Tom Watson took a snowman here, as golfers call an 8, ruining what might otherwise have been the low round of the day, and Nolan Henke had a quintuple-bogey 10. I missed it all.

At first, I also had trouble deciding which players to follow. For a while, I trailed after Johnny Miller, the former U.S. Open champion, who now works as a golf commentator for NBC and earned himself a last-minute invitation to Augusta by winning the colorful Pebble Beach pro-am in February, in a huge surprise. But when it became clear that he wasn't about to get lucky again I abandoned him. (One of the great things about watching golf in person is that it turns you instantly from a hacker into a cold and exacting critic.) Then I followed Brad Faxon for part of a round, because I happened to know his caddie, John Burke. The two were on their way to a sub-par round, but at the eleventh hole, the beginning of the treacherous stretch known as Amen Corner, Faxon chunked a 9-iron splat into the little pond to the left of the green, causing me to drop them, too. ("Amen Corner ate our lunch," John told me later.) Then, joining a horde of shameless thrill seekers, I traipsed after John Daly, hoping to see him rip one of his monster drives. Daly's neck-warmer hairdo and moody behavior

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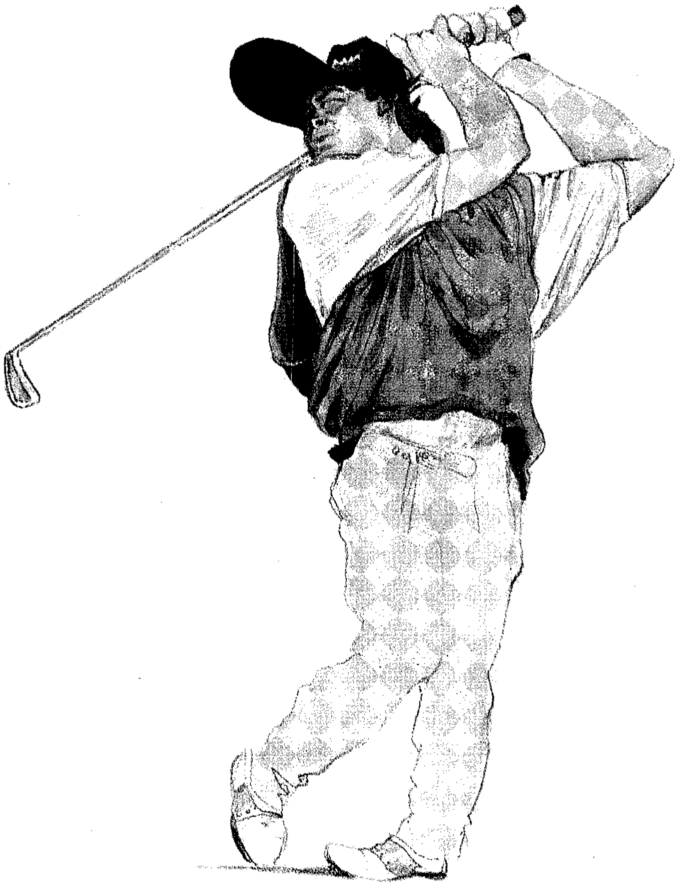
on the course (last November, he was suspended by the P.G.A. for quitting in the middle of a hole) have lately made him the Tonya Harding of golf, but he still hits it a ton. From the practice tee, he launched a golf ball right over the sixty-five-foot-high screen, two hundred and sixty-five yards away, that protects the traffic passing outside. On the course, though, whenever he yanked the red Razorback headcover off his bulbous Killer Whale driver and attempted to really uncork one, with that cyclotron, over-the-top swing of his, the result was often a push or a fade. "Just hit it *right*, will you?" I heard him mutter to himself on the seventh fairway, banging his club on the ground in frustration.

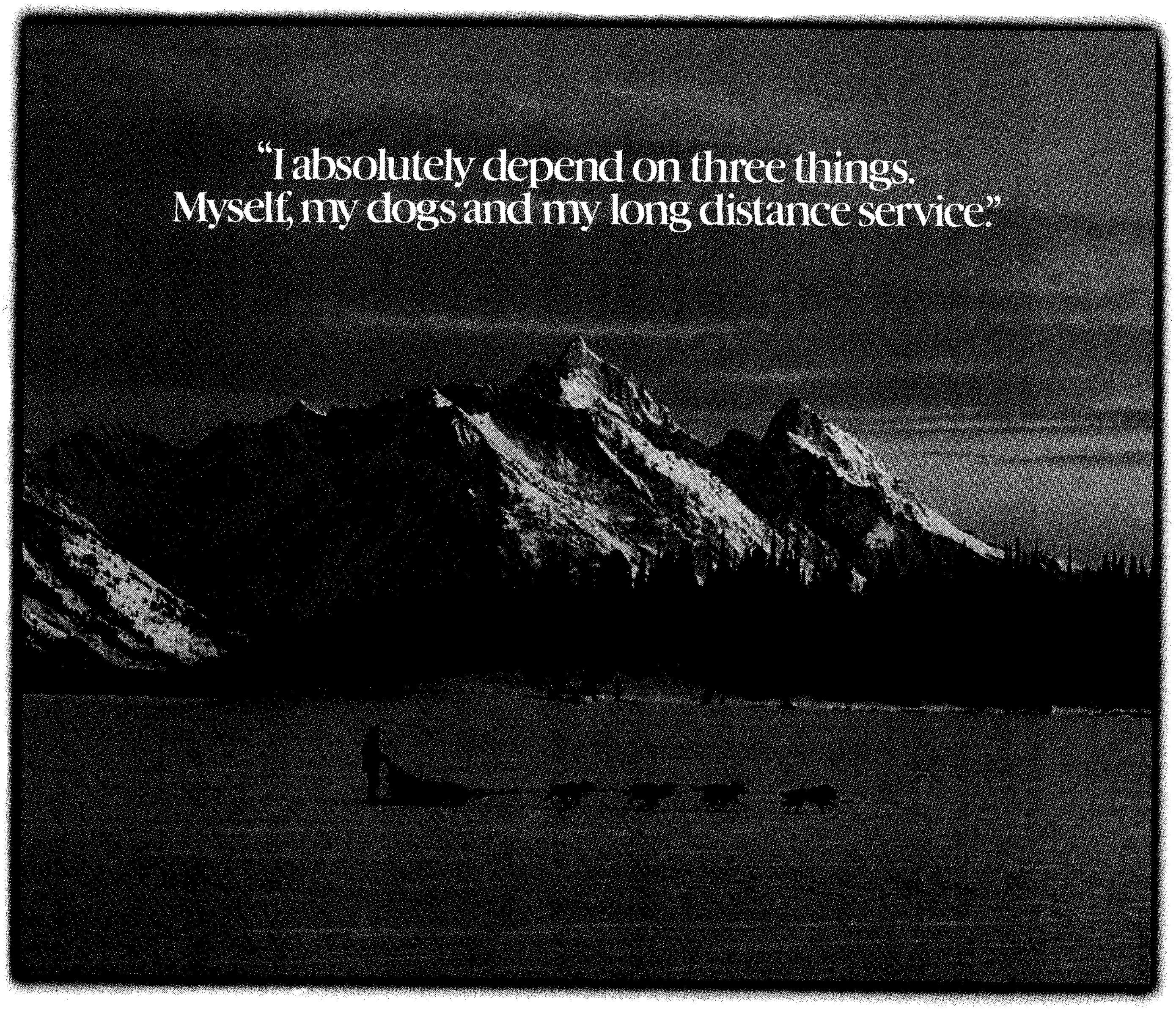
As the tournament wore on, I became shrewder about my plans, often finding that the most effective strategy was to play Follow the Leaders. And I was also learning that the best rewards seemed to come not from moments of high drama but simply from proximity: from being so near to the golfers that I could see, for example, the tiny whitish wrinkles that would appear around Greg Norman's weirdly pale-blue eyes as he squinted after a drive, or the hint of tightness in the smile that Tom Watson would flash to the gallery, acknowledging their well-meant applause for a birdie attempt that had missed, and so near that I could also hear the celebrity athletes talking to one another and, at times, even to the ball. (What they were saying to it was "Whoa!" or "Stay!" or "Sit!") No other sport affords its fans this tantalizing intimacy—this invitation to lean over a player's shoulder and line up his next shot for him—but the effect, paradoxically, is to emphasize the vast distance that separates golfing's elect from the rest of us. Not only are the pros younger and better-looking (in that wholesome, clear-eyed, Republican fashion) than most of us in the gallery but when they hit the ball something uncanny takes place. Stand behind one of them while he tees up—behind a Nick Price or an Ernie Els, say—and you hear a *ping!* and a whir, and then you spot the ball, impossibly far away, soaring up and up, still accelerating, farther and farther beyond the point where logic (and your own experience) tells you it should begin to come down. It's no wonder that the religion of golf was invented in Scotland. It teaches failure, shortcoming, inadequacy—and envy.

No amount of televised golf can prepare you for the beauty of Augusta National—especially of the back nine, with its plunging descent through stands of lofty, mastlike pine trees, and then the spectacular azalea-banked right-hand turn at Amen Corner, where the wanderings of that little tributary take you past Nos. 11, 12, and 13, and, later on, the steep climb back up through that shadowy tunnel of oaks at the eighteenth to the waiting crowds and the sunlit green above. TV—or my TV, anyway—does no justice to the *greenness* of Augusta National: an almost hallucinogenic viridescence. This is what golf in Oz must be like. Television's version of the course seems to flatten the contours, giving little sense of the humps and swales and mounds swelling or bulging up from almost every fairway—or, more dramatically, of the heart-stopping swoop from the tenth tee down to the green. The course is so pristine, with barely a twig or a leaf out of place, that at times it feels like a lawn-care laboratory. And, needless to say, it didn't come to look this good all on its own—as you can tell when you drive through the neighborhood of peeling tin-roofed bungalows lying just a few miles to the east, where the yards, small and dusty, are more apt to sprout old car bumpers than Bermuda grass.


Tom Lehman is a down-home Minnesotan right out of a Frank Capra movie.

Augusta National is the product of what one comes to perceive as a carefully preserved preciousness and self-consciousness; ask for a hot dog, for example, at one of the snack bars hidden away in the woods, and you learn that they sell only white-bread sandwiches—pimento spread and egg salad and the like—wrapped in green plastic. Everywhere, cleanliness and artifice are raised to another level. Divot marks are not only refilled but painted over every morning; the omnipresent dogwoods and azaleas have been sprayed with fungicide to keep them from opening before Masters Week; the water in the greenside ponds at the eleventh and the fifteenth is dyed a bluer blue; and that jewel-like green at No. 12 is surrounded by hidden botanical grow lights and conceals an underground heating system, to make up for the afternoon sunlight that can't quite squeeze through so many majestic trees.

On the other hand, the Masters is blessedly free of the sort of fast-buck sports commercialism that, at other tournaments, papers every available space with brand names and product logos. The Goodyear blimp is not permitted to float overhead (one envisions a manned anti-aircraft gun somewhere in the trees); there are no manufacturers' tents, with smiling sales reps promoting the latest clubs and balls; if you buy a Coke, it comes in a green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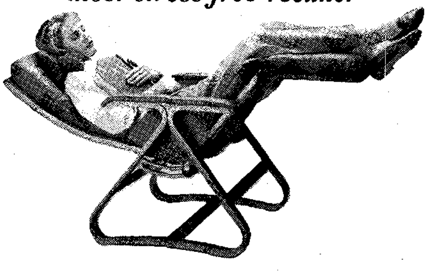

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cup that says "Masters," not "Coca-Cola."

The Masters has also eliminated, or at least controlled, the element of Heisenbergian distraction that now attaches itself to most televised sports: the tendency of the cameras and the commentators to become part of the show. The TV towers at Augusta National are low and green, so that they blend in with the background; the cables, a hundred and thirty miles of them, are all underground. Every winter, CBS, which has been carrying the Masters for the last thirty-nine years, begs the tournament committee to allow it to start broadcasting earlier on Saturday and Sunday, and to telecast from more holes, and every year CBS is turned down. Nevertheless, TV has played a crucial role in creating the mythology of the Masters. Almost as if on cue from the director, the tournament has saved its most dramatic and excruciating moments for the back nine, late on Sunday afternoon, when the national television gallery is at its largest: moments like Arnold Palmer's painful self-immolation in 1961, when, after striding up the eighteenth fairway and accepting a congratulatory handshake, he took four shots to go the last thirty yards; or the back-and-forth, three-way battle between Nicklaus, Miller, and Weiskopf in 1975; or Ben Crenshaw's 1984 victory, after his years of coming close and then faltering, as the fans roared, and Pat Summerall, up in the broadcast booth, began weeping; or, perhaps most memorable of all, Jack Nicklaus in 1986, at the age of forty-six and winless for nearly two years, rapping a forty-foot putt to within inches of the cup on eighteen and tapping in for what proved to be his sixth championship. Leaning forward on my sofa that day, I choked up a little, too, as Jack flung his arm around his caddie, his twenty-four-year-old son, Jackie. Television, some golf commentators have argued, has so heightened the aura of importance and expectation surrounding the Masters that the pressure on the players over the final rounds is now all but unendurable—particularly for American players, who have grown up watching the tournament and sopping up its legend and history down the years.

This may be as good an explanation as any for what has become, for jingoist fans, a depressing historical pattern: over the first four decades of its existence, the Masters was won only twice by a non-American (by Gary Player, in 1961 and again in 1974), but in six of the last seven years, and in eight of the last twelve, it has been a European who slipped into the winner's traditional green jacket. En route to victory in 1991, the Welshman Ian Woosnam found himself the object of some fan behavior that would have made Bobby Jones wince: cheers began ringing out from the gallery around thirteen after his hooked drive had plopped into Rae's Creek. Bernhard Langer, who won last year and in 1985, claims that during a practice round four years ago he was the victim of a xenophobic bombardment when, getting ready on the eleventh fairway, he found the drives of Hord Hardin, then the tournament chairman, and his three partners raining down around him. (Hardin claims that he never saw Langer or his caddie, but it should also be pointed out that Langer is a notoriously slow player, who can try the patience of anyone within three holes.)

This year, American hopes were dimmer than usual, after some of the better homegrown players had been forced to drop out before the tournament: Paul Azinger because he was undergoing chemotherapy for a lymphoma in one shoulder, Fred Couples because of a back problem, and Phil Mickelson because of a ski injury. Meanwhile, Greg Norman, the ferocious Australian, tuned up for the Masters—a championship that had so far tantalized and then tortuously eluded him (he was third in 1981, tied for second in 1986, lost in a playoff in 1987, and just missed a playoff and tied for third in 1989)—in astounding fashion: he committed one lone bogey over a span of ninety-eight holes of tournament play, and, in the process, won the Players Championship, in Florida, in a record-breaking twenty-four under par. But here at the Masters, after two steady but unspectacular rounds of 70, Norman went flat during a baffling, birdieless round on Saturday. By Sunday, the Shark had gone belly up; he finished tied for eighteenth.

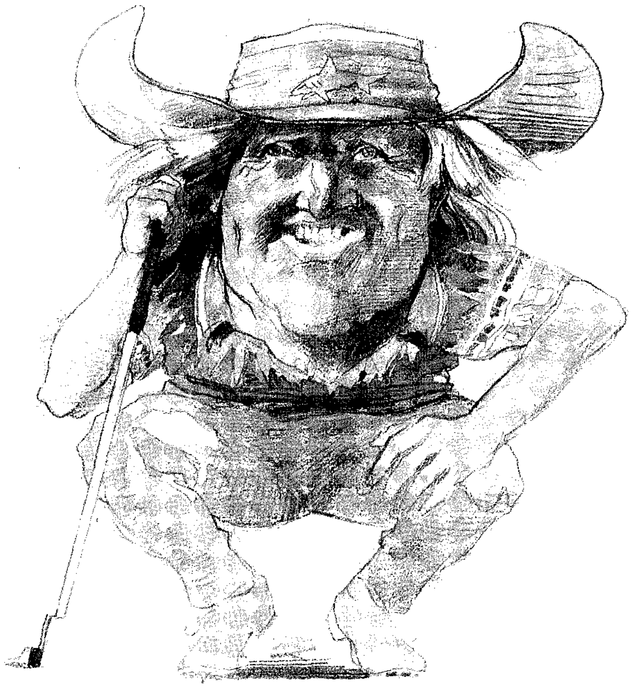
On the final round, several Americans were still in contention, and in the lead for a while was thirty-five-year-old Tom Lehman, a down-home Minnesotan right out of a Frank Capra movie. With his receding hairline and broad, careworn face, he seems less like one of today's country-club whiz kids than like one of that earlier generation of golfers—the Jimmy Demarets and Julius Boroses and

Lee Trevinos—who came up out of the caddie shack instead of the members' locker room. And, indeed, his is a hard-luck story. In the mid-eighties, Lehman lost his P.G.A. card (the driver's license, so to speak, of the touring pros), because he had failed to finish high enough on the annual list of money-winners, and he was forced to toil for years, living from check to check, on various mini-tours—golf's equivalent of the deep minor leagues—before resurfacing, in 1992. (At one point, he had considered giving up and becoming the golf coach at the University of Minnesota, until he learned that the job also involved operating the cross-country-ski-rental concession during the winter.) At a restaurant one evening, I ran into the Herzog brothers, Mike and Steve, who had been on the high-school golf team with Lehman in the mid-seventies, back in Alexandria, Minnesota, where they all grew up. Now they were attending the tournament as his guests.

"Golf needs more people like Tom Lehman," Steve said earnestly. "He's just the most decent person you'd ever want to meet."

"He's a grinder," Mike said. "While the rest of us were out playing, he was always practicing. This morning, I was out waiting for Tom on the practice range—I just wanted to wish him well—and he came over to me and said, 'Can you *believe* this?' "

But golf, in its Presbyterian dourness, seldom yields corny, sentimental endings—its lessons are harder and meaner. Ultimately, the Masters title this year flew across the Atlantic again, this time with the glowering José María Olazábal, a twenty-eight-year-old Spaniard (and a non-Masters-watcher during his formative years), who has left American golfers and golf followers with a whole year in which to practice their lisping "z"s while trying to say his name right. ("Oh, lost my ball" was an approximation I heard frequently at Augusta, while for some reason a number of fans I overheard at the sixteenth tee seemed to have settled on "Asphalt.")



The ferocious Australian Greg Norman broke a record to win the Players, but the Masters eludes him still.

IN the opinion of some golf experts, modern pros have come close to outgrowing the Augusta National course, which Bobby Jones and his course architect, a Scot named Alister MacKenzie, designed to resemble some of the Scottish golf courses Jones so admired—landscapes with wide, undulating fairways and relatively unprotected greens, reachable with a medium- or long-iron shot. But today's players, equipped with the new oversized metal drivers and graphite shafts and juiced-up golf balls, are so long off the tee that many of the holes at Augusta where second shots once required a full 6-iron have now come within 8- or 9-iron range, and the four par 5s are routinely reachable in two. On the par-4, 400-yard seventeenth, some of the players were hitting *wedges* to the green. The tournament committee has had to retaliate by making the greens faster and firmer, and by placing the pins in positions that require a surveyor's accuracy. During the first two days of the tournament this year, winds were gusting over the course from every direction, making it difficult for the players to anticipate how far their shots would carry, and drying out the greens, which had already been shaved down to an eighth of an inch, until they were as hard as parking lots. The pins were in places where even some of the veterans said they had never seen them before—way over on the left at No. 2, for example, on a slice of green so steep it resembled a ramp. At the end of the first day, during which only three golfers broke 70 and a couple of dozen flirted with 80 or worse, many of the players came off the course with dazed expressions. The next morning, David Leadbetter, the famed swing guru (he's the man responsible for dismantling and then successfully rebuilding the games of both Langer and Nick Faldo), was moving from slot to slot on the practice tee like a doctor making the rounds in an emergency room. A tall, skinny man in purple wraparound sunglasses, he paused here to make a small adjustment to Danny Ellis's hip motion and there to impart to Ian Woosnam some piece of technical wisdom about the club head. Though I never saw him, Mac O'Grady, the Rasputin—or perhaps the Marianne Williamson—of swing doctors, was also said to be on the premises, working with Seve Ballesteros. O'Grady, a former tour player who had to give up the pro game when even the act of putting, he said, began to make his emotions "collide like tectonic plates," has just completed a ten-year study of the golf swing—a study code-named MORAD, for "Mankind's Objective Research and Development." But at the Masters it was apparently still the short game that was on his mind; he claimed, I was told, that many of the top players—and the Europeans especially—were using beta-blocking drugs to cure their anxiety on the greens. If they were, it wasn't helping much.

The leader at the end of the first day and again at the end of the second, with a five-under 139, was Larry Mize, an Augusta native (after Hulk Hogan, the former wrestler, he is probably the most famous athlete ever to hail from the Garden City), who in 1987 won the Masters in a sudden-death playoff against Greg Norman and Seve Ballesteros by holing a hundred-and-forty-foot chip shot. Afterward, a lot of people said that the victory was just a fluke—the product of a lucky, one-in-a-million bounce—and, though he's since had some good years as well as a number of poor ones, he didn't manage another tournament win until last year. Mize is not particularly long with his tee shots—

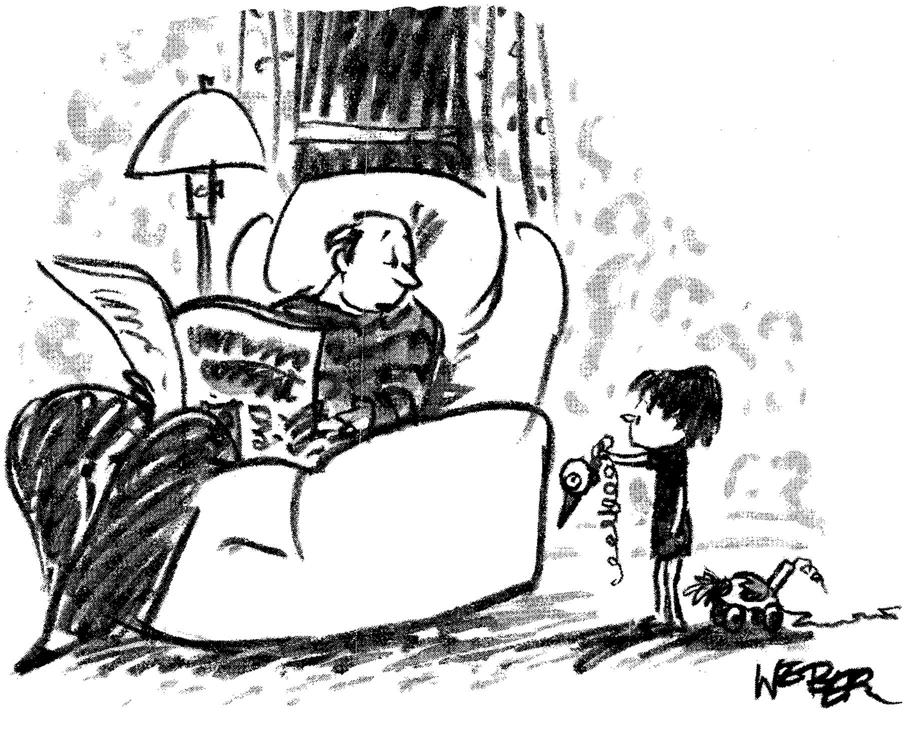
last year, among P.G.A. pros he ranked ninety-fifth in driving distance—but at Augusta he kept hitting his approaches close, and professed to enjoy the fast greens. Langer, the reigning champ, had persistent trouble with his irons, and his virtually one-armed, Dr. Strangelove putting style—he takes the putter back with a stiff left arm while his right hand bizarrely clamps onto the left forearm—failed to sink any long ones; at the end of the second day, he was four over and effectively out of the running. He later said that the course was so tricked up—with the greens so firm and the pins in such unlikely positions—that it resembled miniature golf. Nicklaus, after a nightmarish 78, his worst opening round ever, was eight over at the end of the second day, and, for only the third time in his Masters career, he failed to make the cut. So did Palmer, although going home early has not been so unusual for him in recent years. John Daly never did get his drive working, and barely squeaked into the final two rounds, with a 149, or five over. By the end of the week, he was consulting not a swing guru but Dr. Bob Rotella, his sports psychologist.

FRONT-RUNNERS seldom last at the Masters (only four players have ever led from wire to wire), and by Saturday evening Mize was no longer on top, having been replaced by Lehman, at seven under, and Olazábal, who had been driving erratically but playing so well around the greens that he came in with a third-round 69, to put him six under par. Lehman, even during his comeback, had never actually won on the tour—his best finish was second at the 1992 Hardee's Golf Classic, in Coal Valley, Illinois—but he was a surprising third-place finisher at last year's Masters, after a five-under opening round had tied him for the lead. He has an upright swing and a natural draw, or controlled hook, that enables him repeatedly and effortlessly to lop many yards off Augusta's characteristic dogleg-lefts. For a while this year, he also had a hot putter. I had a close view of the fifty-footer he sank on Saturday for birdie on the sixteenth—the putt that put him in the lead. It was a sharply breaking curler from the back left sector of the green, so intent on its journey that it reminded me of a New York jaywalker darting across lanes of traffic and popping into the subway.

On Sunday morning, Lehman went to church—*real* church; he's a born-again Christian—and, at the pastor's invitation, delivered a little homily. He didn't care if he shot a 70, an 80, or a 90, he said; all that really mattered was that God loved him. Perhaps some of the parishioners thought, as I did, that he cared a bit more than he was letting on. After church, out on the course, he played with an intensity that was painful to watch. He had that wide-eyed, not-quite-focussed look of a golfer who is about to fall apart, and yet he never did. He played steady, mistake-free golf over the first nine, and made the turn at eight under, tied with Olazábal, his playing partner, who had picked up birdies at two and eight. Mize, also at eight under, was playing just ahead, paired with Tom Kite, who, from hole to hole, had played just about the steadiest golf of all but had never got lucky on the greens, and as these final twosomes started down to Amen Corner it had become clear that this was going to be another one of those dramatic, made-for-TV finishes. The turning point once again proved to be the fifteenth: the site of Gene Sarazen's epochal double eagle in 1935, when he holed a 4-wood from 220 yards; of Nicklaus's eagle and Ballesteros's bogey in '86; and of Chip Beck's highly controversial—and still debated—decision to lay up short of the pond last year, instead of going for the green with his second shot, even though he trailed Langer by a bare three strokes.

This year, nobody played safe, and for once I was in the right spot—in the top row of the bleachers just to the left of the green. I watched Mize, who had bogeyed twelve and fourteen, make par here, after overshooting the green with his second and half-flubbing the chip shot back. A few minutes later, when Mize had moved on, I watched, disbelieving, as Olazábal's 5-iron shot came zooming in, just barely caught the fall-away bank in front, and bounced straight up and onto the fringe of the green. To my eye—conditioned, of course, by watching years of my own pond-destined shots—it had looked wet all the way. Olazábal then drilled his putt, a thirty-footer, for an eagle 3; it raced across the green and dropped in the cup so swiftly that there was a little moment of stillness before anyone could respond. Lehman, who had made a much better approach, to within fifteen feet or so, studied *his* putt a long time, and it seemed to take even longer for the ball to creep its way toward the hole. It caught the edge of the cup, lipped around, and rolled an inch or two past. Lehman turned, dropped to his knees, and banged his hand three times on the green. "It was like getting stabbed in the heart," he said later.

If you were watching on TV, you will recall that Lehman had chances to even



"Daddy can't help you, son. Daddy's a product of the 'me' generation."

things up with makable birdie putts at both the sixteenth and the seventeenth—putts that in both instances just slipped by—and that on the eighteenth, after electing to play safe by hitting a 1-iron off the tee, he hooked his drive and beached the ball in the bunker that guards the left side of the fairway. You know all this better than I do, in fact. As the crowds began swelling at the sixteenth and seventeenth greens, following the final twosome home, I found myself seven or eight rows back, repeatedly jumping up just to get a glimpse of the players' heads. From that distance the difference between a putt that went in and one that missed seemed only arbitrary, as if the golfers had had nothing to do with it. On the eighteenth, standing at the turn in the fairway, I saw Lehman's drive come sailing overhead, and gathered, from groans relayed from fan to fan back down the slope, that it had gone into the sand. I didn't see Olazábal's shot; and everything that took place thereafter, on and around the green (Lehman bogeyed, and Olazábal chipped on and then sank a seven-footer, for par), was also invisible to me.

What I *did* see, at the very end, was the genuine presentation of the green jacket. That business inside the Butler Cabin, it turns out, is a sham, a TV simulation. The real presentation takes place later, out at the practice putting green, with a couple of hundred fans ringed around and with various old duffers and big shots—members of the club and officials from most of the important governing bodies of golf—sitting on folding chairs behind a long table draped with the Augusta National emblem. Jackson Stephens introduced everybody, taking a deep breath before essaying the new champion's name, and then Langer stood up and held out a size-41 blazer for Olazábal to slip his arms into. Some clapping, a short speech (Olazábal, who also picked up a closetful of crystal—for twice shooting the low round, and for making a pair of eagles—declared this the happiest day of his life and a dream come true), and then everybody started packing up, we fans to go home, and the players to head for the next week's stop on the tour: the MCI Heritage Classic, on Hilton Head. "Believe me," John Burke, the caddie, told me, "after this week, Hilton Head's a *vacation*." ♦

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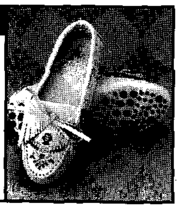

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ANNALS OF SCIENCE

DR. EDELMAN'S BRAIN

Gerald Edelman has already won one Nobel Prize, and could win a second. Now, in his most revolutionary work, he is continuing where Darwin left off—with a theory that may solve the mystery of how the human brain gives rise to the mind.

BY STEVEN LEVY

WHEN you hear a song inside your head, are you playing back a mental tape you made when you first heard the song or are you re-creating it from variegated impressions? Is my consciousness the same as your consciousness? How do babies learn to walk? Where does poetry come from? Questions of this kind are the white whales of neurobiologists and philosophers of mind, and Dr. Gerald M. Edelman set out in pursuit of them after winning the 1972 Nobel Prize for his work in immunology. He now claims, with characteristic boldness, to have developed the only biological theory that explains how the marvellous phenomenon of the mind somehow emerges from the enigmatic three-pound mass of tissue known as the brain.

The past few decades have seen landmark accomplishments in understanding the brain's structure. Yet the field has resisted what Edelman considers the obvious approach to tackling the problem of consciousness, which involves two things: a close study of the actual physiology of the brain, and application of the universally accepted explanation of how the brain came to be—Darwin's theory of natural selection. Edelman complains that many leading brain theorists instead operate on the basis of philosophy or computational theories, ignoring biology or giving it short shrift. Some theorists still maintain that the brain is like a computer—an analogy that Edelman considers dead wrong. He concedes the possibility that other theories could pose valid challenges to his—in fact, he claims that he would welcome such theories, so that his could be tested against them—but as of now, in his view, the other contenders are merely pretenders. They are, he says, using a favorite quote from the physicist Wolfgang Pauli, "not even wrong."

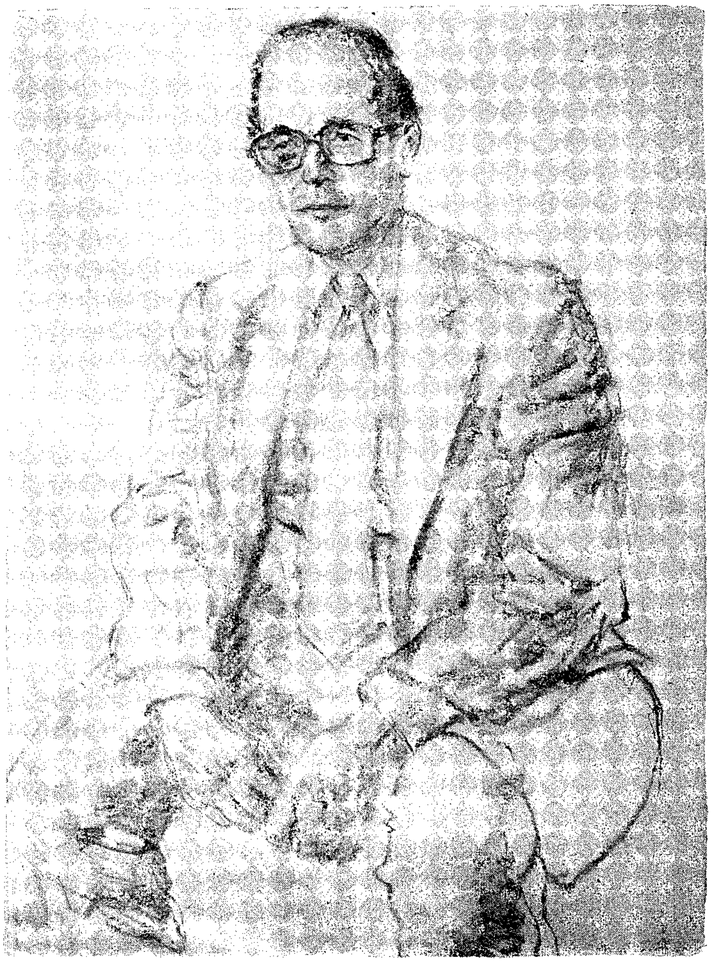
"It became very clear to me in the early seventies, maybe 1974, that the problem of recognition in the brain had some properties that were like recognition in the immune system—that is, there's no way evolution could have already given you all the answers," Edelman explained recently. "Try a Shakespeare sonnet. Exactly what adaptation do you think adjusted your brain to the impact of a Shakespeare sonnet? There were no such things in *Homo habilis*, *Homo erectus*, even Neanderthal. So it becomes clear that we have a problem here. Is it the case that your brain is a tabula-rasa device? Does your brain mirror the world? Well, I started to think about that, and my predilection was already enormously biased by the fact that biological systems don't work that way. Darwin had already established that. So I started looking at the anatomy.

"When I started to study how synapses work and how messages come in from the outside world, it became very clear that the diversity of the brain is even staggeringly larger than its anatomic complexity. It is the most diverse object that I could think of, except for an evolutionary jungle. Then I was naturally prompted to look at perceptual phenomena as the perhaps most simple organizing, early function of the higher brain. And, when I looked at that, it became very clear that your brain *constructs*. There's no avoiding that, in some deep cases, it constructs. It doesn't mirror. Oh, boy. Big problem, right? Even before language, your brain constructs and makes perceptual slices of the world, and then you have to embed this all in evolution. That's how the theory began."

Edelman does not remember exactly when he first wrote down his explanation of how the brain works by Darwinian principles, but it was probably sometime in 1976. He was on the return leg of a trip to one of the hundreds of conferences he has attended, and he missed his evening connection in Zurich. The next flight was not until morning. As he was about to go into town to sleep, he recalls, "all of a sudden this little birdie said, 'Why don't you stop being so compulsive? Relax. Stay in the airport all night and stay up. Get into a corner somewhere, grab some paper, and write all these ideas down.' It's just what I did." He bought some paper, arranged a makeshift desk on a bench, and wrote through the night. "By the time I was finished, I had a rather shoddy document—some people would say even the published one shared the same trait—but that was it." He published a version of the document in 1978, and a decade later he extended the theory, which is now known as the theory of neuronal-group selection, and wrote what he calls his Trilogy—three books aimed at scientific readers that together explain his theory. Most recently, he presented a version of the theory in "Bright Air, Brilliant Fire," a book intended for the lay reader. And now he awaits the judgment of history.

I FIRST met Edelman in a small Italian restaurant on Second Avenue. He is currently the chairman of the Neurobiology Department of the Scripps Research Institute, in La Jolla, California, and the director of the Neurosciences Institute, an independent entity situated on the Scripps campus, and is the author of five books, the editor of nine, and the writer of or a contributor to four hundred and twenty-four articles. Seven additional articles were in press. Once I had begun to appreciate Edelman's furious energy—a kineticism that shows no sign of flagging after sixty-four years—I realized that both his curriculum vitae (which is currently thirteen pages long) and his bibliography are not so much static documents as vibrant electronic entities, with lists of publications, appearances, awards, and degrees perpetually accumulating, like the figures on those billboards attempting to capture the national debt at a given instant.

I had been warned to show up on time, as Edelman is notoriously punctual, and, indeed, he arrived on schedule. There is nothing striking about his appearance: he is a conservatively dressed man with thinning hair and thick-lensed glasses, whose large frame is holding up well in its seventh decade. But neither is there anything dry about him—he's as much Henny Youngman as he is Einstein. A former colleague has compared him to the Tasmanian Devil of the Warner Bros. cartoons—a dervish of motion, energy, and raw intellect. The astonishing breadth of his knowledge does not creep up on you; it hits you chest-high, leaving you aswirl in a maelstrom of observations on the mind-body conflict, scathing assessments of his competitors in the consciousness game, erudite literary citations, technical evaluations of issues in the world of high-end audio components, remarks on obscure but crucial organic molecules, a monologue on why Wagner marked the end of diatonic music, and an ominous description of what the future will be like when artifacts are conscious. Names and allusions fly at the listener: Heifetz, Shaw, Luther, Galileo, Ernie Kovacs, Einstein, Darwin, the Jewish mobster Abe Reles, the philosopher Willard Van Orman Quine, Freud, and Beethoven's landlady (a character in Edelman's bottomless kit bag of burlesque-era jokes). Eventually, the conversation found its way to Edelman's theory.



If Gerald Edelman's ideas are correct, they would profoundly affect the way human beings view themselves. In a sense, they would explain who we are.

AVIGDOR ARIKHA

"I would like at least to get a glimpse of how it is that we have come to be aware," he said, leaning forward with an unsettling intensity. "I think that's really an extraordinary thing, isn't it? On the one hand, it hints at the dark side, the nonscientific side. It hints at religious eschatology. It hints at mysticism. It hints at psychoanalysis. On the other hand, it has this almost too glib machine mode. I don't believe in either. I think that when the story of the organism is told, when we really understand how these things evolved and developed, we'll have a very big surprise."

I suggested that to many people illuminating the brain's secrets might seem threatening. Even though no serious scientist will defend dualism—the concept, identified with Descartes, that somehow consciousness has a different source from the meat inside our heads—we cherish the individuality of our consciousnesses. It's what makes us us. We hate to think that our very essence is simply a product of this neuron hooking up to that neuron. If, somehow, we were to pin down the workings of our minds, I asked, wouldn't it diminish us?

Edelman agreed that he was treading on treacherous turf—that the illusions of dualism are hard to extinguish, that we hold on to them, quite literally, for dear life. "The deep texture of everyday language is dualistic," he said. "The dying patient says, 'This can't be happening to *me*.' Because the mind is clear: 'Why is my body letting *me* down?' " Edelman is fascinated by this form of deathbed vitalism, when we regard our minds as kin to souls—somehow not of the same stuff as bodies. From the scientific point of view, this is a dangerous trap but one that must be reckoned with. "It's so built into our language, and, in the absence of a deep theory of mind and of brain, it can lead you the wrong way. I think it does come down to the mystery of death, the fright of annihilation. I mean, the subject is wrapped, and the problem is to unwrap it. What can we really do? What ideas have to be put in order? What are the testable ones at this time? And is it really true that at this time we have an unparalleled opportunity? Are we at the edge of one of those things that happen in science? I think we are."

With one Nobel in hand and rumors circulating that a second is possible, Edelman has made an indelible mark on the biological sciences. But he is shooting for much more, even if it takes a generation or two for the extent of his contribution to be seen. "I do think that what he has accomplished will not be recognized fully for a hundred years," says Frederick Jones, a young scientist working under Edelman in the Scripps Neurobiology Department. "After we're gone, people will discover him. What Freud was to psychology, Edelman will be to biology."

His numerous critics scoff at such talk, charging that the one human being most likely to consider Edelman an initiate into the pantheon of scientific greatness is Edelman himself. "Science requires an enormous amount of modesty," a former colleague who has soured on Edelman says. "But 'modesty' is the one word in the Oxford English Dictionary that he doesn't know." Yet if it is true that Edelman has figured out "how the brain gives rise to the mind," as he puts it, his ideas not only would have great importance in the world of biology but would profoundly affect the way human beings view themselves. In a sense, they would explain who we are.

DESPITE the displays of verbal pyrotechnics, Edelman is hesitant in replying to questions about particulars of his own life and is reticent about family matters. (He has been married to his wife, Maxine, for more than forty years, and they have three grown children.) But he does provide some empirical data. He was born in 1929. His father, Edward Edelman, was a doctor—"a general practitioner." Edelman says, "He was trained in surgery, but he practiced among the poor, in Queens." The family had a house in the relatively prosperous town of Long Beach, Long Island, but split its time between there and Ozone Park, the rough Queens neighborhood where his father tended to patients.

For a while, it appeared that young Gerald Edelman would become a concert violinist. Though not a prodigy, he was devoted to the violin, and won recognition for his playing. But at around the age of twenty he had a sudden, decisive realization. "It became clear that I wasn't a performer," Edelman told me. "I can't describe that moment. You know it in your heart." Since then, his performances have been limited to informal sessions with friends. ("He was groomed as a soloist," says one amateur violinist who has often played with Edelman. "You don't play *with* him—you follow his lead.")

Edelman was, by his own description, a star pupil in high school—"an almost egregious standout at graduation," he says, with his customary immodesty. "I kept shaking hands with the principal." Yet, with a suspiciousness that is also customary, he believes that that principal who congratulated him for his academic awards plotted to keep him out of college. "He thought I was some kind of revolutionary leftist, because he caught me reading an issue of Dwight MacDonald's *Politics* one day," Edelman says. "I gather that that was hinted at in all the letters he wrote about me. As far as I can nail this down, that hindered my getting into college." After his applications to the best colleges were universally rejected, an older sister who attended Ursinus, a small German Reformed college in rural Pennsylvania, helped him matriculate there.

At Ursinus, he took courses in science and chemistry but became increasingly bored, and dropped out midway through his sophomore year. He went to Miami Beach and hung out with a friend there until his money was gone. At that point, he yielded to his mother's entreaties to return to Ursinus—on one condition. "If they let me not have to attend lectures, just labs, I'll go," Edelman recalls saying, and they did—he doesn't know why. "So I finished my degree according to this deliriously happy arrangement, where I had a key to the library—which, as far as I could see, no one else used—and just had to do labs and take exams. That was, as they say, groovy. And I sort of became an autodidact, probably to my permanent damage."

There was the question of what career to pursue, if not music. Though he obviously had a predilection for the humanities, "it would never have occurred to me that it was something to do," he now reflects. "It was something you took for granted, like oxygen." Instead, he vowed to do research. "I said, 'Gee, where can I do something where I don't have to work?' Which seemed very important—the thought of doing a nine-to-five and having a career was horrifying to me. And a certain artistic sense that came out of music was present in research. And scientific research was like composition—it was the idea of the mind, you know?"

Edelman figured that the way to pursue his goal was to attend medical school, and he enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1953, his final year there, following three years spent compulsively memorizing texts, he finally got to do some research, at a place called the Johnson Foundation. Working on the metabolism of a particular yeast, he proved that a certain hypothetical complex did not exist. The paper he wrote was never published, but he had got his first taste of science as it was practiced by professionals. He was awed by the process. "I learned that there was, at that time, very often a strict hierarchical structure in science. The head of a lab could be a scary paternal figure, loved and hated. I learned that there was an awful lot of backbiting and fierce competition over small matters. I also learned that to do it right required every bit as much skill as music, and then some. I learned all that. It didn't dampen me."

After interning at Massachusetts General Hospital, he was drafted, in 1955, and assigned to medical duty in Paris. "It formed a nice hinge interlude—what I call my F. Scott Fitz-Edelman period. I fooled around in sports cars and made friends with a lot of the guys from the American Hospital. Lots of interest in night-clubbing, and travelling. And that was where I first got interested in antibodies."

While Edelman was practicing medicine at the European Command's Paris dispensary, he began combing the stacks of the American Library, devouring literature on proteins, peptides, and immunology. Part of what had piqued his interest in these subjects was the fact that diagrams of antibodies were based more on expediency than on actual knowledge. At the time, molecules of the immune system, which came to be known as immunoglobulins, were represented as football-shaped objects. "It was one of those scientific fictions you used, since you couldn't see proteins in those days. So I kept staring at this football and saying, 'Well, there's an answer, you know.' So I decided that when I went back I'd do that." In 1957, his tour of duty ended. The Harvard professor who had been overseeing his interneship at Mass General was encouraging him to return there but also felt bound to inform him about a new program at Rockefeller Institute, in New York City.

Long known as a place where imposing figures ran their labs free from the interference of an academic hierarchy, Rockefeller was transforming itself from an institute into a university, encouraging graduate students to become part of these laboratories: to apprentice them-

“Bernard is our sous-mechanic.”

selves to the rulers of those fiefdoms and perform self-directed studies within that framework. The all-powerful god at Rockefeller was Science. Edelman adopted it as his god, too. “It was perfect,” he says. “You didn’t have to go to class, you didn’t have to study, you didn’t have to qualify—it was just do research. Right up my alley.”

His European reading idyll had made him question the traditional view of the immune system. In the fall of 1957, when he joined Rockefeller, as a graduate student, the wisdom, best presented by Linus Pauling, then at the California Institute of Technology, was that it was an instructionist theory: immune molecules were all the same, and when they perceived an antigen, or invader, they bellied up to it and matched themselves to its shape just as a block of putty might form an impression of a key; in other words, the molecules learned to fight invaders. But another theory, postulated by Sir Macfarlane Burnet, an Australian virologist, and others, held that the immune system was selectionist, in the Darwinian sense: there was not a single kind of immune molecule but millions of different kinds, and when an antigen appeared the group of antibodies best suited to match up with it would do so, and those “selected” molecules would trigger the appropriate immune cells to reproduce furiously, creating an army of warriors to fight the infection. At the time, however, this theory had not gained much acceptance.

Edelman’s work helped change that. While preparing his dissertation, he made a major discovery: immunoglobulins consisted not of one long polypeptide chain, as had been assumed, but of interlinked chains of two kinds—“light” chains and “heavy” chains. He wrote up his findings on a single sheet of paper and sent them to the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, and they were published as a letter in 1959. “That paper had a one-sentence entry and one-sentence conclusion, had an equation in between and a table of data, and it changed the nature of the subject,” Edelman says now. “Which shows you that prolixity is not necessarily a virtue.”

Immediately upon winning his Ph.D., in 1960, Edelman was given his own laboratory at Rockefeller, and continued to work on immunoglobulins. At thirty-one, he ran his lab in the style of the old school, as a mentor of apprentices. One postdoctoral student who worked with him, Don MacClain, recalls a time when he was doing a certain experiment that required him to come in at 7 A.M. and wait until late in the evening to do an assay to find out the results. One evening, around eleven, as MacClain was putting the slides away after an exhausting day, the phone rang. “It was Dr. Edelman. He wanted to know what the assay showed.” When MacClain explained that he had planned to save his study of the assay for the following morning, Edelman said, “Where’s your curiosity? Don’t you want to find out?”

“It was not said in a friendly, joking way at all,” MacClain recalls. “It’s what *he* would have done.”

In the mid-sixties, Edelman steered the lab into a tremendously ambitious enterprise: he set out to resolve the structure of an entire immunoglobulin molecule once and for all—to determine the order of approximately eight hundred amino acids in a given molecule of antibody. Once this chemical labyrinth was mapped, it could be contrasted with other antibody molecules to demonstrate the diversity of immunoglobulin structures. Thus, performing this feat could potentially deliver definitive evidence that the immune system operated not by instruction but by recognition—that it was a selective system, operating by Darwinian rules.

The opportunity arose through the discovery that a certain cancer caused immune cells to produce large amounts of just one form of antibody molecule; blood samples taken from a single patient on the West Coast eventually provided Edelman’s lab with a half pound of a specific antibody—to an immunologist, a potion more precious than diamonds. “It was safe to fly the Atlantic,” Edelman says of that time. The hint that the task was of Lindbergh-like proportions is no exaggeration: by a long shot, this was the most ambitious protein-sequencing project yet undertaken, and it was characteristic of Edelman's hellbent approach to science. He often describes science in metaphors of athleticism, and one could not imagine a more demanding coach.

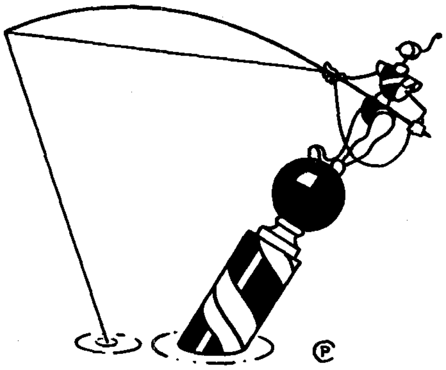
Bruce Cunningham, who joined the lab in 1966 as a postdoctoral fellow and has remained with Edelman ever since, recalls, "We were not the only people working on this structure, but there were only two major groups that were really studying the whole thing, and that was Rodney Porter's group in England and Gerry's group. Porter's group had more people and more equipment, and people would come back and report to us, 'You guys should give up—they're well ahead of you.' But we just kept on, just kept tenaciously plugging on. We had a really good group of people, who believed in the problem, who believed in Gerry. I think that was his greatest contribution—that energy and tenacity, staying with the problem. Now, he won the Nobel quite properly for his earlier showing that there were light and heavy chains. But, politically, solving that structure, getting there before Porter, made a big difference, and I think he recognized that. That's why the race was so important—especially since Porter was the older, established man, and Gerry was the new, younger guy on the block."

Some Edelman-watchers will tell you that the Nobel Prize, which he shared with Porter in 1972, was part of an ambitious master plan he had. Although Edelman describes the prize as welcome but hardly sought after, even those working for him note that his travel plans had always included Sweden. "Certainly, throughout his career he had made a point of knowing the most influential people and Nobel Prize winners and so forth," Joseph Gally, a longtime colleague, says. "If there is a way of going about getting a Nobel Prize, I suspect he is as good at doing it as anybody."

Interestingly, about three years after Edelman won the prize he essentially left the field of immunology to pursue even bigger questions—the biggest ones imaginable, concerning the essential mysteries of biology. His induction into "the religion of Sweden," as he refers to his becoming a member of the Nobel élite, seemed to have only increased his ambition. "I have a small romantic streak and a very definite belief that's coupled to it, which is that the asking of the question is the important thing," he told me. "The taste in refining the question is the thing I admire most about scientists. Great scientists. Einstein. Sure, he was unbelievably elegant when he did the relativity theories. But if someone scores him down for working on unified-field theory and therefore wasting his life I think that's absurd. All the people in physics today are working on his unified-field theory—that's what he set the question to be. Anybody in science, if there are enough anybodies, can find the answer. It's an Easter-egg hunt. That isn't the idea. The idea is: Can you ask the question in such a way as to facilitate the answer? And I think really great scientists do that. So if you said to me, 'Well, now, you're the czar of immunology.' Horrors! In fact, the history of immunology will probably treat me rather shabbily as a result of this desertion. None of that really interests me. What interests me is dark areas."

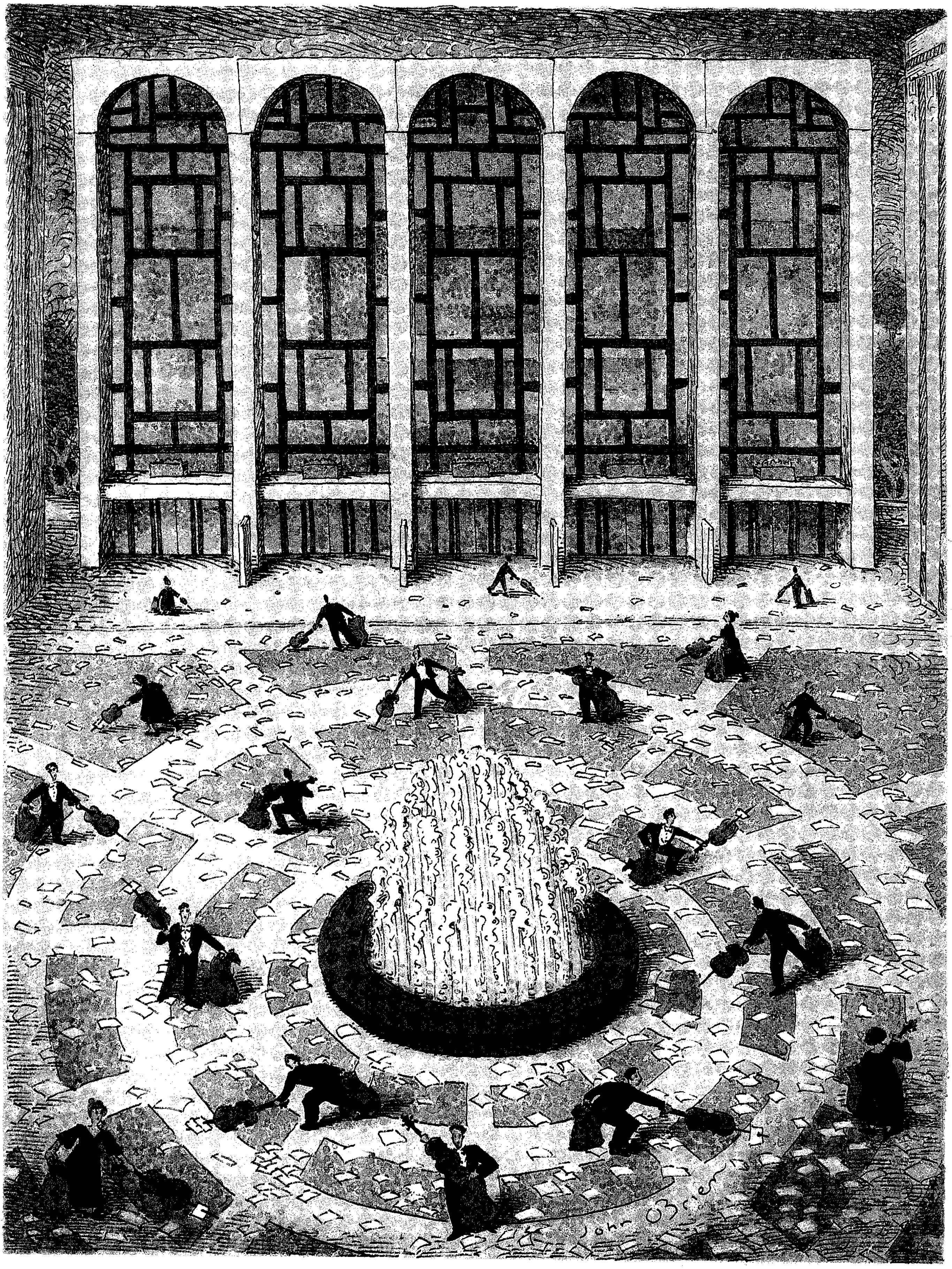
The dark areas turned out to be twofold and somewhat related. To explore one, Edelman switched the direction of his laboratory to developmental biology, to study the means by which the messages of the genes are translated into animal bodies. And to explore the other he independently pondered the most impressive result of biological development: the brain. *Someone*, he figured, had to solve the brain.

BEFORE considering Edelman's theory of neural Darwinism, one must take a look at the organ itself. The primary cell type in the brain is the neuron, or nerve cell; the connections between neurons are called synapses. About ten billion neurons make up the cerebral cortex, which wraps around the rest of the brain matter like a bonnet. Edelman explains, "If I unfolded that cortex and laid it out on the table, it would be the size of a large table napkin. And about as thick. It would have ten billion neurons, at least—and a million billion connections. If you counted the connections, one per second, you'd finish counting them all thirty-two million years later." Considering the number of *possible* connections is futile: there are trillions—many more of them, in fact, than there are subatomic particles in the known universe. Somehow, consciousness emerges from the enormously complex interaction of these billions of neurons. For consciousness to originate this way seems at odds with the apparent coherence of our perceptions, memories, and thoughts, and it has always been tempting to explain the problem away by visualizing homunculi inside our heads—little people pulling our mental strings. More recently, a second metaphorical solution has arisen—the digital computer. Based on the theory of Alan Turing that a digital machine can emulate any computational system found in nature, the paradigm has emerged that a brain is a type of computer. Some neuroscientists, known as Connectionists, have become allied with a movement studying "neural networks," a modification of that paradigm. These are among the people who Edelman likes to say are "not even wrong."



Edelman maintains that the brain is not a computer but something more akin to a complex ecology, like that of a jungle. The dense interconnected tapestry of neurons is not a preordained construction but something that has evolved to cope effectively with novel circumstances; a computer program written before the fact would be unable to anticipate the multitude of situations that any organism faces. Particularly unsatisfactory is the premise, popular a few years ago, that the brain stores bits of information as the computer does, in certain localized regions. The classic example of this was that a single cell might hold, say, the memory for "grandmother." To Edelman this premise was ludicrous, in part because a tremendous amount of computational processing was required to get to the point where one could even categorize the idea of grandmother. As Edelman puts it, "the brain doesn't have a bin for 'dog' or 'Hollywood.' " How could evolution have provided for such

AFTER HOURS AT LINCOLN CENTER


John O'Brien

a bin? One of the main tasks of the brain is to somehow make sense of the chaotic, novel world by categorizing it into recognizable, understandable chunks.

Sometimes the mere recitation of these precepts makes converts for Edelman. George Miklos, a molecular evolutionary biologist, tells of hearing Edelman speak in Madrid in 1990. When Edelman asked his audience "What happens when a newly formed brain first collides with an unlabelled world?" Miklos was stunned. "The mist went from my eyes—this guy is right!" he says. "It was like the conversion of St. Paul on the way to Damascus."

Edelman's explanation relies on an undeniable starting point: evolution is the only process that has created the phenomenon of consciousness. As a result, his theory draws upon the spirit of Darwin in explaining how, over millions of years, the human brain developed into a unique organ. And then Edelman's theory goes to the Darwinian well a second time, coming up with an explanation of how each individual brain uses a process that resembles natural selection to develop during its own lifetime. Essentially, Edelman sees the theory as part of his work in developmental biology, in that the outcome of neural Darwinism is decided not so much in the genes as in the developmental process that carries out the instructions of those genes.

Though Edelman's ideas about the brain involve highly technical details of anatomy and organic chemistry, and are so stupefyingly complex that even some neuroscientists have despaired of ever understanding them, neural Darwinism has only three essential components.

The first component, "developmental selection," describes how the brain's anatomy organizes itself—a process that takes place largely before birth. Before the brain's anatomy becomes fixed, individual neurons literally travel from place to place inside it. Edelman has referred to these neurons as "gypsies," trudging through the prenatal cortextual sludge like displaced migrants. As they roam, some divide into more neurons; some die; and some adhere to other cells, which they meet in their wanderings. These last are fastened together by the timely appearance of cell-adhesion molecules—Edelman sometimes refers to them as "body glue"—scattered throughout the brain. Under the proper circumstances, these molecular marvels bind neurons together, forming a synapse. The discovery of cell-adhesion molecules by Edelman and his colleagues was one of the first significant indications that his theory had some basis in physiological reality, because it meant that the patterns of connections between neurons are not fated—not preordained by some genetic design, in the way that the circuits of a computer are. As more neurons become connected to one another, the anatomy of the brain becomes increasingly stable and its basic circuitry is formed. Sometimes the circuits bind together in configurations called maps. There are at least several hundred maps in the brain of a human being, and each is dedicated to one or more specific tasks. For example, more than thirty different maps are devoted to different aspects of vision—one mapping length, another mapping width, another color, another motion, and so on. And some neurons also begin to form connections between maps.

RUDY'S TRUANT OFFICERS FOR ADULTS
Is today some kind of holiday? I don't think so.
Excuse me, but do the words "ACME BROKERAGE COMPANY" hold any meaning for you?
Hey, pal! Don't you have some sort of job you should be at right about now?

The population dynamics of Darwinian principles are what determine the labyrinthine network of connections within and between the maps. Genetic instructions within the cells provide only general guidelines for finding each neuron's eventual location in the brain. Consequently, everyone's brain looks human, but the precise structure is thoroughly unpredictable. You might as well try to divine what arrangement a flurry of snowflakes falling from a cloud will make on the ground. Thus, every person, even an identical twin, has a network of connections within his or her brain different from that in every other brain. Every person's individual network has been shaped by Darwinian rules of selection to provide a structure that will enable him or her to cope with the world.

After birth, developmental selection begins to slow as the second component of Edelman's theory, "experiential selection," accelerates. The structure of the connections between and within maps has been determined, and a lifelong process whereby the billions of connections are either strengthened or weakened becomes the primary process directing the brain's development. This, too, is a population phenomenon shaped by the brutal politics of Darwinian selection. Those connections which prove most helpful in matching up with the sensory input from the outside world are, naturally, more fit than those which do not, and become stronger; for example, a complex of connections concerned with reaching and grasping might be rewarded by stronger links each time the action is successfully performed—i.e., a baby grabs something and puts it in its mouth, achieving a pleasurable sensation. (Edelman postulates that some basic instinctual "values," or feelings, like grasping and tasting, are hereditary and provide a basis for selecting connections that work over ones that don't.) Those connections which lead to unsuccessful categorizations are losers in the evolutionary competition. So, while the web of connections that categorizes chaotic input from the outside world is formed early, natural selection provides a flexible mechanism that allows constant adaptation.

The third component of Edelman's theory is the most difficult to understand. It explains how maps, synapses, and circuitry, developed through selection, without a preordained plan, work together, through a process he calls "reëntry." This is the key to thought, to memory, and to consciousness. At any given time, there are thousands, perhaps millions, of parallel connections between groups on different maps. Input from the senses—an image, a sound, a phrase, a musical theme—might, Edelman postulates, trigger synaptic firings between groups in different maps in a vast web of connections, each map providing a signal. The process need not be triggered by sensory input; it could also arise from groups signalling to one another solely from internal maps. But the accumulated effect of these millions of connections firing in parallel back and forth is a coherent pattern of neural activity that successfully categorizes the input and integrates it into the history of that particular mind.

CALIBAN'S BOOKS

Hair oil, boiled sweets, chalk dust, squid's ink . . .
Bear with me. I'm trying to conjure my father,
age fourteen, as Caliban—picked by Mr. Quinn
for the role he was born to play because
"I was the handsomest boy at school,"
he'll say, straight-faced, at fifty.
This isn't easy. I've only half the spell,
and I won't be born for twenty years.
I'm trying for rainlight on Belfast Lough
and listening for a small blunt accent barking
over the hiss of a stove getting louder like surf.
But how can I read when the schoolroom's gone
black as the hold of a ship? Start again.

Hair oil, boiled sweets . . .
But his paperbacks are crumbling in my hands,
sea-changed bouquets, each brown page
scribbled on, underlined, memorized,
forgotten like used pornography:
"The Pocket Treasury of English Verse"
"How to Win Friends and Influence People"
"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary."

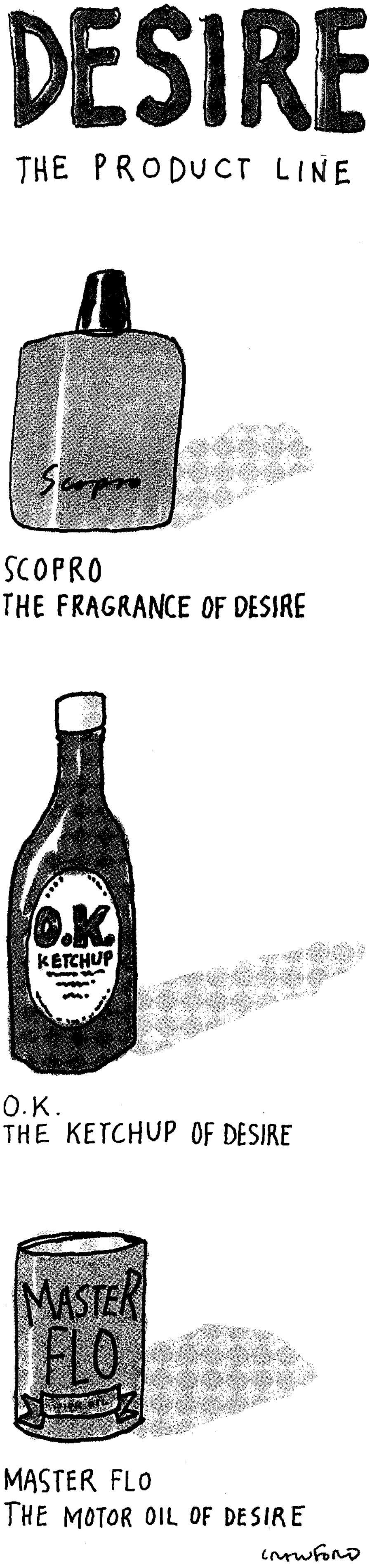
Fish stink, pitch stink, sea spray, cedarwood . . .
I seem to have brought us to the port of Naples,
midnight, to a shadow below deck
dreaming of a distant island.
So many years, so many ports ago!
The moment comes. It slips from the hold
and knuckle-walks across the dark piazza
sobbing *Maestro! Maestro!* But the duke's long dead
and all his magic books are drowned.

—Michael Donaghy

Edelman knows that reëntry is a tricky concept, and he has come up with a number of metaphors to try to get the idea across. The best of his comparisons so far is to a string quartet, in which, since it is without a conductor, each musician is constantly processing all sorts of signals—an eye movement from one player, the force with which another applies the bow, a dip of the head from a third—that occur within an instant and enable the disparate sounds made by each to merge into a whole.

"I called it reëntry because the idea is that of signals constantly reëntering a room," Edelman says. "It's a dynamic term. Not a thing but a process—a constant circulation of symbols, back and forth, around and around."

Most of the work Edelman has done on reëntry up to now deals with the part of the brain that handles perception. "Let me give a concrete example," he said to me at our first meeting. "Your visual centers have about thirty different loci in your brain. Thirty different functionally segregated maps are responsible for various components of vision, and you can map those maps anatomically and look at their connections with each other. Together, the visual centers give rise to an image that you perceptually, conceptually, and consciously see as unitary. There is no superordinate program, there is no superordinate map; all these maps signal to each other in varieties of ways in a vast parallel scheme. There's no syntax, no algorithm, no homunculus, and yet you're putting images together every hundred milliseconds with a precision that's apparently seamless. How do you do that? If you solve that problem—and I believe we have solved



it theoretically—you are, in fact, nine-tenths of the way to solving the brain."

WHEN the psychologist Esther Thelen, of Indiana University, came across a copy of "Neural Darwinism," the first volume in Edelman's Trilogy, it instantly provided an explanation for phenomena she had been uncovering in studies of how infants develop motor skills like walking. "The previous explanation in this field has been that children develop because they mature—the brain gets better over time, and that's what allows them to acquire skills," she says. "This always seemed to me to be a highly impoverished explanation." Indeed, it appeared to be at odds with her results, which indicated that the skills developed not so much because of maturation as because of the actual challenge of the problems infants faced, like how to get across a room. Edelman provided a framework for viewing this result: the development was an evolutionary adaptation, and the neuronal-group connections that best solved the problem were victors in a cranial competition. As a result of studying Edelman's theory, Thelen has reshaped some of her experiments. For instance, because Edelman's theory implies that movement is a potent developer for a baby, she says, "we started looking much more carefully at the idea that the babies start out with a larger repertoire and select the most effective moves."

If the theory is correct, not only children but adults have ongoing evolutionary competitions within their skulls which affect even the most mundane activities. Edward Reed, a professor of psychology at Franklin and Marshall College, specializes in a field called ecological psychology, which concentrates on activities in daily living. Studies in this field are not only instructive in how the brain works but invaluable in rehabilitating head-injury victims who have lost the ability to perform daily tasks. Of what was known before Edelman, Reed says, "Very little in neuroscience has even remotely connected with things we studied. I almost despaired of finding a way to understand this. And then I found Edelman. This is the first time someone has a theory that is sound. The theory requires you not only to think how groups of neurons function but how groups refer to each other. Take the example of stirring a cup of coffee. You need visual processing—seeing a spoon, not a fork—motion perception, motor activity, feedback from joints. . . . There are more than twenty major locations in the brain that have to do with that field. Edelman understood implicitly that their functioning is coöperative and parallel. That's a very big step, a very controversial step."

The research performed at the Neurosciences Institute, the neuronal think tank that Edelman has directed since 1981, has also yielded some evidence supporting the theory. But, oddly, much of the work there concentrates on computer models of the nervous system, using a series of software programs that go under the rubric "Darwin." This seemingly contradictory approach (if the brain does not function at all like a computer, how can you evoke brainlike behavior from a computer?) works on getting a machine—or, in one case, a mobile robot—to make independent categorizations by using reëntry. Though the actual tasks performed by these programs are not in and of themselves impressive—nothing that would stand up in a Turing test, say—Edelman contends that the computer models that he and his colleagues have devised are different from those used by his competitors in the neural-net or artificial-intelligence community, because his are the only automata that rely on the mechanisms used by real brains. As a result, when the robot, named Darwin IV—a rather sluggish R2D2 look-alike—performs an elementary task like identifying colored blocks, it is further proof of the viability of his theory, because Darwin IV, like a conscious being, makes the categorization by means of reëntry.

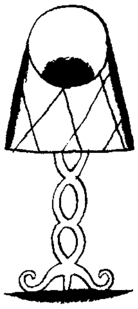
Edelman admits that it will be many years before certain aspects of his theory can be tested. These are concerned with the higher levels of consciousness, and constitute the most daring, and perhaps the most imaginative, of his ideas. They involve a theoretical leap from the relatively sober underpinnings of development as it applies to things like perception and control of motor skills—simple mental processes that he calls primary consciousness, which are generally at the level we might share with some animals—to such advanced cerebrations as memory and a sense of self. If, as his admirers claim, Edelman is a genius, the evidence will be found here. His work on higher-order consciousness is a remarkable example of vision backed by scientific pedigree. It is, in a sense, the fulfillment of the artistic path that Edelman abandoned as a youth.

Consider his theory as it applies to memory. As one might guess from his objection to the brain-as-computer, Edelman abhors the postulation that the brain warehouses a remembered scene in some neuronal vault as if it were a roll of celluloid to be brought back later, threaded into the mental projector, and replayed. Using neural Darwinism, and making particular use of reëntry, he conceives of a much more ambitious explanation. A memory, he asserts, is not so much a rerun as a re-creation. Reëntrant processes similar to the ones that formed the initial categorization are repeated. (This is made easier by the strengthening of the connections that occurred within and between the maps.) Therefore, a memory of a particular scene—the first time you visited the zoo as a child, or a viewing of the Mona Lisa, or the boss's voice as he fired you—is not akin to a reshowing of a movie but something more like the second, or fiftieth, performance of a Broadway play. Even in the case of something as commonly categorized as an apple or a first kiss, the actors must be regrouped, the settings reconstructed, the cues met, and the curtain redrawn.

Such speculations have led observers, among them Oliver Sacks, to note that Edelman's theory is not only built upon the heritage of Darwinism and the rigors of physical science but imbued with a touch of poetry. It even helps explain poetry: flights of metaphor and their evocations can be seen as the result of reëntrant processes. Yet, because of the incredibly complex interactions between the specific genetic underpinnings and the billions upon billions of alternative structures the neuron network might assume, one could never predict, say, a particular Wallace Stevens poem. "Holy shit!" Edelman says at the prospect. "You want me to put *that* in a test tube?"

Far from reducing us to "meat machines," Edelman's theory assures us that the mind of every individual is unprecedented. Not only are prenatal patterns unpredictable from the recipe book of the genes but after the moment of birth every single sensory event and every internal thought has a physical impact on one's neuronal network. Thus, who we are is due as much to private history as to genetic destiny. Chance events totally unanticipated by the instructions in our genes—a glance, a flash of daylight, a hurried conversation—will change the strength of certain connections between maps, cause us to categorize things in a slightly different way, and remake our minds.

To Edelman's dissatisfaction, and even chagrin, the response of many commentators to the Trilogy, and particularly its postulations on consciousness, has not been as enthusiastic as the responses of Thelen, Reed, and Sacks. Considering that Edelman is a Nobel laureate and casts a long shadow in the corridors of science, some of the remarks on his theory have been unusually pointed. Francis Crick, who collaborated on the discovery of DNA's structure, complained, in a withering critique published in *Trends in Neuroscience*, that "Neural Darwinism" failed to persuade him that "Edelman's 'new view of the brain' is a useful one." In a remark apparently directed more toward the theorist than toward the theory, Crick suggested that the flawed set of ideas be renamed "neural Edelmanism."



Another of Crick's complaints—that Edelman's explanations are hopelessly unclear, obscured by a "smoke screen of jargon"—has been echoed by other critics. The Cambridge physiology professor Horace Barlow, writing in *Nature*, warns that, "although the distinguished author has obviously made desperate efforts to explain himself clearly, this is an exceedingly difficult book to read and understand." And the biologist and journalist Mike May wrote in *American Scientist*, "While reading *Bright Air, Brilliant Fire*, I frequently found myself thinking, 'No, I don't trust this.' In large part, I find fault with Edelman for trying too hard to make biology seem difficult. . . . To me this is not an exercise in science; it is an escape into rhetoric." There is even a school of thought that believes that Edelman is being deliberately oblique, because his theory could be more easily refuted if people understood it.

Bringing up these criticisms with Edelman evokes a verbal trickle that quickly grows into a torrent. "I would much rather tempt the accusation of obscurity than of simplification that's simpleminded," he says. "No theory can be thoroughly correct in each detail. But it can be right in the sense that it's not wrong. Does it bother me that I have critics? No. It *would* bother me if someone said, 'You've asked the wrong question.' Oh, *boy*, that would bother me."

There is a subtext of perceived persecution in Edelman's complaints. He does draw particularly vituperative responses—perhaps even unfair attacks—from those who disagree with him or claim that his ideas are impenetrable. But this is in part a consequence of his unyielding, in-your-face approach to science—and of a certain undercurrent of belief in some segments of the scientific community that Gerald Edelman's ego has overwhelmed his work. The psychiatrist and writer Israel Rosenfield, who was an early supporter of Edelman's theory, now thinks that Edelman is an example of how the star system of science, and particularly the Nobel, can result in a sort of destructive hubris on the part of an ambitious scientist. In Rosenfield's view, Edelman's ambition "raises all kinds of questions in science," and he adds, "Edelman to me is an example of the way one can go off the deep end."

According to a number of observers, Edelman has created an effect of circled wagons in his domain. The Neurosciences Institute is unabashedly devoted to the study and testing of the neural-Darwinism theory, and during a visit I detected a definite us-versus-them theme. Though some of the frequent visitors sponsored by the institute for brief stays are not necessarily adherents of Edelman's theory, it is understood, I was told by one fellow, that anyone at the institute for a long-term stay who did not accept it "would not fit in." The justification for this is simple: it's the only theory around.

While that attitude may be useful in focussing work, it can also lead to missed opportunities. The story of Daniel Dennett, a philosopher at Tufts University, is instructive. A leading theorist of consciousness, Dennett was at first much interested in Edelman's theory, and was moved to write him a

VOICE

In the garden shed, among flowerpots,
his words explode into her:
You fucking cow, you came out here
just to . . . all you fucking wanted . . .
As I peg out the laundry
I hear him still haranguing
silence, her answers whispered so low
they could be absence. He pauses
to pant and breathe, and she
emerges, head bowed, carrying a teacup.

Later I hear them in their adjacent
bedroom, their old bedsprings
creaking, his spent mouth finally
quiet, as a new voice gurgles and rises
in her throat, calling
like a muezzin or a goatherd,
bridging the strange intervals.

—SUSAN WICKS

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long letter of constructive criticism. One of the criticisms he made concerned Edelman's dismissiveness toward those who held alternative views. "By turning your back on cognitive science you cut yourself off from your natural allies in the field," he wrote. He offered to elaborate on those criticisms, and Edelman invited him to the institute. But when he arrived Edelman gathered a number of the fellows together in what Dennett thought was an ambush. "Basically, he was siccing them on me," he said. "I had expected to sit down with him one on one. I kept saying, 'Let's talk about your book.' It was like tag-team wrestling." (Edelman says the philosopher was unaccustomed to the rigors of hard science.)

Dennett thinks that Edelman puts off some people who might have helped him in his work, frustrating the truly collaborative effort required to understand consciousness. "I made a really concerted stab at drawing him into the discussion of cognitive science," he said. "I have decided there's no point in trying to talk to him. The isolationism has become overwhelming." When I told Dennett that Edelman had complained that his work was too often ignored, Dennett was not surprised. "He makes it impossible for people to *listen*," he said. "He's gone around and offended people, criticized people, and misrepresented and insulted them. He's brought a lot of this on himself."

WHILE biological discoveries and theories are the tangible aspects of the legacy Edelman would like to leave, he strives to embody something that he considers larger than any single discovery: the beauty of the scientific enterprise itself. "Science is the greatest cultural institution we have," he says. "It is imagination in service of verifiable truth. *Verifiable*—that's where you put the rosin on the bow, put the ball in the basket. The whole scientific enterprise has the quality of a work of art—yet that is unintentional. How can one fail to see its grandeur?"

At Rockefeller University in the nineteen-eighties, Edelman was pained to observe what he considered an erosion of the ideal system where great scientists ran their laboratories free of interference from internal politics and outside pressures. It was in part this disenchantment that, in 1991, led him to move his independent Neurosciences Institute from Rockefeller to the Scripps Research Institute. Scripps's president, Richard Lerner, then made a pitch for Edelman to move his other domain, his laboratory at Rockefeller, to California as well, to form a Neurobiology Department at Scripps, and Edelman did so. Thus he now rules a dual empire at Scripps.

"My major work is in my laboratory, working on developmental biology of the brain and of the organism, working on the problem of morphology, of cell-adhesion molecules, and all kinds of fancy molecular biology tied up with embryos," Edelman says. "That's important to know, because people get terribly confused about my role at the institute and what my major lifework is. I'm a biologist, I'm interested in biological questions."

Edelman's lab opens off a plaza about midway down a long stretch of buildings between the Pacific Ocean and La Jolla's North Torrey Pines Road which constitute the Scripps Research Institute. The Neurobiology Department consists of ten thousand square feet of space bustling with activity—white-coated researchers manipulating beakers, peering into microscopes, tapping at computers, and storing samples in refrigerators marked "Explosive Proof." The offices of the key researchers line the wall facing the ocean. Edelman's energy hangs over everything. He gets there early in the morning and commonly stays until well after dark. He consults frequently with his senior people, making suggestions about the experiments they are conducting and monitoring the results. He sits at the head of a long conference table in a book-lined meeting room when the staff members discuss articles in scientific journals, conducting Socratic interrogations to tease new insights from them. He can be found sitting alone on a sofa in the shorter end of his L-shaped office studying a detailed grant proposal—every sentence, every clause has to be gone over, almost molecule by molecule. And when he is at home his mind is still going. "You look at the briefcase he brings home, and it's bulging," says Lief Finkel, a former N.S.I. fellow, and he recalls that at times the contents have included not only technical journals but things like ninth-century Japanese literature. "The intellectual part of his life is the driving component," Finkel explains. "He needs stimulation—he craves intellectual stimulation." Edelman's colleague Joseph Gally agrees about the scientist's intellectual hunger, but adds, "He's driven by a desire to dominate any situation. One might think that he had a fear of *not* dominating."

Unless he's away, Edelman's habit is to appear at work every day, including Christmas and New Year's. His energy is a constant source of amazement to those around him, whose reëntry processes sometimes lead them to use words like "possessed" to describe the fury of his activity. Edelman himself declares, "I'm not a workaholic," explaining that he simply likes to keep up with what's happening.

The second fiefdom of Edelman's empire is several hundred yards to the south of the Neurobiology Department, in a suite of offices resembling a somewhat down-at-the-heels law firm. This, however, is only the temporary quarters of the Neurosciences Institute. Across North Torrey Pines Road, bulldozers are moving huge mounds of earth in preparation for its permanent site: it will occupy an austere yet luxurious complex of buildings, which will include not only offices but a lab, a computer center, and a three-hundred-and-fifty-two-seat auditorium for lectures, meetings, and a series of classical-music concerts presented by Edelman. The estimated construction cost is sixteen million dollars, largely paid by Scripps, which will rent the facility to the Neurosciences Institute, and by the Sandoz drug company, which gets the first shot at pharmaceutical breakthroughs.

This dramatic expansion of the N.S.I. is largely attributable to Edelman's world-class talent for fund-raising. In addition to his appearances at scientific conferences, he frequently speaks to lay audiences, and has been known to dazzle them with news from the frontiers of brain science. Recently, in part thanks to a standing-ovation lecture at a conclave in Aspen that included some of the entertainment industry's most powerful brahmins, Edelman has become something of a Hollywood darling. Jeffrey Katzenberg, the chairman of Walt Disney Studios, is planning to go to La Jolla to see the Darwin IV automaton ramble around its playpen. (Edelman does draw a line of propriety, however; he says he refused the film producer Peter Douglas's request to consult on a film on the ground that it would not be in keeping with "the religion of Sweden.")

"The Neurosciences Institute is a dream I have of a very special kind," Edelman says. "It represents a hope that I have about what young people should be exposed to in science today and, I believe, aren't. Not even in my lab. And that's because science is so bloody athletic and competitive and technologically ridden that you have no chance to be a poet, no one to shield you. So my dream of the institute is as a scientific monastery, a place where remarkable young people can meet with older people in the freedom that permits creation, and it is dedicated to brain science."

Edelman's critics would find these words ironic. They believe that by focussing the Neurosciences Institute so firmly on his own theory, by constantly striving to personally dominate every situation, and by mocking opponents and refusing to recognize the "not even wrong" theories that the rest of the world regards as worthy of discussion, Edelman seems to be at odds with the ideal of collaboration he holds so dear.

It is an unusual form of criticism, but then Edelman himself is unusual in science, because of the degree to which his personality affects the way people view his theories. He is a polarizing force: supporters hail him as a genius of the first rank; detractors consider him an empire-building egomaniac. And although most of the people who work for him describe him as supportive, some people fear him. (One former fellow of the Neurosciences Institute admitted to me that he tried to plan his departure very carefully, so as not to antagonize Edelman.) Powerful as his theory is, Edelman himself tends to overshadow it.

Ultimately, of course, none of Edelman's personal traits will matter when it comes to determining whether or not his notion of neuronal-group selection is valid. Science, Edelman's god, will administer the test. The facts will out. And, even if his theory proves wrong, the process by which it is disproved will have moved the marker of our understanding a little farther toward enlightenment. Will the object of these speculations, the brain, ultimately succeed in unravelling its own mystery? ♦

"It's so great to be back in the swing—'Damn Yankees,' 'Carousel,' and now North Korea."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MOI GOES TO WASHINGTON

In the Ecuadorian Amazon, Huaorani Indians waged an exhausting battle against the American petroleum interests that have begun drilling for two hundred million barrels of raw crude under their lands. Then Moi, a Huaorani leader, decided to try the diplomatic route.

BY JOE KANE

MOI came to the United States of North America on a warm sunny afternoon, and though he hit the streets of Washington, D.C., at the evening rush hour, he walked in the city as he does in the forest—in slow, even strides. He kept his eyes on the ground and his knees bent, and he planted his broad feet deliberately, heel and toe, yet lightly as raindrops. It was the walk of a man accustomed to slippery terrain. I found myself stutter-stepping all the way down Pennsylvania Avenue, but Moi slid through the pedestrian horde like a fish parting water. He stopped only once, to study a squirrel climbing a maple tree: meat.

Moi wore dark khaki pants, a starched white dress shirt, a blue-and-gray striped tie, and brown leather shoes. The shoes were borrowed but the clothes were new, and, even if he was not entirely comfortable in them, he cut a handsome figure. In fact, except for unusually high cheekbones, the leonine cut of his thick black hair—straight across his eyes and hanging halfway down his back—and shoulders that threatened to burst the seams of his shirt, he looked like a typical tourist. Even in a city of international travellers, however, his journey was unique. It had begun deep in the Ecuadorian Amazon, in the homeland of his people, the Huaorani—a small but fearsome nation of semi-nomadic hunter-gatherers who have lived in isolation for so long that they speak a language unrelated to any other on earth. It had taken Moi nearly two weeks to reach Washington; travelling by foot, canoe, bus, rail, and air, he had crossed centuries.

Tucked into a handwoven palm-string bag that he'd brought from home were his passport, his toothbrush, his bird-feather crown, and a letter addressed to the President of the United States of North America. Moi had written the letter three times in a ten-cent notebook he always carries in his back pocket. The letter was an invitation to the President to visit the Huaorani. He wanted the President to explain to the People, as the Huaorani call themselves, exactly why the United States of North America was trying to destroy them. "The whole world must come and see how the Huaorani live well," the letter said. "We live with the spirit of the jaguar. We do not want to be civilized by your missionaries or killed by your oil companies. Must the jaguar die so that you can have more contamination and television?"

At the White House gate, Moi reached into his bag and carefully removed his crown. It was made from owl, eagle, toucan, parrot, and wild-turkey feathers, and when he jammed it down on his jet-black hair a thousand colors seemed to burst from the plumes. But the gate was closed, and for a long time Moi stood and stared silently through the iron fence.

Then he said, "That house looks pretty small. Are you sure the government lives here?"

"The President lives here, with his family."

"Where are the soldiers? Are they underground?"

"Probably. And in back, and inside."

He gripped the fence, as if testing its strength, and his eyes narrowed in calculation: he went into the Huaorani zone, as I'd come to think of it. When he returned, he said, "I believe I can climb this fence and reach the front door before the soldiers get me."

"It will not work, Moi."

"It will not work if I do not try."

"The soldiers will be on you like a boa on a tree rat."

"I will climb the trees and hide in the canopy. I will pretend I am hunting monkeys."

But I dissuaded him, at least for the moment, and we walked on. The sidewalks were full, and traffic roared.

"There are so many cars," he said. "How long have they been here? A million years?"

"Much less."

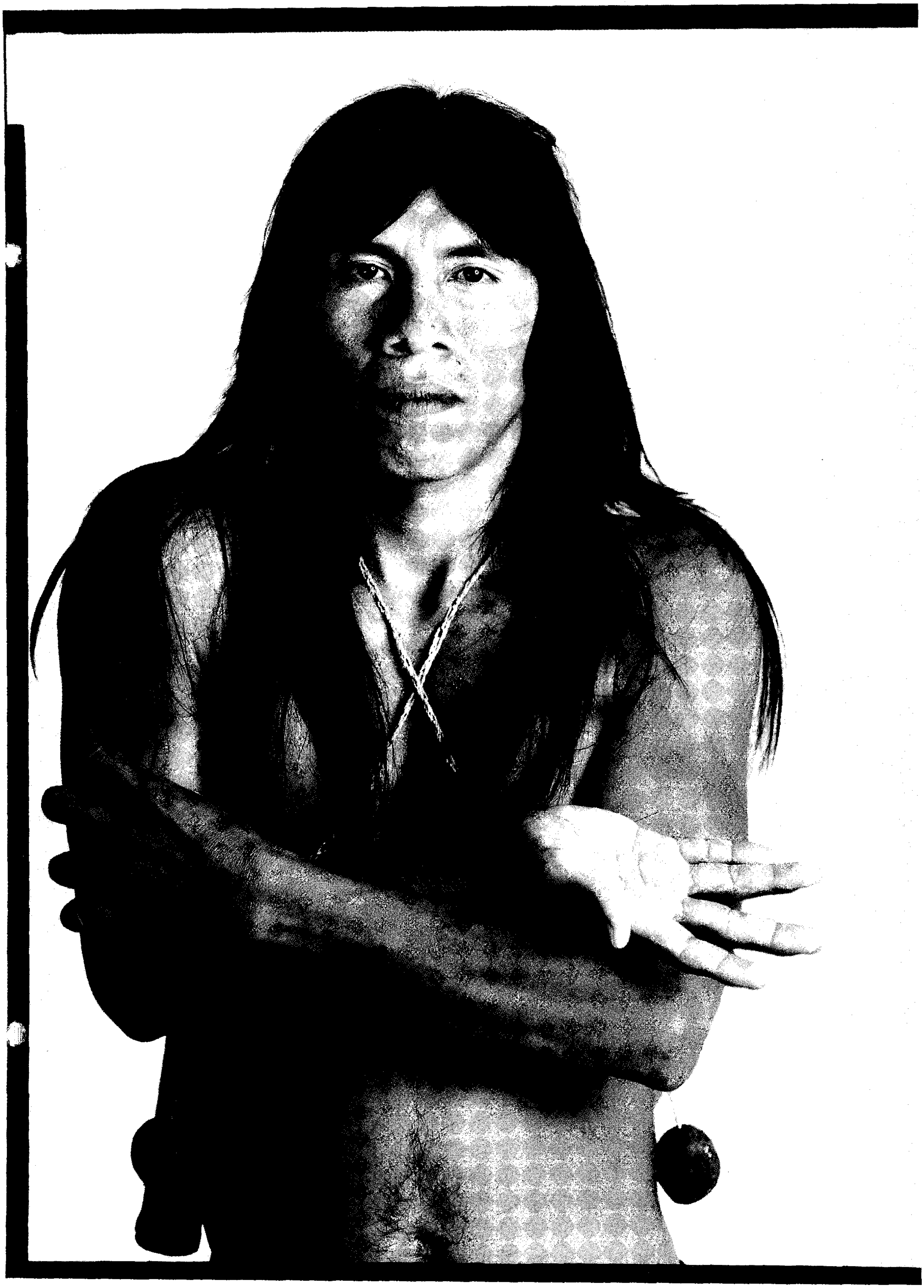
"A thousand years?"

"No. Eighty, perhaps."

He was silent then, and after a while he asked, "What will you do in ten more years? In ten years, your world will be pure metal. Did your god do this?"

Dusk turned to night, and as we approached our hotel Moi stopped beneath a streetlamp. He pointed to the street. "More people, more cars, more petroleum, more chaos," he said. Then he pointed straight up at the light. "But *there* are the Huaorani, all alone in the middle of the world."

MOI had been brought to Washington by a team of attorneys from the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund, which, on behalf of the Huaorani, had filed a petition with the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, an arm of the Organization of American States. Over the last twenty years, American oil development in the Oriente—as the Ecuadorian Amazon is known—has proceeded virtually without regulation. Every day, the petroleum industry dumps millions of gallons of untreated toxic pollutants into a watershed extending over fifty thousand square miles of rain forest, and it has opened vast stretches of the region to colonization and deforestation. The impact has been so devastating that at least one tribe, the Cofán, has all but disappeared. Commercial oil production in the Huaorani territory is

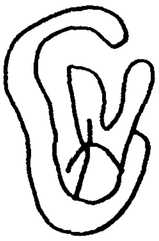


Moi, photographed by Richard Avedon in New York City, October 8, 1993.

expected to begin sometime this year. The Huaorani petition charges that this will be ethnocide, and asks the commission to investigate, but it's a long shot, at best. Such an investigation would be beyond the scale of the commission's usual work, and, in any case, the commission has no powers of enforcement. However, its moral authority is enormous, and, long odds or not, an investigation could be the best chance the Huaorani have to avoid annihilation. The Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund hoped that Moi's testimony would persuade the commission to act.

Apparently, this fact was not lost on the American Embassy in Quito, which often works closely with the petroleum industry. (In 1992, the Bush Administration's designate for the post of Ambassador was the president of a Texas oil company.) Days before Moi was scheduled to testify, the Embassy denied him a visa, arguing that because he had no tangible assets tying him to Ecuador there was a risk that he would disappear inside the United States as an illegal immigrant. It could be argued that, on the contrary, Moi's assets run deeper than just about anyone else's in Ecuador, for the Huaorani hold legal title to a good chunk of the territory they have always occupied. But they hold that title communally, and by Embassy standards this arrangement makes Moi a landless peasant.

At least, it did until the right question bounced onto the right desk at the State Department: Why was a plaintiff in a human-rights case being denied a visa? When I met Moi in Washington, one of the first things he did was produce his brand-new passport and show me the visa. "The Embassy changed its mind," he said. "It has invited me to visit your country for five years."



As Moi saw it, he was engaged in a war, and the Huaorani were ready to fight that war with spears made from the hardest wood in the forest—"spears that can kill fifteen men without breaking," he said. Indeed, anthropologists have called the Huaorani the fiercest people in the world. Though there have probably never been more of them than there are today—about fifteen hundred—they have, for as long as anyone knows, defended a territory the size of Massachusetts against all comers: the Incas; the Spanish conquistadores; the rubber barons; the armies of Ecuador and Peru; modern-day colonists and prospectors; and, always, their land-hungry indigenous neighbors, the Quichua and the Shuar, who together outnumber the Huaorani by almost a hundred to one. Biologically, the rain forest that the Huaorani occupy may be the richest place on the planet; to the Huaorani, it is the universe. But fighting the Company—the name that the Huaorani give all interests to whom the Ecuadorian government has sold the rights to the petroleum beneath their land—is something else again. Under Ecuadorian law, the Huaorani have no control over oil production and no share in its revenues. The Company plans to extract more than two hundred million barrels of raw crude from the Huaorani territory, and in its quest to exploit that oil it has revealed itself to be an enemy far more powerful than any the Huaorani have ever known: an enemy that, as Moi sees it, kills by destroying the source of all life, the forest itself.

THOUGH it had been almost a year since I last saw Moi (we'd spent months travelling together in the Amazon), when he came to the hotel he greeted me in the Huaorani way, virtually without expression, as if only a few minutes had passed since we last spoke. "Chongkane," he said—that is what he calls me—and then he handed me his bag and his spears and walked into the room. Our relationship had been defined long ago, without words. In the forest, where I was helpless, he watched out for me at all times; in the city, I owed him no less.

We stayed at the hotel four nights. Moi discovered channel-surfing, baseball, the Washington *Post*, and modern warfare. Baseball, a game of spears and rocks, he enjoyed for its technique; beyond that, he found television useless. The *Post* he studied carefully each morning, mainly the airline ads (other than foot and canoe, small planes are the only transportation known inside the Huao territory) and the photographs. Of the latter, he was most taken by the somewhat violent shots of a clash in Russia. He asked me to translate the accompanying stories into Spanish—it is the language in which he and I converse—and peppered me with questions.

One morning, he asked, "The United States and Russia fought a big war, did they not?"

"Yes, they did. It lasted many years."

"Which country did they fight it in? Here or there?"

"Neither."

"That is impossible."

"They fought it in other countries."

"That makes no sense. That would be like the Huaorani fighting the Shuar in Quichua territory."

"Something like that."

He laughed. "That is a very stupid way to make war."

Moi spent most of the first night working on the statement he would make to the commission. He wrote it out in his notebook twice and then read it aloud, practicing his gestures. He would wear his shirt and tie, and over them his jaguar-tooth necklace, his string bag, and the reed tube in which he carried blowgun darts. "In the forest I wear this," he said, touching his necklace, "but your world wants me to wear this," and he tugged on his tie.

He read slowly, with little of the force or charm that came so naturally when he spoke. "Your ideas are good, but use your own words," I suggested. "Speak as you would without the paper."

"You mean speak like the jaguar," he said. The Huaorani consider the jaguar the most powerful force in the forest; as a "jaguar shaman"—a shaman with the ability to transform himself into a jaguar—Moi's grandfather is the most deeply revered man in the culture.

Later, exhausted, Moi told me he wanted to clean up and go to bed. I showed him the shower, but somehow it seemed inadequate. For the Huaorani, bathing is communal. In late afternoon, people all head down to the river, and they hang out there for what seems forever, soaping up, swimming, gossiping, joking, and flirting. By comparison, a hotel shower seemed soulless. Still, Moi disappeared into the bathroom for about an hour. I heard the water go on and off several times. Finally, he emerged, wearing only his shorts, his skin red as a boiled lobster.

"Tomorrow, I would like a new hotel room," he said.

"Why?"

"I would like a room that also has cold water."

He dressed himself completely and had me tie his tie. Then, fully clothed, he got into bed. Like many Huaorani, he drew no hard distinction between day and night. He would wake several times, to eat, to pace our suite, to analyze the new sounds he was hearing.

He pulled the blankets up to his chin. "Chongkane," he said, "will we win?"

"You will try your best."

"We must win or the Huaorani will disappear forever."

Then he closed his eyes and, as always, fell asleep in seconds.

"Are my fathers in here?"

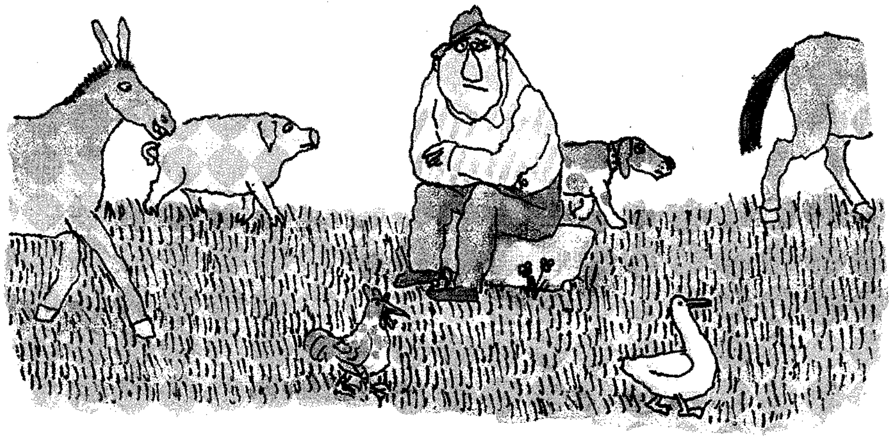
Moi had spent enough time among the *cowode*, or "cannibals"—as the Huaorani call all outsiders—to know that the Company could not be defeated by spears alone. Early in 1990, when he was twenty-four, and of an age to assume a position of authority within his culture, he and some other young Huaorani leaders founded the Organization of the Huaorani Nation of the Ecuadorian Amazon, or, in its Spanish acronym, ONHAE. For the Huaorani, a notoriously clannish people, ONHAE was an unprecedented attempt to develop a national voice. It almost worked. In March of that year, hundreds of Huaorani from across the territory came together to hold their first elections. Moi was elected Vice-President. He and the other officers spent the next three years crisscrossing the vast territory by foot and canoe, trying to organize their people. It was brutal work; Amo, the Secretary, was killed in the course of it, and the President, Nanto, had his spirit so broken that when his term of office ended, in February of 1993, he did not run again.

Moi, too, retired, because he believed that ONHAE should have new officers—that power should be passed on. But then he saw his dream undermined—and, indeed, destroyed. He told me that the Company had bought the elections, working together with American evangelical missionaries, as it had done for decades. On Election Day, the Company gave the Huaorani helicopter rides, and when Moi's friend Enqueri became President it fitted him with dentures. Moi said that Enqueri was a good man but weak, because he'd been reared by the missionaries; they had a hold on him that could not be broken. Enqueri made a deal with the Company that not only sanctioned oil production but essentially put the Company in charge of Huao health and education—an arrangement that the Ecuadorian government, which has long considered the Huaorani situation a political embarrassment, was only too happy to support. "We were sold like meat," Moi said.

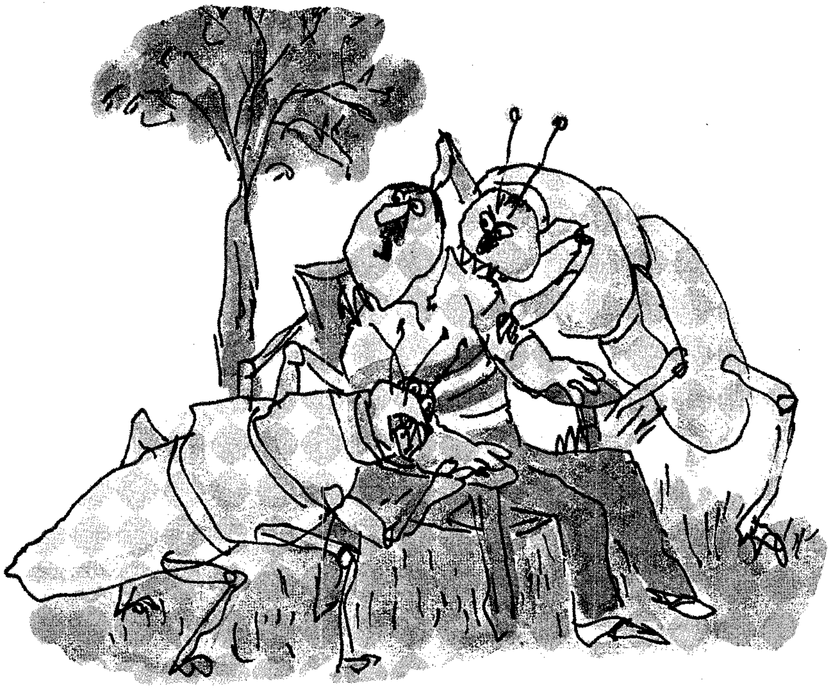
So Moi had journeyed to Washington to invite the whole world to come and see what was happening to the Huaorani. The next morning, at his insistence, we made another attempt at the White House; once again, the gate was closed. Nearby, however, there were two life-size cutouts of Bill and Hillary Clinton. I explained to Moi who they were. He nodded, stepped between them, slipped his palm into Bill's, and turned stone-faced to the photographer. After the Polaroid developed, Moi studied it seriously, in the way the Huaorani often study photos: he held it upside down, sidewise, and at an angle, to be sure he understood its essence. "Yes," he said. "That is me." Satisfied, he tucked it in his bag. Then we strolled past the Washington Monument. Moi assumed that it was an oil well, because in his part of the Amazon rain forest the only place one sees such an expanse of cleared land and such an immense structure is where the Company is at work. It made sense to Moi that an oil well would stand right in the heart of the center of power in the United States of North America.

I can't reveal what happened at the commission hearing that afternoon; having spent several months in the Huaorani territory, I was also asked to appear as a witness, with the understanding that I would not report on the proceedings. But I think it's fair to say this: Moi took to heart my suggestion to "use your own words." The hearing was in Spanish, which Moi speaks fluently, and when it came time to testify he indeed roared like a jaguar. However, he did so in Huaorani. The commissioners sat back, stunned. As I learned later, Moi told the commission that the Huaorani protected the forest for the whole world, and that they

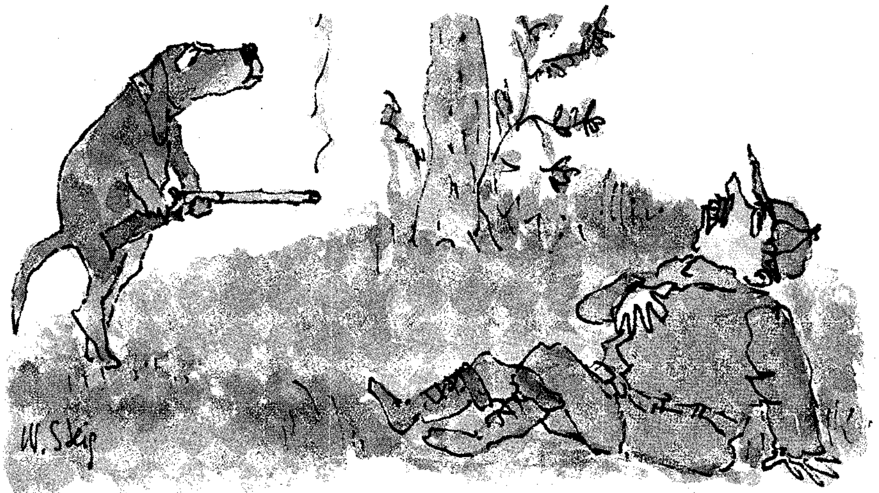
MAN AND BEAST



Life is passing him by.



"The bugs out here are killing me!"



Hunting Accident

had never been conquered and never would be. By the time he reached his warning that the Huaorani were "the bravest people in the Amazon" and would defend themselves "with spears from all sides," he was half out of his seat with the intensity of his oratory. About then, one of the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund attorneys leaned over and said, very quietly, "Now say it in Spanish." Moi slipped into Spanish without appearing to miss a beat. "Please do not abandon us to the Company," he said.

When the hearing ended, about a half-dozen commission members gathered around Moi to introduce themselves. As it happened, Moi had brought several string bags with him from the forest. The bags had been woven by Huaorani elders. Each bag had taken about a week to make. The palm leaves had to be searched out, picked, and peeled; the inner skin was then boiled, dried, spun, dyed, and woven into a netlike, incredibly strong, and, to my eyes, subtly beautiful bag, which would last a generation or more. Moi had hoped to fetch about five dollars for each bag, and perhaps a dollar more for "transport." (Although the younger Huaorani men can sometimes find work as laborers outside the territory, most of the women and the older men depend on such handicrafts to earn a little cash for things like shotgun shells and malaria medicine.) As Moi figured it, there was no better place to start his sales campaign than with the commission. But the Huaorani are warriors, not traders; they are merciless to their enemies and generous to their friends; and within five minutes Moi had simply given away all the bags he'd brought. He gave away a spear, too, to the commission's executive secretary. "When your sky falls," Moi said, "this will hold up the clouds."

THE next day, the commission said that although it was strongly interested in the Huaorani petition, it could not, under the bylaws of the O.A.S., conduct an investigation unless it was invited to do so by the host country. In this case, that invitation had to come through the Ecuadorian Ambassador to the O.A.S., who works out of the Ecuadorian Embassy. The Embassy tends to make the Company's interests its own. (Last December, after a group of Oriente Indians filed a one-billion-dollar damage suit against Texaco, in

New York, the Embassy intervened in an attempt to block the suit from being heard in the United States.) You can see the problem, the commission said. Perhaps Moi would speak with the Ambassador?

While the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund attorneys spent all the next day trying to arrange a meeting at the Ecuadorian Embassy, Moi put his time to good use. Speaking Spanish, he quickly developed a rapport with the hotel's service staff. He learned how to run the elevator, he stuffed his bag with free shampoo, and, as often as he wanted, which was often indeed, he was served a humongous dish the kitchen named the Moi Plate—a bottomless gob of chicken, shrimp, rice, potatoes, and "leaves," as Moi called lettuce.

Though his Spanish clearly served him well, Moi was determined to learn English, because he wanted to meet American women. He was convinced that until he could speak to them in their own language he would be ignored. However, in every place I have travelled with Moi women have seemed to appear out of nowhere and attach themselves to him. (Once, in Ecuador, I'd watched a young European heiress all but propose marriage.) As far as I could tell, Moi did nothing to encourage this attention. Rather, women left him paralyzed with shyness; they were the only force I'd seen, in forest or city, that inspired in him anything that might be called fear.

MOI never did get inside the White House, but he came close. A few hours before our train was to leave for New York, he settled his crown into place, adjusted his jaguar-tooth necklace, and marched through the metal detectors inside the Old Executive Office Building. He'd been invited to meet with the director of the White House Office on Environmental Policy, Kathleen McGinty, who had visited the Huaorani territory for a few hours last August, when the Company and the United States Embassy flew her into Enqueri's village. (A few weeks later, a photograph from that visit appeared in the *Times;* McGinty was wearing a Huao headdress and the somewhat startled expression that most *cowode* wear most of the time in the territory, as if they'd landed on another planet.)

Moi told McGinty what had happened after she left, when the Company and Enqueri staged a ceremony for the signing of the agreement that endorsed the Company's presence on Huaorani land. After the ceremony, Moi said, dozens of Huaorani fell sick with disease, and one little girl died. Furthermore, he said, many of the Huaorani were opposed to the agreement, but they hadn't been allowed to attend the ceremony. In the past, ONHAE would have held an assembly before making any such deal, and representatives from all parts of the territory would have come together and discussed it until consensus was reached. But, according to Moi, only Enqueri and a few others had read this new agreement, and only Enqueri had signed it. Many Huaorani believed it to be a deal for T-shirts.

McGinty assured Moi that the White House was interested in the Huaorani and would be keeping an eye on the situation. Though I, for one, had no doubt of her sincerity, Moi seemed disturbed as we left. He felt that he had failed, somehow. In the corridor, he said, "The Company can speak whenever it wants to, but this is the only chance the Huaorani will have to be heard. If only the government would come to the forest—if only it could see." He was lost in thought until we hit the street. Then he said that he was thinking of changing his name. *Moi,* he said, was a Huaorani word that meant "dream," as in a vision, but now it was too late for visions. He would change his name to Dica, because *dica* means "rock." "A rock can be struck many times, but it can never be hurt," he said.

OUR last stop on our last day in Washington was the Ecuadorian Embassy, where, finally, a meeting had been arranged. Where the Old Executive Office Building had bustled with activity, the Embassy seemed a throwback to colonial South America and an authoritarian order that, centuries after the conquest, continues to dominate nearly every aspect of Ecuadorian culture. The building itself is haciendalike and cavernous, and a ghostly emptiness greets the visitor. The only life in evidence on the ground floor was huddled into a corner: a dozen of the forlorn Latin faces one sees throughout Ecuador, faces reflecting resignation to a long and most likely fruitless wait for an audience with whatever power it was that lay hidden somewhere on the second floor. It was an indication of the seriousness of the O.A.S. case that Moi and his attorneys were ushered into the Ambassador's office right on time for their meeting.

Strong coffee was served in tiny cups. The Ambassador is a small, dapper man with a rhetorical style that is common, in my experience, to virtually every bureaucrat in Ecuador: parry slightly, then thrust with an aggression meant to buckle the knees. As he sipped his coffee, he listened to Moi's proposition: Invite the O.A.S. to study the territory and, if problems were found, impose a moratorium on oil development until they could be resolved. When Moi finished, the Ambassador smiled and put down his coffee cup. In a voice that grew steadily more intense, he said that the Huaorani were not a sovereign nation; they were Ecuadorian citizens. Ecuador depended on oil for half its revenue, so to impede production was akin to treason. And how could Moi claim to speak for the Huaorani? Just two weeks before, their elected leader, Enqueri, had sat in the Ambassador's office. He had come to the United States with the Company and the missionaries, and he had seemed very happy with the agreement he'd made with them. As far as the Ambassador could tell, the Company was doing a fine job.

Moi listened impassively and, to all outward appearances, patiently. For the Huaorani, political discourse, such as it is, is a matter of long discussion aimed at achieving consensus; aggression means spears, and putting one's life on the line. When the Ambassador had finished, Moi had only one point to make: If the Company was doing a fine job, what harm could there be in an open investigation? Everyone could participate: the Company, the government, the Huaorani, the O.A.S., the whole world. Let everyone come and see. Let everyone speak.

The Ambassador was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Do not think for one second that there will ever be a moratorium on oil development. But I will talk to the commission and tell them about our discussion today. And then we will see."

WHILE we were waiting to hear from the commission, we took the train to New York. For the first hour, Moi amused himself by adjusting his seat. Then he practiced English: "Hello.

How are you, Miss?" and "Good morning" and "Thank you." He leafed through a mail-order catalogue—jackets, shoes, watches—and asked the same question about each item: "Is this waterproof?" He found Chesapeake Bay beautiful and added its name to a list he was keeping of cities and towns. After we entered the industrial corridor north of Delaware, however, his face lost its glow. We passed a field of giant tanks used for storing chemicals; to Moi, they looked exactly like the tanks the Company uses to store oil.

For a long time, he didn't say a word. Then he asked, "Chongkane, are there any Indians here?"

"No."

"Were there Indians here before the Company came?"

"Yes. There were Indians everywhere."

"Were they killed?"

"Yes."

"All of them?"

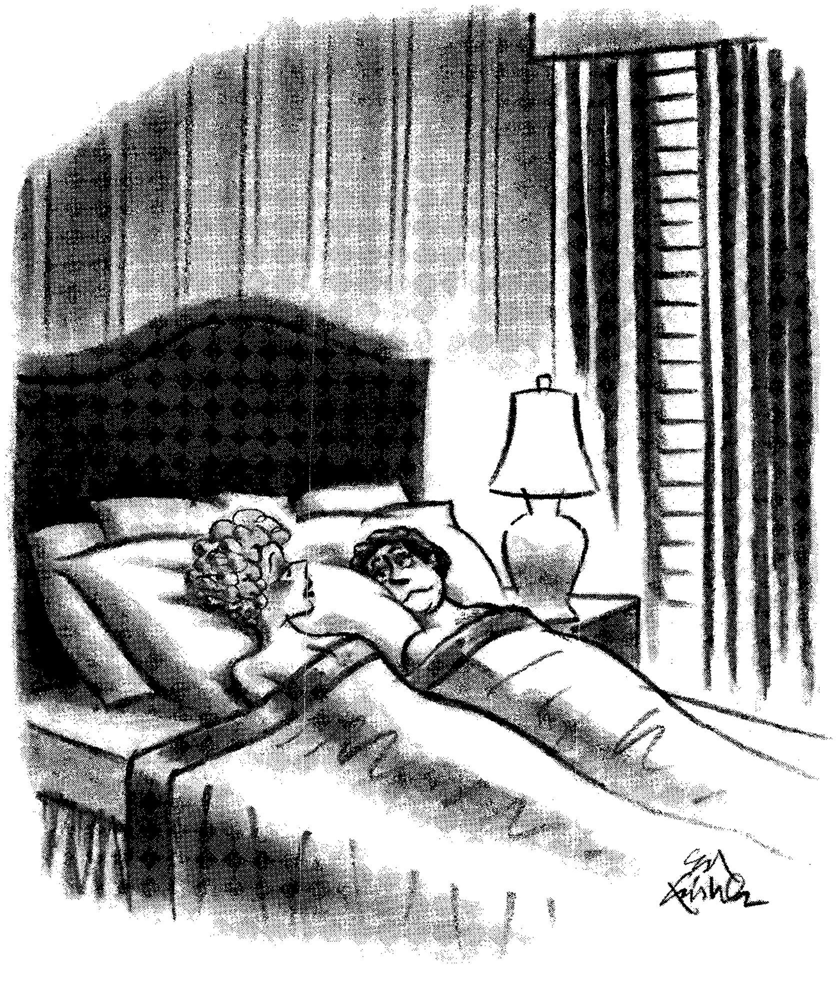
"Almost all."

From there to Pennsylvania Station, we rode in silence. Once in New York City, however, Moi perked up. Proceeding at his usual slow, steady gait, he slipped easily through the crowds milling in the station. Only one thing seemed to throw him. As we stood in line waiting for a cab, he bumped me with his shoulder and nodded toward two young women ahead of us.

"You are on your own," I told him.

He went into the Huaorani zone, as if to summon every ounce of courage he had. When he returned, he looked at one of the women, and said, in perfect English, "Hello." She smiled at him; he froze. Then he turned, looked me right in the eye, and said, "How are you, Miss?"

Over the next couple of days, we negotiated Manhattan carrying a nine-foot Huaorani spear. ("Cool," someone remarked on Forty-second Street.) When we travelled by cab, it protruded like a jousting lance, scattering pedestrians before it, and at the hotel it melted crowds. ("Good Lord," said the doorman.) Moi was impressed, but not overwhelmed, by the immensity of the buildings; perplexed by the terraces that grew forests high above the ground; and flummoxed by the city's pace. "In Ecuador, we wait all day for four o'clock. In New York, four o'clock comes with breakfast." Through it all, however, Moi remained utterly himself. One night, we ate dinner at a Mexican restaurant, near a drug-rehabilitation center. At the table behind us, several men and women were engaged in what might be kindly described as group therapy. They screamed and shook their fists at one another. Moi studied them carefully until a woman pitched forward and passed out on the table. Then he leaned over and spoke to her softly, in a voice filled with compassion. "Good morning," he said. "Thank you."



"Frankly, Roger, you've started turning into my morning-after pill!"

IT is unlikely that Moi would ever disappear into the United States as an illegal alien. He finds life here pleasant, but he finds life at home thrilling. Eating in restaurants is no match for hunting wild boar. Moi's village, Quehueriono, is hidden in dense forest high on the crystal-clear Shiripuno River, in a breathtaking region of deep valleys and mist-shrouded hills backed by snow-capped volcanic peaks. In fact, Moi lives in the heart of what may well be the richest biotic zone on the planet. Though the Oriente is no larger than Alabama, as many as twelve thousand species of plants are estimated to grow there, or roughly five per cent of all the plant species on earth. At a single research station, not far from Quehueriono, observers have recorded four hundred and ninety species of birds, or about two-thirds as many as are found in the entire continental United States; four hundred and seventy-three species of trees—roughly the number native to all of Western Europe—have been identified in a plot of forest about the size of two football fields.

Though the Oriente constitutes perhaps two per cent of the landmass of the Amazon basin, it plays an inordinately large role in the basin's ecology, because almost half the rivers that flow into the Amazon's headwaters originate there. What happens in the Oriente, in other words, resonates throughout the Amazon. This is a terrifying notion, considered in the context of American oil development, which has proceeded almost unchecked since Texaco perforated its first commercial well there, some twenty-two years ago. Since then, a three-hundred-and-twelve-mile pipeline that runs from the Oriente to Ecuador's Pacific Coast has ruptured at least twenty-seven times, spilling into the Oriente's delicate webwork of rivers, creeks, and lagoons more than one and a half times as much oil as the Exxon Valdez spilled off the coast of Alaska. According to Judith Kimerling, a former environmental litigator in the office of the New York State Attorney General who has spent most of the last five years investigating the impact of oil development on the Oriente, the petroleum industry is spilling an additional ten thousand gallons a week from secondary-flow lines and is dumping some 4.3 million gallons of untreated toxic waste directly into the watershed every day. People living in the oil-producing areas suffer from exceptionally high rates of malnutrition, spontaneous abortion, cancer, birth defects, and other health problems linked to contaminants. (A recent study of the water supply in the Oriente, made by a team of Harvard-trained scientists, found extremely high levels of polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons, an element of crude oil so toxic that the United States Environmental Protection Agency considers any amount at all to be an unacceptable risk.)

Thus far, oil development has hit other areas of the Oriente far harder than it has hit the Huaorani, but that situation is changing rapidly. Later this year, Maxus Energy, a Dallas-based company, which holds concession rights to the Huaorani lands, is expected to open the first of about a hundred and twenty commercial wells inside the territory. Before the project is finished, it will have completed a seventy-five-mile pipeline and ninety-four miles of access roads, and as it is sinking its wells it will add miles of service roads. This infrastructure will help open up to development, by any number of other oil companies (American concerns operating in the Oriente include Arco, Occidental Petroleum, and Oryx Energy), and to colonization, by any number of desperately poor settlers from outside, the rest of the Huaorani territory, and, indeed, the rest of the Oriente. By some estimates, the Oriente will be completely deforested early in the next century.

Over the next twenty years, Maxus will extract enough raw crude from the Huaorani lands to meet the United States' energy needs for about thirteen days. Unless something changes, soon, it seems safe to assume that by the time that oil is gone the Huaorani will be, too.

AFTER two nights in New York, still without word from the commission, we flew to Oakland, where I live. Moi did so with trepidation: he had heard that there was no meat in California, that people ate nothing but leaves. We walked in the redwoods: Moi was astounded by their size but disappointed that they harbored neither jaguars nor monkeys. At my house, he turned the bamboo patch into a blowgun factory and stalked squirrels and pigeons, and he engaged me in a running debate about the globe in my living room: Why put a map on a ball? Maps were flat. If the world were round, the water would fall off.

Finally, the day before Moi was to leave, the call came from Washington: the Ecuadorian Ambassador had spoken to the commission and invited it to Ecuador; the commission had accepted. Though the Ecuadorian government had yet to put the invitation in writing, and thus make it official, the commission believed that this would just be a matter of time.

It was about then that Moi learned how to slap a high five. Later, he chanted the jaguar spirit into my home, to protect me until I could return to safety in the land of the People. Then he was ready to depart. "There is not very much to learn in the city," he said. "It is time to walk in the forest again." Then he said, in English, "Hello," and then he was gone.

MOI'S visit occurred in the fall. Two weeks after he went home, the Ecuadorian government sent the O.A.S. a letter in which it said that there had been a misunderstanding; that it would not extend a formal invitation; and that, essentially, it saw no reason for an investigation. There was no way to get this information to Moi. As far as I knew, he was waiting in Quehueriono, ready to roar like a jaguar not only for the commission but for the President of the United States of North America and the whole world.

Then, in January, I received a collect phone call from Ecuador. The connection was awful, but I heard "Chongkane" come swimming through the static, and for a moment I was startled. Then I was worried. Moi spoke as he always did—directly, without introduction or niceties—but his voice had an urgency I'd never heard before. He had made his way to Quito, he said, to the house of a *cowode* friend, who had put the call through for him. He wouldn't stay long in the city. The government was after him. They were angry about what he had said in Washington. At the least, they would revoke his passport; at worst, he feared for his life.

"When is the commission coming?" Moi asked.

"The lawyers will have to explain," I said, and took down the number.

"Tell them to call right away."

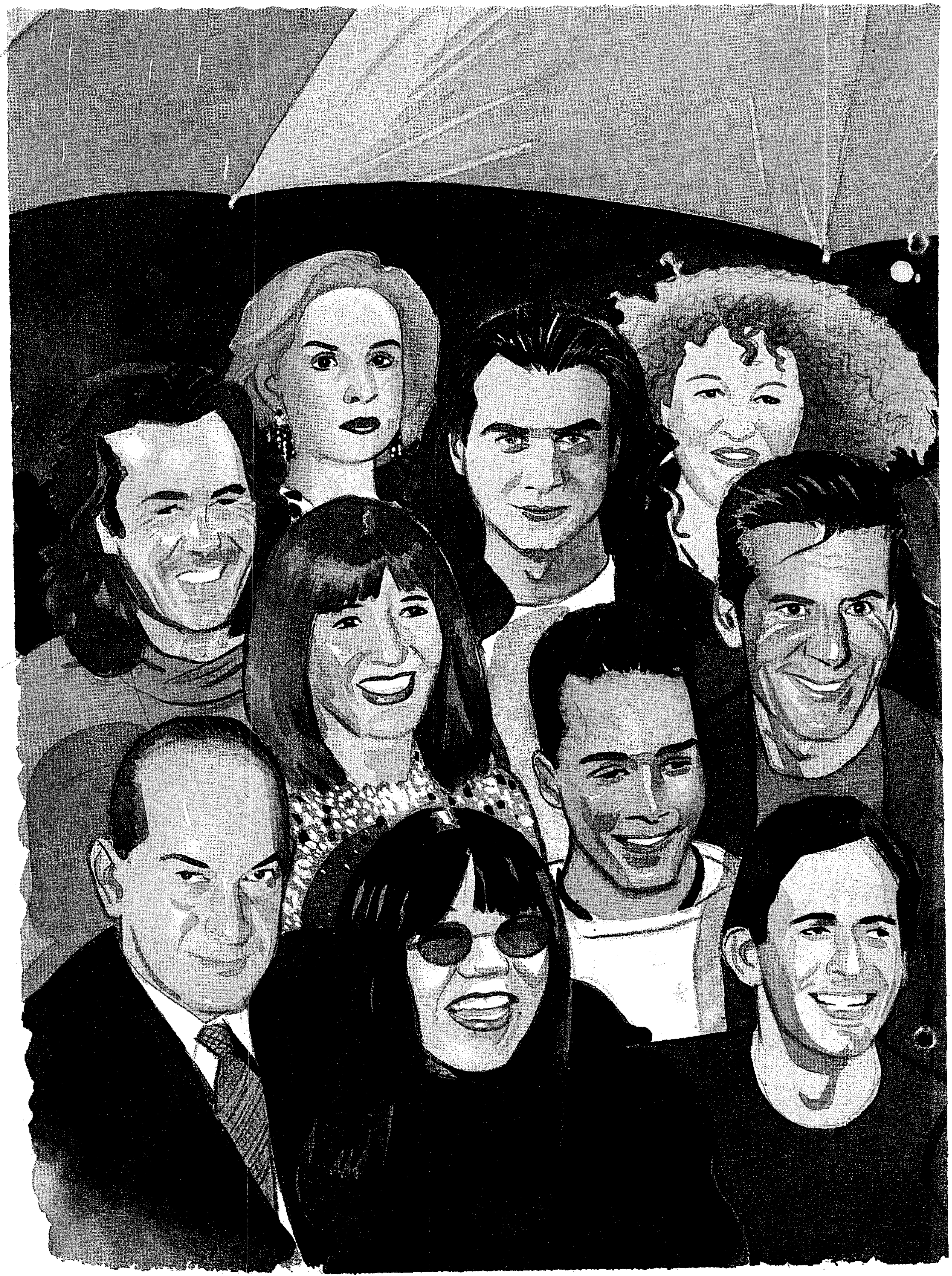
"I will. Be careful, Moi."

"The Huaorani live well!" he said, and hung up.

In March, a friend who works with the Huaorani (and whose knowledge of the Oriente once saved my life) told me, "The word is that Moi is a dead man." He added that the military had recently picked Moi up for "interrogation." He was released after two days, apparently unharmed; still, I found myself wondering if I would ever see him again.

ONE of the ways I go to visit Moi is to travel by truck down an oil-development road called the Vía Auca, then by canoe up the Shiripuno River. The Vía Auca is lined with oil wells and a pipeline, and right near the Shiripuno there is a large cluster of wells and a pumping station. If there is any one point in the long journey to Moi's home when I feel that I'm leaving one culture and entering another, it is when the canoe takes the first bend in the river and the wells and the road and the pipeline disappear behind me and I am surrounded by nothing but forest.

In January, the pipeline ruptured right where it crosses the Shiripuno, spilling so much oil into the river that it created a slick thirty miles long. But that was nothing compared with what had happened in November: one of the wells burst into flame and burned out of control for nearly a week. It was, by most accounts, the biggest fire ever seen in the Oriente. The oil-fed flames are said to have leapt so high that they dwarfed the great forest itself, and to have spread so fast that no man could outrun them. ♦



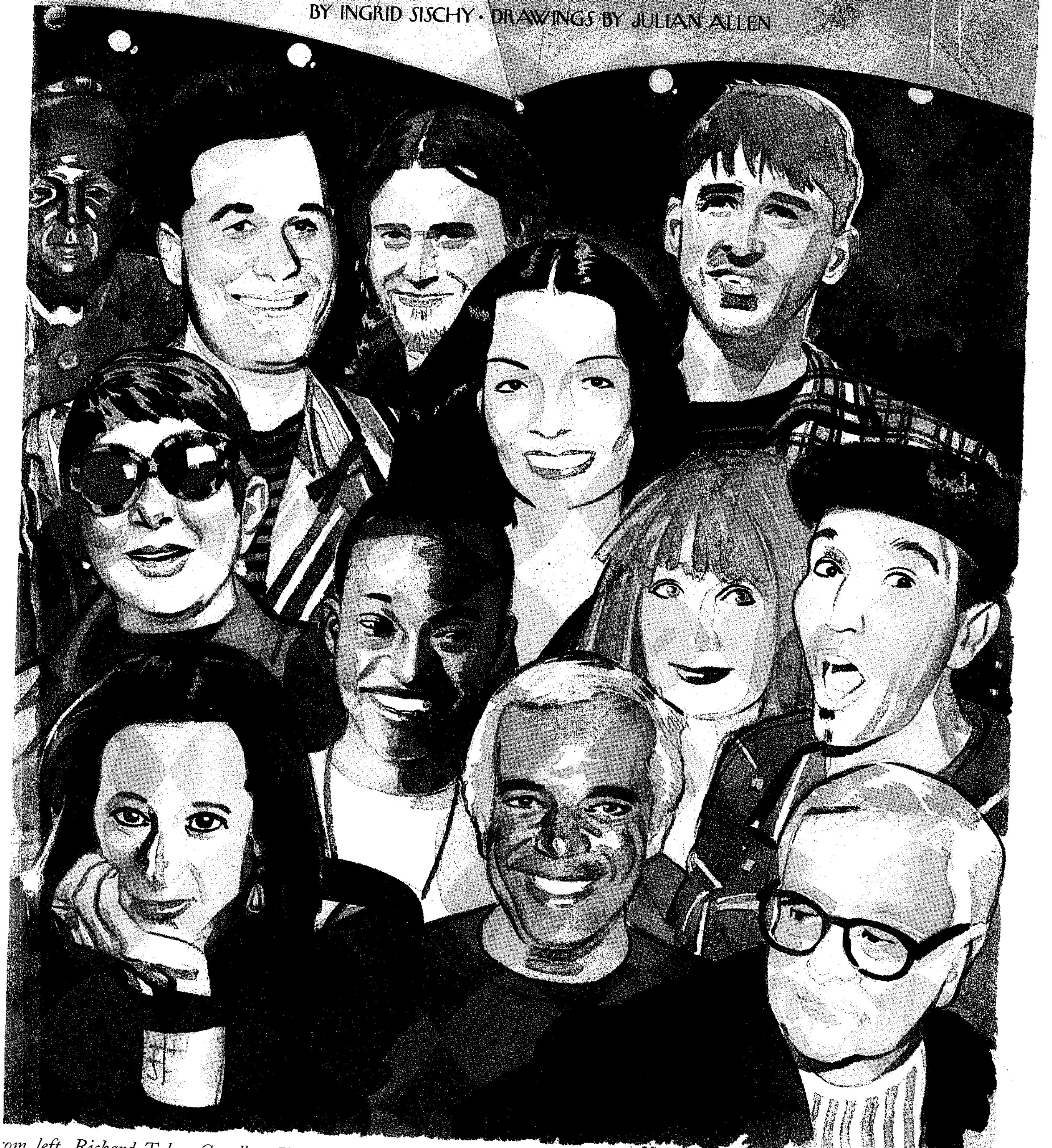
The classic and the cutting edge shared the spotlight during fashion week. Participating designers included, top ro
Norma Kamali, Todd Oldham. Middle row: Nicole Miller, Victor Alfaro, Calvin Klein, Joan Vass, Lola Faturoti, Bets

DOWN THE RUNWAYS

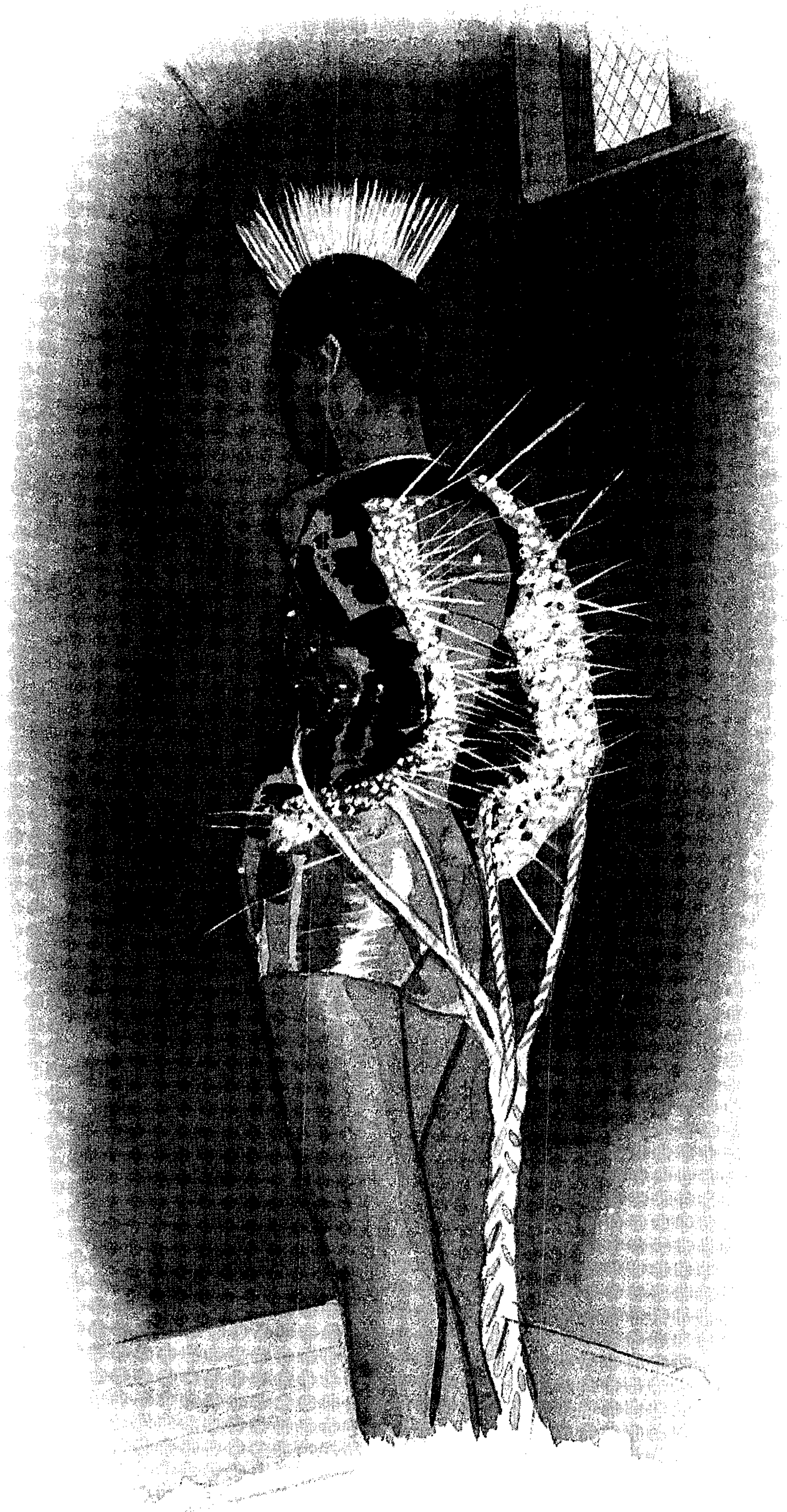
EXPOSURE

What the art world was to the eighties, the fashion scene is becoming to the nineties. And at the New York prêt-à-porter collections there was a place under the tent for almost everyone.

BY INGRID SISCHY · DRAWINGS BY JULIAN ALLEN



om left, Richard Tyler, Carolina Herrera, Mark Eisen, Ghost, Gertrude Stein, Isaac Mizrahi, Tracy Feith, hnson, Manolo. Bottom row: Oscar de la Renta, Anna Sui, Marc Jacobs, Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren, Geoffrey Beene.



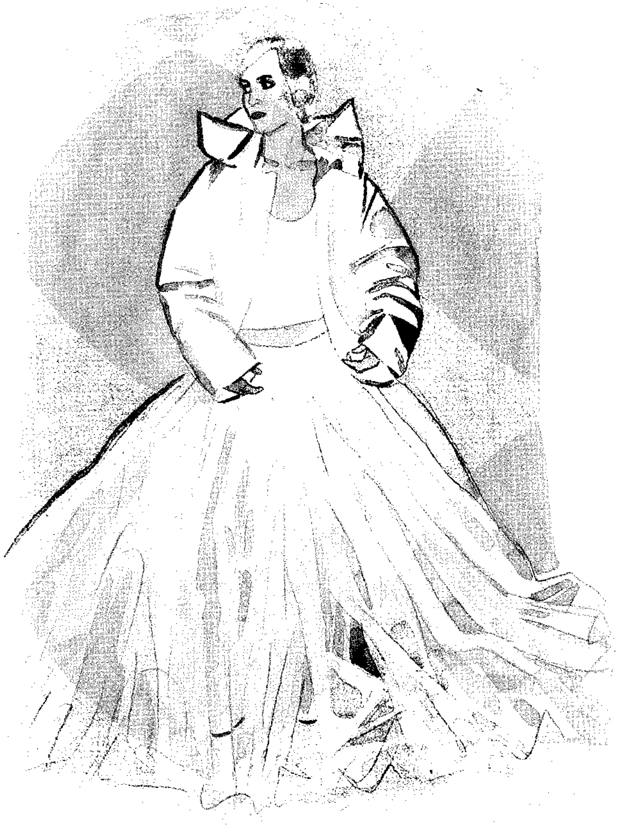
MANOLO

He paraded sexy outfits—this one with spikes and a tail, presumably designed to protect the wearer on even the meanest streets—past a Biblical mosaic.

At the recent New York collections, Ivana Trump was often to be seen sitting in the front row. Her baroque hair styles were a favorite topic of discussion, especially when the shows got boring. A hairdresser I know, who's into big hair right now, says that Ivana set the record for best curls during the week when the shows took place. Ivana's been setting other records lately, too. She proudly told me about her show on the Home Shopping Network. "I go twice a month and I make two to three million dollars," she said. "Who needs retail?" Her tuxedo suit, she added, drove the computers mad, because it sold so fast. It's hard to imagine any of the clothes at the recent shows creating that kind of instant business, but business was clearly on many of the designers' minds. Richard Tyler, who has his own label but was brought in last fall to do the Anne Klein line as well, gave that tired operation a whole new lease on life. You could almost hear the buyers in the audience sighing happily as his sensible clothes, with a perfectly calibrated touch of stylishness, came down the runway.

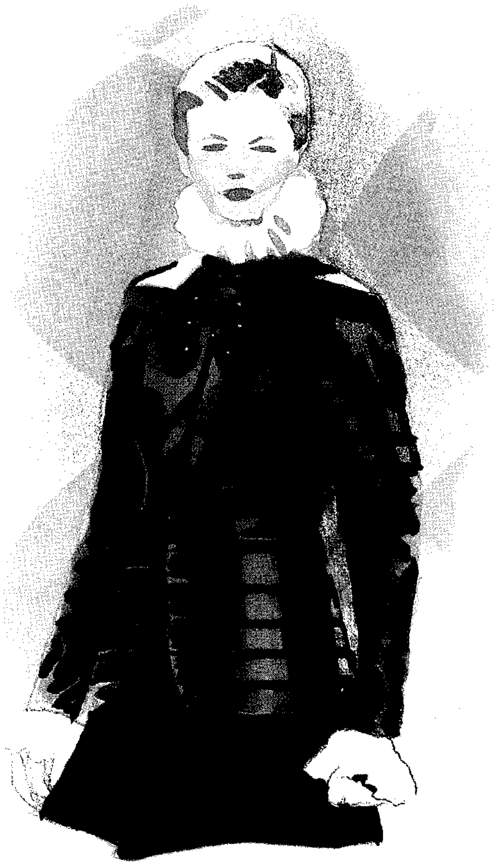
In some ways, what took place at the shows was remarkably similar to what took place in art a decade or so ago. In the fashion itself—as opposed to the technology of the materials—there wasn't much that was actually new. What innovation there was came out of new combinations, new attitudes—out of a strategy of "appropriation." Sometimes this appropriation turned into downright copying of what had been on the runways in Europe a few weeks before. And, just as in the eighties the paintings got bigger, now most of the fashion shows have outgrown the Seventh Avenue showrooms and have to be housed under a big top, in Bryant Park. For a while, art was the center of cultural attention. Now fashion has taken over. As the designer Isaac Mizrahi told me, "perhaps all this attention on fashion shows is because there is so little live theatre today." Some of the shows have also become a kind of near-contact sport. "The Richard Gere strangulation almost killed me," said an editor who had just escaped being trampled by photographers and camera crews trying to get some shots of the actor, who was attending Mizrahi's show.

During the shows, plenty of design-



ISAAC MIZRAHI

His wedding dress crowned what was his strongest show yet—an ideal marriage of fashion and theatre.



RALPH LAUREN

Lauren's collection opted for the romantic, complete with Elizabethan ruffs and leather jackets that looked like armor.

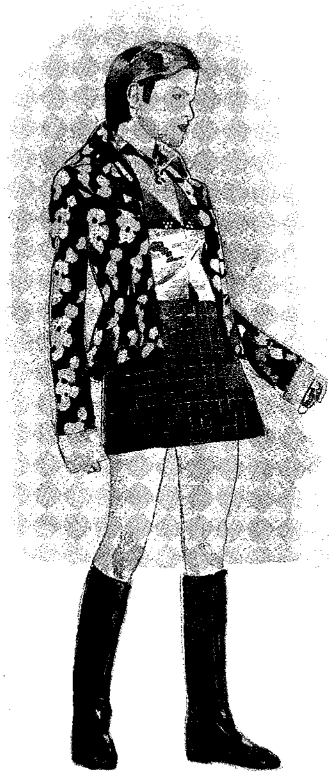
ers complied with the audience's appetite for some kind of fashion extravaganza. There was so much fake fur on the runways that a rumor started circulating that the fake was a new endangered species. Screeching, traffic-stopping colors punctuated the collections; a widespread favorite was Pepto-Bismol pink. It was also hard to miss all the mohair and rubber and Argyles and Fair Isle sweaters and tiny boleros and Empire lines and micro-miniskirts and Lillehammer-inspired skating outfits.

Mizrahi's runway production included brilliant staging effects, achieved by the use of a scrim that was intermittently lit up, so the audience could view what was going on backstage. The tableaux that resulted—of models changing clothes while hairdressers, makeup artists, and assistants fussed around them—had a moving, dreamy quality, and also a slightly peekaboo edge. As for Mizrahi's collection, it was his strongest yet, with tweed suits and wool-tulle skirts inspired by Degas's paintings of ballerinas. His show was an ideal marriage of fashion and theatre.

Todd Oldham's show was a spirited union of fashion and nineties glamour—which entails a large dose of irony and "in" jokes. (Oldham's interpretation of the pompom had one model looking as if she'd won a Best in Show in the poodle category.) Geoffrey Beene's show, in the Equitable Center, took the highbrow route, in a production that was a successful merging of fashion and dance; it further promoted his ideas that clothes should enable you to *move*, and earned him a standing ovation.

NOT everybody, to be sure, tried to add an extra element. Some people seemed to want to clear away all the spectacle and get right down to the clothes. At the Calvin Klein show, the music seemed to be provided by a pile driver, but the collection was so unfussy that it might have appeared drab. Yet Klein's sophisticated plainness showed off subtle details, and the clothes were very much in line with what women seem to want now—black, easy, comfortable. (Certainly, that's what most fashion editors want for themselves.) Ralph Lauren's presentation made it clear that there are still some romantics left in fashion. An early sequence evoked Robin Hood. Later, the models wore leather jackets that made them look like knights in armor; and there were boots that seemed made for cobbled streets.

One collection that had promised plenty of theatre turned out to be a matter of promises, promises: the highly publicized première of the Roseanne Arnold collection, at the restaurant Metronome, never took place. This would have been the first time that clothes for women size 14 and over—more than a third of women in America—were shown as an integral part of American fashion, and not kept off to the hush-hush side of the business. But, predictably, the involved parties—Roseanne,



RICHARD TYLER

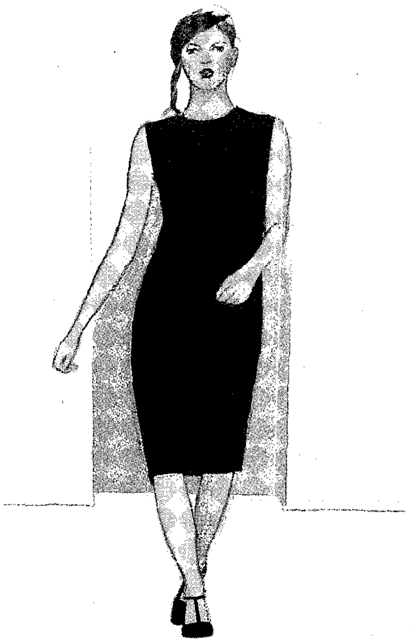
Tyler's mix-and-match ensembles featured his trademark long sleeves.

Tom Arnold, and a company called CelebSales—got into a sitcom wrangle, and a last-minute court injunction put a stop to our finding out what any of the stuff looked like. Instead, lunch was served, and the inevitable press conference ensued—presided over by CelebSales' owner, Stanley Warner, who had with him a clutch of the biggest bodyguards I have ever seen.

But if women of a certain size didn't have their moment, women of a certain age did, when Donna Karan, in the last show of the collections, included among her models many who had hung up their spikes years ago. Out came such big names from the past as Dayle Haddon, Benedetta Barzini, and Verushcka, looking a little musty; out came a handful of "personalities," such as Bianca Jagger and Isabella Rossellini; and out came the lingerie tops—out came the theme of sex. At moments, the show resembled scenes one might come across in a Neapolitan brothel when the ladies are taking a breather. While not everything that Karan showed was suggestive of the bedroom, enough was so that you could see people's eyes getting bigger. "What?" they seemed to be saying. "Donna Karan, the working woman's designer—going floozy?"

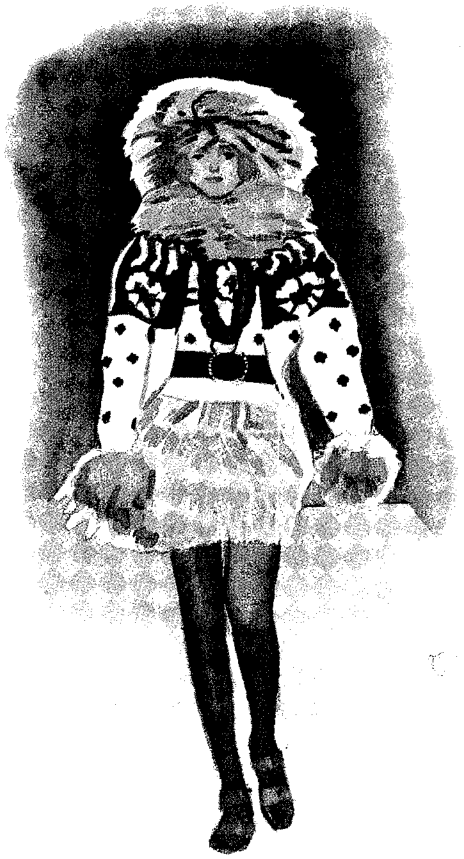
LINGERIE is a great seller for Karan, and lingerie itself is certainly not news. For the past few seasons, there have been enough slips and baby-doll outfits on the runways to fill a pinup calendar. But it's probably too easy to say that we've gone back to the bad old days. Anna Sui, a woman who has made a name for herself by knowing what the kids are up to, took a rah-rah approach to the issue of itsy-bitsy clothes. In her opening number, titled "Cheerleaders," the models bounced onto the runway in T-shirts, short pleated skirts, and motocross jackets, and they wore big pompom hats. The program notes listed "cheerleader briefs" among the items on the runway—as if to say, "Don't forget to look at the undies." The music blasting an accompaniment to this pep rally was courtesy of the duo Uncanny Alliance, and one of its principal lyrics went "I'm beautiful, damn it!"

Exhibitionism came up in other collections, too. The Ghost show paraded bright-colored underwear in such an attention-getting manner that you went away thinking not only about the clothes, which were fresh and funny, but also about bikinis. At times, Betsey Johnson's presentation, which, as usual, evoked a playroom run amok, included stuff you'd expect to find in kinky shops like the Pleasure Chest. Laura Whitcomb's collection, which is called Label, used the *Playboy* logo to adorn clothes that traded on the magazine's centerfold image of women. Marc Jacobs' collection, shown in SoHo, coated sex with a kind of varnish. Under the veneer, it sizzled. The designer combined all sorts of styles—from old-fashioned-secretary looks to outfits reminiscent of the glitter days at Serendipity—in ways that immediately caused editors to discuss what he'd done as "it," "it" being the new/old sex quotient in fashion. Liza Bruce showed gorgeous dresses and tops made out of latex—a material that instantly makes one think of condoms. And the show that Alexander McQueen—the young ex-Savile Row tailor who has been creating a sensation in England—put on in a downtown loft was a frenzy of bodies, male and female, rushing in



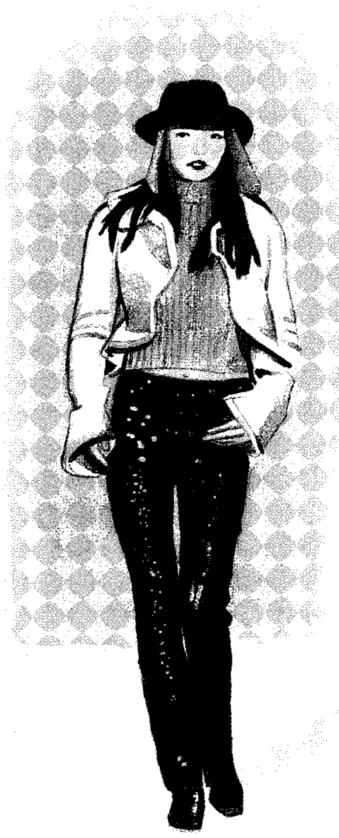
CALVIN KLEIN

Klein's collection, which was all about sophisticated plainness, stood out for its simplicity.



ANNA SUI

Sui's models, in styles ranging from "Cheerleaders" to "Après Ski," strutted with tongue-in-chic razzmatazz.



MARC JACOBS

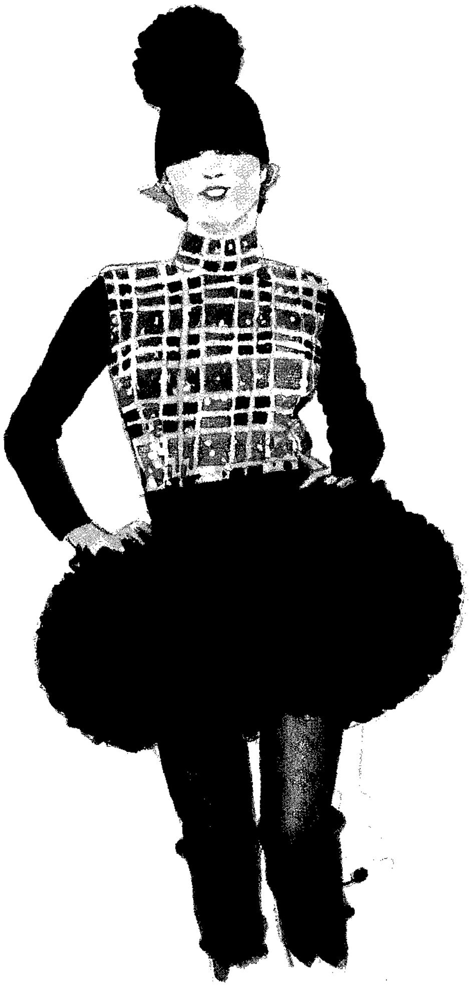
Jacobs combined styles in ways that immediately caused the crowd to dub what he'd done as "it."

and out of remarkably intricate constructions that showed a remarkable amount of flesh. The young Cuban designer Manolo chose to present his works at a church on Central Park West. In front of a mosaic of Jesus washing St. Peter's feet, Manolo put on a shebang that demonstrated his considerable talent but at times also came close to a strip show.

WHAT does it mean that Donna Karan and a group of especially plugged-in designers created collections where sex reared its head? What does it say that high heels have come back with such a vengeance that a lot of models practically go on strike when they're asked to wear flats? Does all this fashion suggest the same old problem of women as sex objects, or is something else going on? Polly Mellen, a fashion editor who has seen it all for the past forty years (and is over sixty), had this to say: "The shows also manifested a forties-length skirt—that war length, just below the knee, which I happen to love. And the influence of the young gay culture, which for a while now has had men dressing up for each other, and women doing this, too, with a new feminine aggressiveness, has some relevance here. Somewhere I have the sense that all this has to do with a 'Great Gatsby' desire."

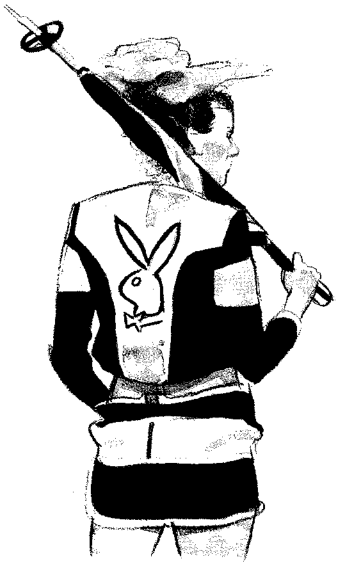
By which she means that people really want to let loose. They're tired of all the bad news: they can't smoke, they can't drink, they can't have sex without being afraid. I suspect that a part of what's going on also has to do with the effect of AIDS on the culture at large—with the fact that there's been so much mourning, so much terror of sex, that people feel they have to break out. Some of the designers apparently felt the same thing.

But the sexiness of some fashion right now is coming from several different sources. Donna Karan's reasons for doing clothes that refer to the bedroom—clothes that essentially say that middle-aged women have sex, too—are different from Marc Jacobs' reasons for making sparkling pants that shout to younger people "Let's dance." Meanwhile, to complicate things even further, the Super-Uplift bra, without any help from the fashion business, has quickly become a huge best-seller—a Merry Widow-like apparatus designed to put even unfashionable breasts on exhibit. Like the stilettos that were on the runways and are back in fashion, this contraption—which is all about illusion—is a kind of throwback to the days before being comfortable and self-accepting became such an important issue for women and fashion. But self-acceptance isn't easily come by. Why are so many people going to analysts, to 12-step programs, and to gyms? And why is sex still the occasion of so much pain and confusion? Maybe, in their different ways, these particular designers are saying, "Let's put sex up there on the runways—let's show it as the part of life that it is." As I sat at the shows, I fantasized that the wide range of desires that live in human beings might finally come out in public. (The thought made me happier than imagining women getting trapped on escalators because of their heels.) But I doubt whether fashion has such power. It may be that the designers aren't thinking this way at all. Maybe it's just that sex sells. ♦



TODD OLDHAM

Oldham's pompom glamour carried a spirited dose of irony and "in" jokes.



LAURA WHITCOMB

Her Label collection brashly played with Playboy's centerfold image of women.

FICTION

THE HANGING JUDGE

BY MURIEL SPARK

"THE passing of sentence," wrote one of the newspapers, "obviously tried the elderly judge. In fact, he looked as if he had seen a ghost." This was not the only comment that drew attention to Sir Sullivan Stanley's expression under his wig and that deadly black cap required by British law at the time. It was the autumn following the lovely summer of 1947. The yellow and brown leaves scuttled merrily along the paths in the park.

It had been Justice Stanley's lot to condemn to death several men in the course of his career—no women, incidentally, but that was due to the extreme rarity of women murderers. Certainly, no one would have suggested that Sullivan Stanley would hesitate in the case of a woman to pronounce the words, like a tolling bell, "that you be taken from this place . . . and that you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead." (And, almost as an afterthought, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul.")

The man in the dock was in his thirties, good-looking, as respectable a person in appearance as might be found briskly crossing the street outside the Old Bailey, where the trial was taking place. He was George Forrester, perpetrator of what were known to the radio-listening and newspaper-reading public of those days as "the mud-river murders."

Sir Sullivan Stanley's facial expression throughout the trial had been no different from his expression at any other time or in any other trial. He invariably gave the impression that he was irritated by the accused—especially in one notable case where a man had pleaded guilty and refused to be persuaded by his own counsel or anybody else that "guilty" and "not guilty" were mere technicalities, that in fact to plead guilty dispensed more or less with the trial. In no previous case, then, had the press remarked on this expression. Sir Sullivan had loose, spaniel-like jowls and looked the age he was and as annoyed as he was. But "something seemed to come over the Justice," wrote another reporter. "He was plainly shaken, not so much when he heard the foreman of the jury pronounce the word 'guilty' as when he put on the black cap which had been lying before him. Can it be possible that Judge Stanley is beginning to doubt the wisdom of capital punishment?"

Sullivan Stanley was not beginning to doubt anything of the kind. The reason for the peculiar expression on his face as he passed judgment on that autumn afternoon in 1947 was that, for the first time in some years, he had an erection as he spoke; he had an involuntary orgasm.

IT was said that a man who was hanged automatically had an erection at the moment of the drop. Justice Stanley pondered this piece of information. He wondered if it was true. However that might be, he could find no connection with his own experience at passing sentence. But whenever, throughout the months and years to come, he thought about this case, he felt an inexplicable excitement.

The murderer, George Forrester, had stayed, as everyone knew, at the Rosemary Lawns Hotel, in North London. It was there that he had met the last of his victims, and the discovery of her body and the clues he furnished led to the other bodies. During the course of the trial, Justice Stanley had by way of a working scruple deliberately gone to look at the hotel from the outside. It was small, private, moderately priced, refined, and did not seem to deserve the two policemen who stood outside the entrance during the trial to keep the press and other intrusive elements from bothering those few remaining guests who had not packed up and fled as soon as the mud-river murder case hit the headlines.

In court, the manager gave evidence. A man of good presence, aged thirty-five, direct and frank, he impressed Justice Stanley in inverse proportion to the contempt the judge felt for George Forrester, the man at the bar. Justice Stanley usually despised the accused on some account or other quite distinct from the facts of the case. This time, it was the bright-brown, almost orange Harris-tweed coat that the prisoner wore, in addition to his rusty-brown little mustache.

IN 1947, George Forrester managed to murder three women in one year. Before that, he had no criminal record whatsoever. He was a commercial traveller in fishing tackle and gear, and apparently, according to his frightened and helpless wife, was in the habit of going off fishing in rivers throughout the country, wherever he happened to be at the end of a working week. His victims, three in all, were discovered shot in the head among reedy marshes where he had been seen wearing waders, plying his rod.

The three victims had in common that they were large, overweight women, widowed and middle-aged. George Forrester met them all in medium-priced genteel hotels where the guests had a fixed arrangement. His object was to rob the women of their jewelry and the contents of their handbags, and this he did in all three cases. The last case, that of Mrs. Emily Crathie, was the one for which he was tried before Justice Stanley. An interesting feature of the case was that George Forrester claimed to have had sex with Mrs. Crathie before bringing her to her muddy death among the reeds, although the forensic evidence argued against any sexual activity.

George Forrester admitted that he had offered Mrs. Crathie "a day out fishing." She occupied the next table to his at the Rosemary Lawns Hotel. This had been noticed by the manager and his wife and also by some of the other permanent clients. Her sudden absence was also noticed and, after a few days, reported to the police, no relatives being known.

In Mrs. Crathie's case, the killer had

been obliged to transport her body, minus her considerable diamond solitaire ring and other possessions, from his car to a part of a river in Norfolk where the reeds and banks were thicker than at the equally tranquil spot where he had killed her by pistol shot in the back of the head. The two other women had been killed and concealed in much the same way, but in the case of Mrs. Crathie it was a mystery, never to be explained by the investigative brains of England, how George Forrester, a slight man, had managed to convey massive Mrs. Crathie from her death place to his car and from his car to her grave among the reeds.

The hue and cry for the three missing women was afoot when George presented himself at a Norfolk police station with a mud-stained size-42-full bra, claiming he had fished it up when trying out his tackle on some water stretch of the county. The police interrogated George Forrester, who, according to psychological explanations, had "wanted" to be caught, and, in fact, thus *was* caught. The specimen of bra had been purchased by George himself from a nearby ladies'-garments store, and, curiously, he had got Mrs. Crathie's measurement right.

Justice Stanley listened to all this, back in 1947, summed up, took the verdict, passed judgment—death by hanging—and experienced an inexplicable orgasm. He remembered it frequently from that day onward.

SIR SULLIVAN STANLEY (he had been knighted) was in his mid-fifties at the time of George Forrester's trial. The death penalty in England was afterward abolished, and so there was no further call for Sir Sullivan to experience another such orgasm. Lady Stanley was some years older than her husband, just past her sixties. She was known everywhere as a good lady, full of charitable activities such as prison visiting, the governing of schools, the organizing of soup kitchens. She had borne one son, now a lawyer in private practice. Sex in her life was a thing of the past; in fact, her recurring bouts of rheumatism prevented her from sharing anyone's bed.

At that time, Sir Sullivan frequented a lady who was known to the legal profession and who occasionally kept an afternoon for him. Lady Stanley suspected nothing of her existence, nor did she need to know. The affair, if it could be called that, between Sir Sullivan and Mary Spike, the lady in question, was something of an animated cartoon. She induced a mild sensation in the Justice; nothing more. Lady Stanley did not think for a moment that her husband could have another woman. She felt he was too pompous to take off his trousers in another person's house, and in this she was almost right.

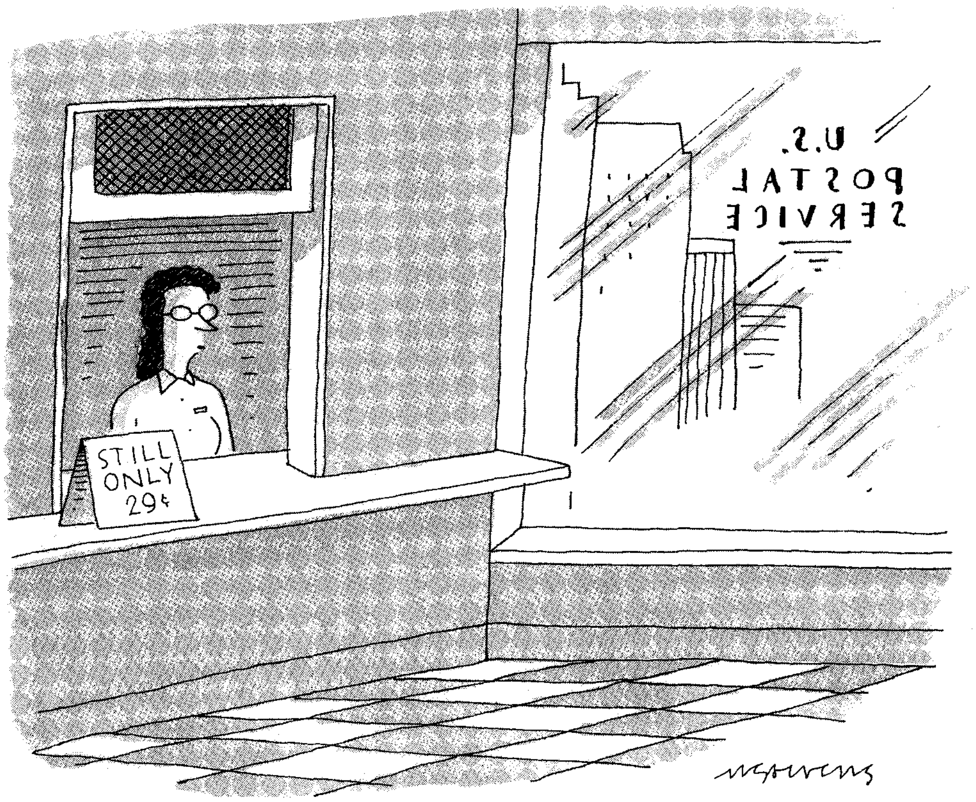
After the death of Lady Stanley, Sir Sullivan, approaching his seventies, now visited Mary Spike occasionally, but just for the visit. The unusual circumstances of his sexual experience on the sentencing of George Forrester had really taken him by surprise.

He often thought back on the day when he had that orgasm in court. What happened to that gratuitous orgasm? Where was it now? It was like a butterfly fluttering away into the summer, always eluding the net. It even occurred to him that he might achieve one orgasm more before he died, by hanging himself. But it was problematic whether the phenomenon of an erection would amount to the sensation of an orgasm in a man whose neck was on the point of breaking, if not already broken. Besides, the secretly distraught judge mused, a suicide would look so bad in the *Times* obituary. Not to be thought of.

When Sir Sullivan retired, he stayed for a while with his son in Hampstead. But this didn't work well. He decided to go and live in a residential hotel, and it was with great excitement that he discovered that the Rosemary Lawns Hotel was still functioning. Memories of the trial of George Forrester came back to him ever more vividly.

The Rosemary Lawns Hotel sparkled with new paint the day the Judge went to seek a room there. The "Lawns" referred evidently to a tennis court, adjacent to the hotel, and an equal-sized stretch of flower-bordered lawn on the other side of a gravel path. It was early autumn, and the leaves scuttled along the tree-lined street. Some schoolgirls were chirpily playing tennis.

Sir Sullivan asked for the manager. A short figure came out of the back office. His white hair and slightly thickened appearance at first, and only for a moment, concealed the fact that this was probably the very man, the actual proprietor of the hotel, who had given



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evidence in court all those years ago.

"Are you Mr. Roger Cook?" inquired the Justice.

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Good afternoon. I'm Sir Sullivan Stanley."

"The Judge! Sir Sullivan, you don't show your years."

"Yes, I'm the Judge himself. I have been here before, you know. At the time of the trial, when I came to case the joint, if I may use a vulgarism."

"Sir Sullivan," said Roger Cook, "it was a very hard time for us. All the permanent clients left. We thought of changing the name of the hotel, but we sat it out. We were especially grateful to you for that reference to Rosemary Lawns Hotel in your summing up."

"What was that?" said Sir Sullivan.

"You said we were a perfectly respectable place, clean and cozy. That it was no reflection on the establishment that the accused and his unfortunate victim happened to have taken up their abode at Rosemary Lawns. I recall the very words," said Roger Cook. "We always quoted them to the press when we gave interviews in those tragic weeks."

"Well, I congratulate you on the appearance of the place. I am glad to see the tennis court is being used."

"We rent out the courts on certain days to a private school," said Roger Cook.

"Well, I'll be direct," said Sir Sullivan Stanley. "I'm looking for a comfortable place for my retirement. A fairly large room, bath and television. And, of course, a dining room. If you don't have the dining room anymore, I'm afraid it's no good. To me, the dining room is essential."

"But of course, Sir Sullivan, we have the same dining room. Nothing's changed except the decoration. Come with me. It would be an honor to have you here."

He led the way to the dining room, where the tables were laid for dinner with pink cloths. On one table stood a bottle of milk of magnesia, but that alone w[illegible] not enough evidence against the quality of the dinner. Roger Cook showed Sir Sullivan the menu: mulligatawny soup, followed by breast of lamb, peas, and potatoes. Cheese (if required—extra charge according to choice), and strawberry or vanilla ice cream. Coffee or decaffeinated, as desired. Tea on request.

Sir Sullivan said, "Which of those tables did George Forrester occupy?"

"The third on the right under the window, if I'm not mistaken. And poor Mrs. Crathie's was the next table to his, second on the right. Of course, we hold receptions, and so on. We use the supplementary dining room."

"The table by the window looks delightful," said Sir Sullivan with an air of decided nonchalance. "Nice outlook."

The proprietor, somewhat puzzled that the old judge would actually prefer to sit in the murderer's chair, nevertheless made haste to assure the judge that that particular table was not occupied by permanent *pensionnaires* at that moment.

So Sir Sullivan Stanley made an agreeable arrangement with the hotel and moved in the following Monday. He came down to dinner at quarter to eight to find the dining room three-quarters full and some of the diners already nearing the end of the meal.

A middle-aged woman with a long neck sat at the table next to his. She had reached the coffee stage.

"Good evening," said the Justice.

She responded with a kind of extra warmth, as if she approved of this gentleman, it being somewhat of a lottery who one got at the next table.

The waiter brought Sir Sullivan's soup.

The Justice turned to his neighbor. "Are you by any chance," he said, "Mrs. Crathie?"

"No, my name is Mrs. Morton. Do I resemble a friend of yours?"

"No—no friend. Just a person."

Sir Sullivan felt happy in her company. There was a small fire at the end of the dining room. Cozy. He thought of the schoolgirls who had been playing tennis outside, so encouraging to look at. He thought then of Mary Spike, his part-time mistress of so many years ago, and remembered how one afternoon when he had failed to come up to scratch she had cruelly laughed at him. "What an antique pendant you've got there. Talk about hanging judge! You're the hanging judge!"

Justice Stanley, seated at the late George Forrester's table, where the man had once sat wearing that bright-brown Harris-tweed coat, looked at and partook of his mulligatawny soup. Then he looked across at Mrs. Morton with the greatest surprise—transfixed in a dreamy joy, as if he had seen a welcome ghost.

Mrs. Morton sipped her coffee and looked at him. ◆

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THE CRITICS

BOOKS

THE GAMES OF GREAT MEN

BY SIMON SCHAMA

Diplomacy
by Henry Kissinger
(Simon & Schuster; $35)

THIRTY years ago, when Henry Kissinger was still a Harvard professor and I was an undergraduate at Cambridge University, everyone I knew was trying his hand at Diplomacy. It was unlike any other board game: no dice; no cards; no trivia. The board itself was a map of Europe in the decade before the First World War, and players assumed the roles of the Great Powers. The United States and Japan were ignored, being too peripheral. The idea was not really to win, for we were conscious that in the Great War—as Kissinger memorably puts it—all those who won also lost. The point was, somehow, to prevail. The fact that no one was exactly sure what prevalence would look like didn't matter, because the game never ended conclusively. It withered away, much as the war itself did: through exhaustion and bad feeling. "Moves" in the game dispatched little plastic warships or infantry divisions across borders, or allowed a player to hold them for defense. But these were merely declaratory gestures. What really counted was the period of "diplomacy" before moves were made: the twenty minutes during which the various Chancellors and Foreign Ministers of the Powers consulted each other about their respective intentions.

On my Cambridge college staircase—the nursery of statesmen and spies—plotters gathered, conspiring to make or break alliances. The Chancellor of Germany (from Liverpool, reading Math) would retire to a washroom with the Foreign Minister of France (from Bristol, reading English) and plan to do something unspeakable to the exposed flank of the Ottoman Empire (Twickenham, Moral Sciences). Some historical knowledge helped, but literal reënactment could be a hindrance. Deceit, manipulation, intrigue, and betrayal were par for the course. Friendships fell apart over ruthlessly violated nonaggression pacts somewhere in the vicinity of Trieste. There was only one cardinal rule: at all costs, you were to avoid being saddled with Austria-Hungary, since, whatever your defensive plans, all the other players would attack your hopelessly overextended frontiers. Alas, I generally was, and they invariably did.

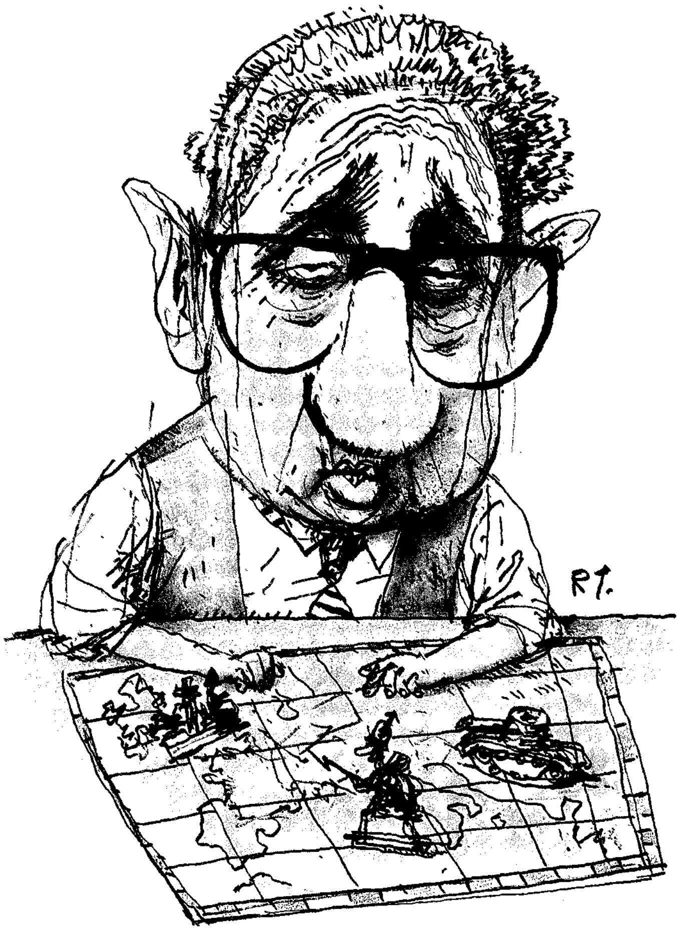
I've been told that there was a set of Diplomacy in Henry Kissinger's office when he was running the Harvard International Seminar, in the early nineteen-sixties. I can't say I was surprised to learn this. The qualities needed to survive the game were the same ones he champions in his new book: a clear-eyed and unsentimental sense of the national interest; a suspicion of collective-security arrangements that are based on a presumed consensus about aggression; a preference for hard-edged alliances that are based on mutual interest as opposed to pieties about universal peace and freedom; and, above all, a sombre assumption that conflict rather than harmony is the norm of relations between states, as it is between men. No wonder the United States was excluded from the game: the skills required to succeed at it were precisely those cynical Old World gambits against which the Republic had been founded, and against which Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points (four more than *le bon Dieu*, as Clemenceau remarked) were directed. Unlike the game, though, Kissinger's absorbing book tackles head on some of the toughest questions of our time: Is an American Realpolitik a contradiction in terms? Can the United States sustain a diplomacy based on the calculations of national interest without experiencing periodic convulsions of self-hatred? Or does the whole history and nature of the American national experience preclude any diplomacy—whether shaded by liberal or conservative ideology—that is not somehow grounded in the high-minded principles proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence?

Since the only two American leaders Kissinger believes to have anticipated his approach to foreign relations are Theodore Roosevelt and Richard Nixon, the gung-ho imperialist and the inimitable loner, the prospects for a Yankee Realpolitik do not look auspicious. And readers of this book will search in vain in its disappointingly diffuse and repetitive conclusions for reassuring prophecy. But the virtues of "Diplomacy" (and there are many) do not lie in offering easy answers. At a time when strategic and national interests are becoming increasingly difficult to identify with any clarity, it's a considerable service to bring the testimony of history to bear on the perennial self-interrogation about the obligations of American power.

THERE is already something of a received opinion that "Diplomacy" is actually two books: a historical survey of foreign policy in Europe and the United States over the past two centuries, and a self-exoneration against the criticisms of Walter Isaacson's comprehensive biography and the stinging attacks levelled by Seymour Hersh in his study of Kissinger's years in the Nixon Administration. But this impression is in fact completely misleading. The portion of the book that covers Kissinger's career as national-security adviser and Secretary of State makes up barely an eighth of the volume. And, for some reason—perhaps owing to Kissinger's own sense of fatigue at travelling this same miserable road yet again—the liveliness and the energy that animate much of the book seem to harden into a brittle defensiveness the closer the narrative comes to his own career. So the advice to any prospective reader of "Diplomacy," however daunting the eight-hundred-and-thirty-five-page tome might seem, must be "Don't skip!" Above all, don't slight the richness of Kissinger's epic account of Great Power diplomacy in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

For "Diplomacy" is an unrepentantly old-fashioned book—the kind of thing that Henry Kissinger might have written had he remained on the Harvard faculty. At one time, he envisaged his analytical monograph on peacemaking after the Napoleonic Wars, "A World Restored" (1957), as the first in a series of books that would extend his account of Realpolitik up to the First World War. But much has happened to the genre of diplomatic history since Kissinger left academe, and "Diplomacy" is a narrative of great men and events, studded with epigrams and lapidary utterances on the practice of power—an appealingly unself-conscious throwback to the literature of the nineteen-fifties. The most astute practitioners of that earlier generation, thinkers like A. J. P. Taylor, duly receive attention from Kissinger even when he is arguing against them. And, like their big, sharply polemical texts, "Diplomacy" is inflected with irony, and assumes that foreign policy was indeed what its dominant movers and shapers—from Metternich to Truman—made of it. Most of the chapters are built around the doings of the mighty rather than the hithering and thithering of countless little subalterns and consuls, and the result is a sort of diplomatic portrait gallery. Some of the grand actors, like Bismarck, Stresemann, Truman, and Stalin, are well realized; others, like Palmerston and Napoleon III, are much more sketchily drawn.

This approach needs no apology. It was the conviction of Taylor and his generation (and of George Kennan, in the United States) that history was the best teacher of statecraft—an ideal that goes back to the very origins of Western historical writing, in Thucydides' account of the Peloponnesian War. Kissinger, likewise, is convinced that American ahistoricism is the cause of our most damaging acts of moral hubris. History, he reasonably argues, never provides a neatly charted route map for the future, despite the fact that Americans want it to do exactly that. On the contrary, it is a tale of contingency, muddle, and unforeseen outcomes. But it is precisely the pratfalls of history that provide its best instruction. They teach an understanding of limits, even to a culture fixated on the infinite horizon. So "Diplomacy" is offered as a reverse Monroe Doctrine: the tragedies of the Old World are summoned to sober the dangerous innocence of the New.



Henry Kissinger: summoning the tragedies of the Old World to sober the New.

RICHARD THOMPSON

THE distinction between light and dark brands of diplomacy—between policies premised on views of the world as either corrigible or incorrigible—is not, of course, original. George Kennan's first book, "American Diplomacy 1900-1950," was published in 1951, when the containment doctrine that he had helped institute was at its most influential. In that succinct collection of lectures he rebuked the Wilsonian approach for what he called its "legalistic-moralistic" obsessions. Kennan was prophetically gloomy about the capacity of organizations like the United Nations to deal with substantive conflict between nations, and chastised the tendency of American diplomacy to swing wildly between unrealistic faith in international consensus and hellbent drives to total victory. Kissinger acknowledges Kennan's importance in this critical tradition but goes further in identifying the alternative approach—one that values the perpetuation of a balance of power rather than some sort of final resolution of conflict—as peculiarly and distinctively European.

The figure that Kissinger invokes most often as the embodiment of hard-boiled, interest-directed diplomacy is Cardinal Richelieu. It is Richelieu, rather than Machiavelli or any of the other figures surveyed in Garrett Mattingly's brilliant "Renaissance Diplomacy" (1955), who is credited by Kissinger with the prop-

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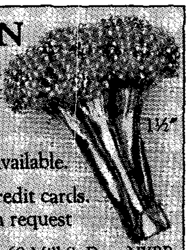

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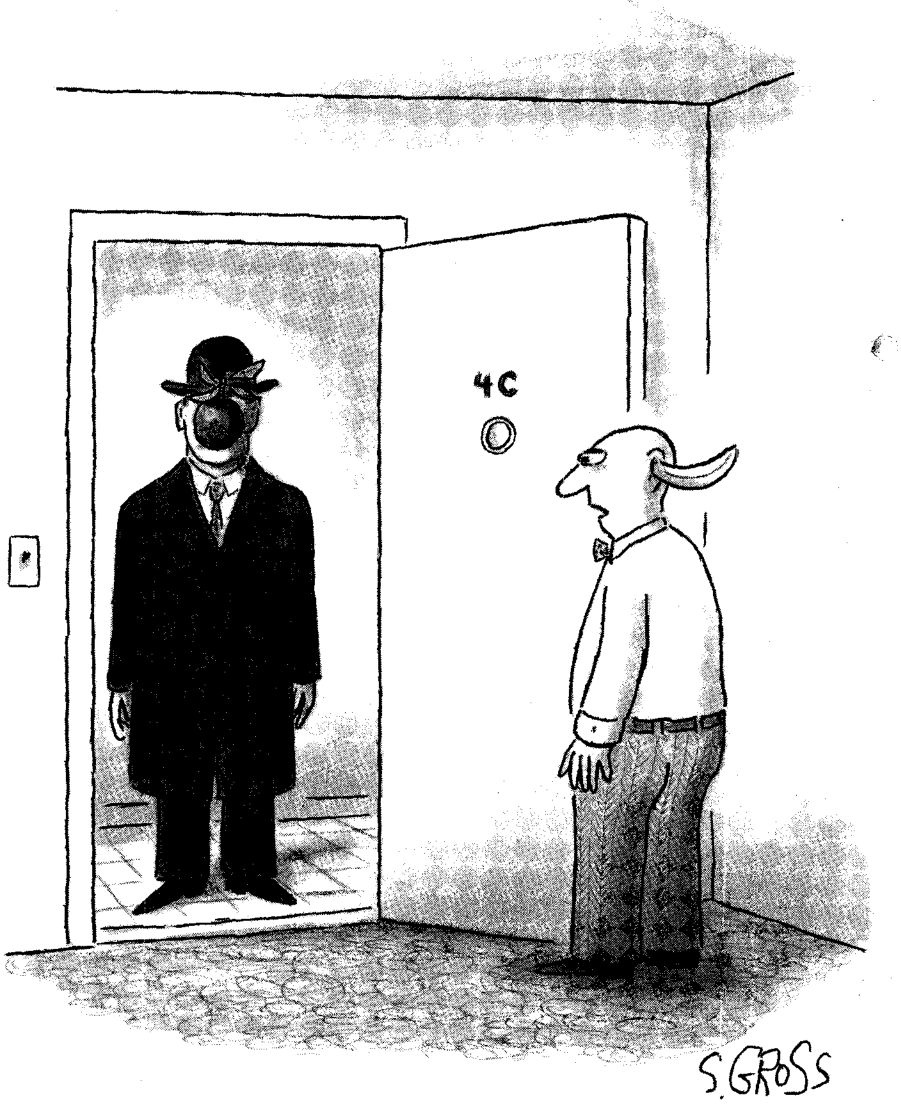

"Oh, it's you."

• •

agation of *raison d'état*—a term that in fact Richelieu uses only twice in his "Political Testament." The scarlet-robed Cardinal, with his mournful mustache and glittering eyes, stalks through the pages of "Diplomacy": he is its presiding muse, inviting invidious comparisons when, say, John Foster Dulles falls flat on his face yet again. One can almost hear Kissinger mutter, "I knew Richelieu, and believe me, Mr. Secretary, you're no Richelieu."

The trouble is that Kissinger doesn't, after all, know Richelieu very well. He relies for his portrait of Richelieu on the kind of anachronistic literature that wants to see in the seventeenth-century prelate a proto-Bismarck in silks, daringly liberated from conventional pieties and motivated by interest rather than by faith. He assumes an essentially modern mind beneath the Cardinal's hat. But Richelieu's Christianity was emphatically *not* used as a fig leaf for the pursuit of national interest; it was, on the contrary, the driving motive of his public life. There is no reason to suppose that he was being at all disingenuous when he said, "What is done for the state is done for God, Who is the basis and foundation of it." His enemies did indeed accuse him of the sort of secularism that Kissinger takes to be a political strength. But the Cardinal's Kissinger, his éminence grise, was the Capuchin Père Joseph, and while Richelieu believed that reason and piety were compatible, his manual for confessors and his pulpit oratory plainly reveal him to be a soldier of the Counter-Reformation. His quarrel was not with the Church but with Spanish-Hapsburg imperialism. By making tactical alliances with the Protestant heretics abroad, he believed, he would be in a better position to attack the Protestant Huguenots at home.

Kissinger is correct in judging the long-term importance of Richelieu's unwavering determination to redress the European balance of power. But Richelieu was motivated not so much by a commitment to the *principle* of equilibrium as by a desire to position the French crown as the most aggressive upholder of Catholic absolutism. Any innocent reader of Kissinger's account would imagine the result of the Cardinal's efforts to have been an unqualified success, but, as J. H. Elliott points out in his illuminating 1984 comparative study, "Richelieu and Olivares" (uncited by Kissinger), what Richelieu actually bequeathed to France were the civil wars of the Fronde, political turmoil, and the crushing misery that went with the monstrous taxes levied to pay for the Cardinal's wars.

Just as tellingly, Kissinger fails to note the institutional despotism that was the necessary domestic corollary of *raison d'état*. Even by the gruesome standards of the seventeenth century, Richelieu's regime—with his informers and perverted summary trials, his habit of executing or else incarcerating in the Bastille those with whom he disagreed—was exceptionally brutal. But then Kissinger has a peculiar way of averting his gaze from the ideological content of the regimes served by the diplomatic virtuosi he most admires, as though foreign and domestic policies existed in wholly different realms. Those who put their faith in the pure technology of power in foreign relations, however, are seldom devotees of liberty on their own shores. G. Gordon Liddy and the rest of the gang would have felt right at home working for Richelieu or Metternich. And while it may be true that the Congress of Vienna following the Napoleonic Wars devised a settlement that produced four decades of relatively peaceful equilibrium between the powers, it is no less true that Metternich's devotion was primarily to the preservation of the Christian dynasticism of the Austrian Empire, rather than to some abstract notion of a Pax Europa. The shared "values" that Kissinger often cites as the cement that held the Vienna powers together, without being specific about their content, actually consisted of a bitter hostility to liberal constitutionalism and national self-determination. The habitual American assumption that a community of liberal, national democracies will make for a peaceful world is, in Kissinger's view, precisely what makes our diplomacy so naïvely myopic.

Yet an alternative to Realpolitik is by no means a uniquely American vision. By the middle of the sixteenth century, a substantial body of writing had been published, especially in Spain, that attempted to distinguish between just and unjust wars. Indeed, Richelieu himself—who, in Kissinger's version, should have been indifferent to such scruples—labored quite sincerely to demonstrate the justice and morality of France's military intervention against the Hapsburgs. If Kissinger had been looking, he might have noticed that the year after Richelieu's ascendancy, 1625, the Dutch jurist Hugo Grotius, then exiled in Paris, produced his "De Jure Belli ac Pacis" ("On the Law of War and Peace"): the most persuasive attempt up to that point to differentiate between the just and the unjust war and to set limits on the barbarities that might be inflicted on civilians in the name of military necessity. Nor was Grotius some unworldly pacifist philosopher; he was a politician and statesman who had suffered imprisonment in the Netherlands, who had fully accepted the need for the use of force in the relations of powers, but who at the same time was unwilling to relinquish the possibility of moral judgment in international relations.

HAD Kissinger wanted to write a book that truly encompassed the history of diplomacy, he might have given the heirs of Grotius more weight in his narrative even while grudging them much honor. He might, for example, have seen the persistence of Grotian ideas in Enlightenment treatises on international law, or granted to Gladstone's liberalism something more than the role of sanc-

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timonious foil to Disraeli's Realpolitik.

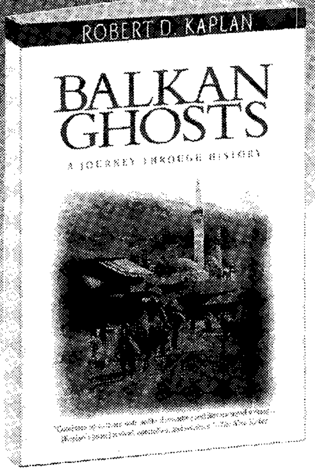
It would be churlish to complain, though, of the chapters in "Diplomacy" that take the story from the Crimean War to Yalta, for it is in this central section of the book that Kissinger's narrative really hits its stride. Its pages sparkle with intelligence and insight: Kissinger obviously takes pleasure at finding himself in the company of Stresemann and Churchill and de Gaulle, and enjoys even more dishing out marks for their performance. He is especially devastating when it comes to egregious moments in diplomatic self-delusion like the lamentable Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928, which substituted a high-minded outlawing of war for a realistic system of alliances that might have actually done something to prevent it. Of Stanley Baldwin's response to Hitler's rearmament (he continued to pursue a policy of arms reduction) Kissinger writes, wickedly, "Baldwin failed to explain what incentive Hitler would have to negotiate disarmament as long as Great Britain was engaging in unilateral disarmament."

The book is an oddly engaging Cracker Jack assortment of gems and howlers. Fortunately, it is the gems that one remembers, even when Kissinger is at his most tendentious. Of Hitler's obsessive prophecy of the brevity of his own life he comments, "History offers no other example of a major war being started on the basis of medical conjecture." Like others in the grand tradition of Realpolitik, from Talleyrand (who gets barely a mention) to Bismarck, Kissinger likes nothing better than to polish a grand maxim and then deliver it, gift-wrapped in his rather plummy prose, to posterity. "A country that demands moral perfection of itself as a test of its foreign policy," he writes, in the midst of attacking American policymakers' refusal to see NATO as an alliance system rather than as a democratic crusade, "will achieve neither perfection nor security."

"Diplomacy" is at its best, though, when Kissinger takes off his statesman's pinstripes and provides informal insights into the operational techniques of the profession. He shrewdly notes, for example, the symbolic significance of Roosevelt's response to Stalin's offer of Soviet lodgings at the Teheran Conference in 1943, which was accepted because of anxiety about a possible bomb attack on the crippled President. A seemingly minor detail of accommodation played directly into Stalin's determination to put the Western Allies on the defensive by making Roosevelt physically beholden to his host. And Kissinger understands how Roosevelt's amiable characterization of "Uncle Joe" had an effect on American public perception, turning a sinister and murderous dictator into a character from Main Street.

In these observant asides one can glimpse quite a different book that might also have borne the title "Diplomacy": an anatomy of the methods and stratagems of the craft, written with the sharp analytical intelligence of a former Secretary of State who has been both an insider and an outsider and whose sensitivity to the nuances of diplomatic language is unmatched. The chapters of this other book would not have been about Bismarck and Wilson and Truman but about the coded language of diplomatic instructions; the rituals of state protocol; the psychology of the banquet; the relationship of statesmen to the press; the quotidian routines of the embassy. It would, in effect, have been an anthropology of diplomacy—a successor to Mattingly's wonderful account of how the profession originally evolved out of the thankless task of the royal herald and the papal nuncio—and it would have lived up to the publisher's promise on the flap copy that here, at last, we have a book that reveals exactly what diplomacy *is.*

Perhaps to produce such a book would be beneath the dignity of the retired statesman who wants to put his diplomatic philosophy on record. But in some ways—for I am still hoping that Kissinger may one day write it—it would serve his own cause even better than the book he has written. At the heart of Kissinger's preoccupations is a poignant irony. For all his sense that American democratic ideals have placed an unbearable burden on the free agency of our foreign policy, Kissinger would be the last to dispute their essential nobility. As he himself acknowledged on becoming Secretary of State, while his parents stood beside him on the same platform as Richard Nixon, such a thing could happen only in America. So even while Kissinger insists that the courting



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of public consensus is no substitute for rational and pragmatic policy, he has to admire Presidents like Roosevelt and Truman, who worked hardest to make unpopular decisions acceptable to their national constituency. And, somewhat against the grain of his skepticism, he is forced to grant that Ronald Reagan, whose addiction to demonizing rhetoric coupled with impulsive negotiation ought to have represented a unique foreign-policy nightmare, somehow managed to legitimate nuclear cutbacks in ways that would have been quite impossible for either a liberal or a Realpolitiker to accomplish.

It is on just this point—the institutional point where the beady-eyed meets the starry-eyed—that one wishes Henry Kissinger had concentrated his own formidable gaze. For it is there, somewhere in the bureaucratic precincts of the State Department itself (whose habits he criticizes in the text but honors in his dedication), that the present dilemmas of American power are most painfully acute. This was brought home to me by an extraordinary ABC documentary on the Bush and Clinton Administrations' response—or lack of it—to the evidence of atrocities in Bosnia. One State Department official, fully attuned to the national interest, simply walked away when he failed to persuade anyone on the seventh floor that mutilated and emaciated bodies behind camp wire were really the business of diplomacy. When pressed on this, Kissinger's protégé Lawrence Eagleburger, who was Acting Secretary of State under Bush, conceded that, yes, such things were unimaginably evil, repugnant, and vile. But what, he confessed, with a kind of anguished impotence brimming in his eyes, was he supposed to do about it? Never mind that one might have offered him some answers directly from the codebook of *raison d'état:* lift the arms interdiction, threaten aerial bombing. What one saw on Eagleburger's genuinely distressed countenance was the self-inflicted paralysis of Realpolitik. ◆

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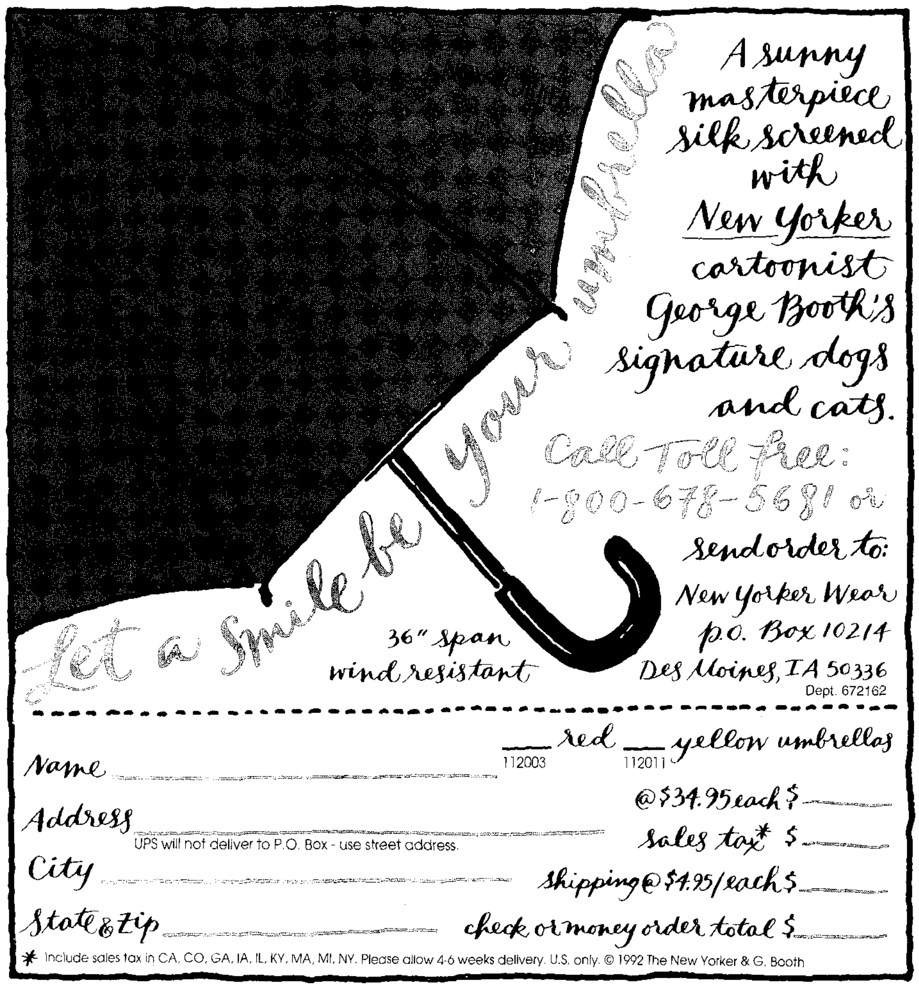
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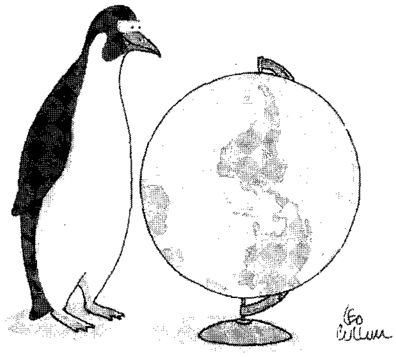

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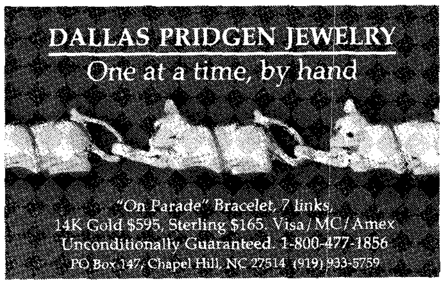

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MUSICAL EVENTS

ELLIOTT CARTER AT EIGHTY-FIVE

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

YOU don't have to be eighty-five years old to feel marooned in the past while time races on, but you probably do have to be that age—and, specifically, to be Elliott Carter—to have the reverse feeling of desertion by time's skidding hurriedly backward from a point you thought was not only yours but everyone's. At a public interview before the world première, in Chicago, of his newest orchestral work, "Partita" (which comes to New York on May 15th), Mr. Carter reacted passionately to a question about the future. How could he have any certain hope for his music, he said, when the last decade had seen a rush of young composers—by whom I think he meant anyone under seventy or so—"writing like Brahms, and doing it badly"? His tone was regretful, bewildered, but not bitter: he has too much gaiety of mind ever to turn sour—or, indeed, ever to write like Brahms. We therefore have the paradox of an aged composer producing some of the most exhilarating music around, and doing so with majestic accomplishment (if that doesn't seem too settled a term for this athlete of the mind) in his new piece, which goes straight up among his finest.

But perhaps the youthfulness isn't so paradoxical; maybe only the old, in these jaded times, have their innocence intact, and stay able to be surprised by immediate sensory impressions, as Mr. Carter is evidently surprised and delighted by sounds. Simplicity and directness have always been as much his blessings as the vaunted "complexity." (Why should this always be introduced as a problem? Who complains of the complexity of a forest?) Indeed, the abundance, to give it an apter name, comes out of a simple certainty about the nature of a composer's task—at least, as Mr. Carter has expressed that task in words. Questions of language and style don't arise; history is only what was. The contemporary composer will do things differently by virtue of being a different person in a different age. "My musical intention," he said in a short note on the new work, "was to present the many changes and oppositions of mood that make up our experience of life. In general, my music seeks the awareness of motion we have in flying or of driving a car and not the plodding of horses or the marching of soldiers that pervades the motion patterns of older music." Hence the view he stated in another pre-concert discussion, quite without any desire to be provocative, that the music of our own time (a period that in his case comfortably includes Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" and "Symphony of Psalms," the works he'd mentioned) is inevitably more vivid to us than the music of the past.

This unreconstructed, undeconstructed modernism might seem quaint were it not robustly supported by creative practice, and in particular by that practice as exhibited in "Partita," even if the score has more in common with "older music" than Mr. Carter is inclined to allow in his verbal pronouncements. The title is one connection, though not in the most obvious way: the Baroque synonym for "suite" is used here, Mr. Carter said, for its modern everyday meaning of "game" or "play," as in (this was his example) *partita di calcio,* or "soccer match." The music lives up to this: it's bright; it's often fast; its parries are volatile; it sometimes has to do with rival teams of players (or with one against a pack); and it proceeds, as the composer took some pains to point out, according to rules. At the same time, the suite idea seems to be somewhere in the background of this

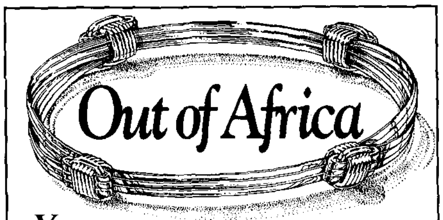
DANIEL MAJA

continuous eighteen-minute sports event. Much of the music dances, partly by virtue of the fact that the exuberant swirls and flourishes and the statelier measures are generally defined by a metre—often a triple or compound metre. Given the prominence, too, of the piano in the orchestra, the dancing rhythms occasionally suggest splinters of "Petrushka."

Stravinsky and the Baroque: the references in Mr. Carter's music of the nineties are pretty much what they were in the thirties and forties, and "Partita" reinforces the impression—an impression created by the Oboe Concerto of 1986-87—that the late works will in time make us see the output as whole, not broken between an early phase of neoclassicism and a long modernist celebration. The only problem is that the old, bipartite view has always been the one Mr. Carter put forward. As he explained it on this occasion, his first enthusiasm was for the iconoclastic music he heard as a boy in New York in the twenties: the music of Varèse, Ives, and others. But he decided he couldn't join that band without learning how to write, which was why he went to Nadia Boulanger and got himself fixed up as a Stravinskyan. Only in the late forties did he realize this wasn't why he'd become a composer, after which awakening he threw away the baggage of traditional forms, styles, and gestures.

It's a good story, and since it's the composer's own, one has to give it some credence. But it isn't the whole truth. For one thing, even Mr. Carter's most resolutely neoclassical scores seem to know there's more to life than keeping your counterpoint clean. For another, even his most recklessly adventurous pieces—of which "Partita" must count as one—are precision-engineered. Control is absolute. Certainly the music is impatient with the old constancies: Mr. Carter finds analogues for it in literary treatments of sweeping change and movement, whether Lucretius' telling of the formation of the universe, in the Double Concerto; St. John Perse's vision of great winds across North America, in the Concerto for Orchestra; or now, apropos of "Partita," a Latin poem by Richard Crashaw, in which a floating bubble tells of its transitory existence in trimeters. "*Sum fluxae pretium spei*" ("I am the prize of flowing hope"), it sings, in a line the composer thought of using as his title but, happily, decided against. For it isn't only hope that flows in Mr. Carter's music but intelligence: an intelligence that appeares to reside in the notes themselves as they pursue their courses, perhaps because all movement is motivated by tensions contained within and between the notes—tensions of pulse and metre, of harmony, of attraction toward some point in registral space. The neoclassical dream was a dream of objectivity, a dream of music as self-propelling mechanism. It's a dream Mr. Carter still cherishes. Only the speeds of his music's movement are altered, and the consistently forward direction. Neoclassicism was also an attempt to repeat the past—in the sense not just of Stravinsky repeating Bach but of musical ideas forever repeating themselves. (Modern neoclassicism is no different.) Mr. Carter's music since the end of the forties achieves its modernism not by sounding like Ives or Varèse but by never looking back, by creating form out of movement—by, as he put it in Chicago, "rolling on like plainsong."

Quite how it rolls on is less easy to say. Mr. Carter suggested in his spoken commentaries some kind of process leading from the two opening chords—a wham from the bottommost instruments followed by a high treble trill—to the two in the middle register that end the piece: a gradual closure of bounds. But some of the most soaring music comes near the end, as does some of the most thudding, and the drifts of musical thought, generally over in a few seconds, are surely directed by far more local conditions. Just how local—and just how critical it is to get them right—was demonstrated at one point in the final rehearsal, when Mr. Carter got up from his seat and walked forward to ask his conductor, Daniel Barenboim, for "more A-flat." This was one rare moment when his age told, for by the time he reached the podium Mr. Barenboim was worrying about another A-flat. (There must be several thousand of the things in this extraordinarily detailed score, most of them, like all the notes, decisive in one way or another.) But, once the confusion had been resolved, it quickly appeared that the composer was right to ask for more than he'd written, and right for reasons having to do with the way a particular passage reaches its goal. A rather tumultuous orchestral rampage, in the



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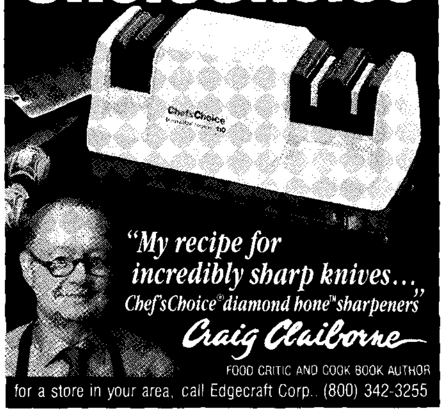

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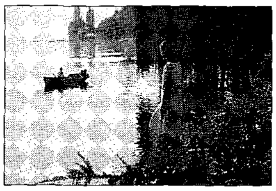

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struggling rhythm of threes against fours, finds its destination in a single note—the A-flat—struck simultaneously on glockenspiel and harp. As originally played, the conclusion was limp, even a joke: the mouse emerging from the mountains. Given full force, it suddenly clinched the entire gesture.

But not everything that moves through this score is so massive or so fast. Right after the glockenspiel-harp A-flat, there's a sequence of sustained notes (in Mr. Carter's usage they sound more stretched or restrained than merely held, as if stationariness could be attained only as a product of motions in conflict), with star points in the high treble. Another moment of slow beauty comes near the start, when a melody seems to grow out of the delicate worry between two flutes, and then to ripple out from them into muted violas, violins, and trumpets: here, at least, the composer's allusion to plainsong didn't appear far-fetched. Or, to give an example from close to the finish, there's a point where all the violins suddenly surge forward in unison, and a whole Tchaikovsky slow movement (the marking is "appassionato, legato") is encapsulated in three measures. For, of course, "Partita" is not all flight from the past: it's also a rejoicing survey, one in which echoes don't entomb the music but are fleetingly saluted.

Mr. Carter, asked before the performance what music he'd been listening to lately, replied that he'd been absorbed in Berlioz, and possibly one can hear an echo of that composer in the English-horn solo of "Partita." Mr. Carter had said that he thought of "Partita" as a work of "long lines but fragmented lines," following an idea of interrupted, jostled lyricism he'd been exploring since his violin solo "Riconoscenza," of 1984. At the end of the third movement of the "Symphonie Fantastique," the English horn provides a foretaste of Carterian bravely continuing melody when, repeatedly put off course by the timpani, it keeps recommencing its eclogue; in "Partita," the same instrument—more comically, like a bore in a bar—goes on laboriously trying to tell its simple story, undeterred by the liveliness all around. Other solos in the work are more exuberant, and more American in what they call to mind—especially the wild breaks for E-flat and bass clarinets. After a period when Mr. Carter's orchestral pieces

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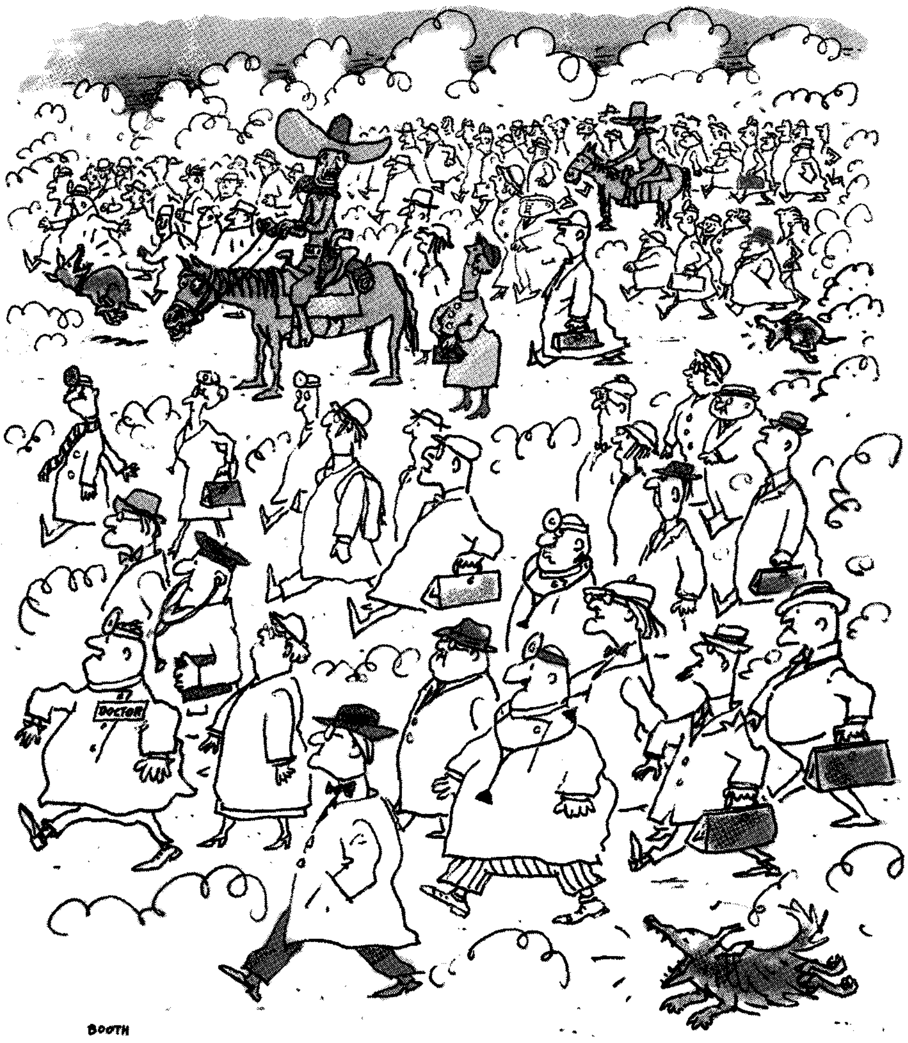

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were either splendid epigrams ("Three Occasions") or concertos, here at last is a return to the scale and the limitlessness on which his imagination most thrives. And "Partita" is only the beginning. Two more works—independent but maybe performable with "Partita" as a triptych—are planned, the first a BBC commission due for its première in London next year.

Mr. Carter's last big piece for big orchestra was his Bicentennial offering, "A Symphony of Three Orchestras." After that, constraints on rehearsal schedules in this country meant that, as he put it in Chicago, "most of my works can't really be played now by American orchestras," and so perhaps there seemed no point in adding to the list. In the case of the new piece, there was the promise of adequate rehearsal time, made possible by an imaginative fund set up by Hope Abelson, and the result was a beautifully smooth-running first performance by Mr. Barenboim and the Chicago Symphony (smooth-running, that is, until all the lights went out a couple of minutes before the end), with spectacular work from flutes and clarinets in their respectively mellifluous and extravagant threads through the aerial tapestry. No doubt many more of the players will be able to enjoy themselves—and Mr. Carter's music is all about performers enjoying themselves in extremes of skill—once the piece is thoroughly played in, as fortunately it has the chance to be, when it comes back into the orchestra's repertory for the performance at Avery Fisher Hall and goes on tour in Europe. Maybe time is now swerving around, like a returning wave, to catch up with Mr. Carter before he hits his tenth decade. ♦

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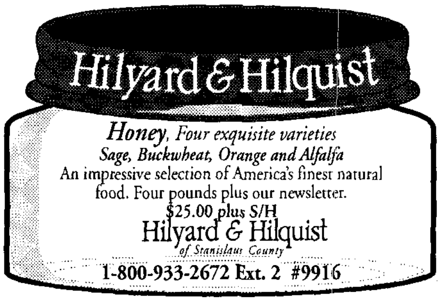
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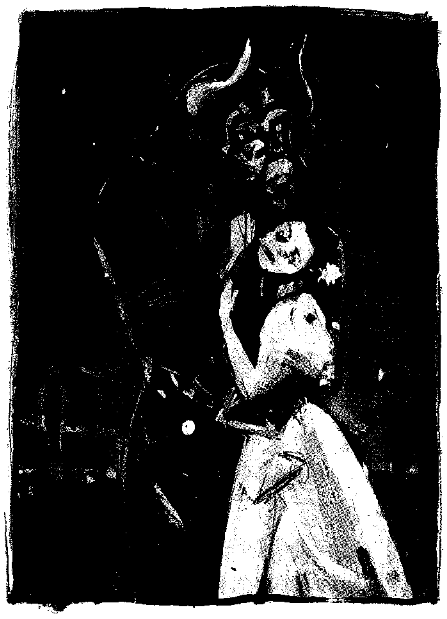
THE THEATRE

THE SHOCK OF THE NEUTRAL

BY JOHN LAHR

For months now, Broadway's high-stakes gamblers have been worrying about the Walt Disney Company's joining their game, and speculating about just how the newcomer will play its high card, the stage version of "Beauty and the Beast," which in its prior incarnation, as an animated movie, grossed something in the region of three hundred and fifty million dollars. Even in Broadway's present climate of retreat, the pot is still very rich; and some Broadway panjandrums are squawking that Disney is playing with a stacked deck. Thanks to a sweetheart deal from the city and the state, Disney has acquired the derelict New Amsterdam Theatre, on Forty-second Street, used by Florenz Ziegfeld as a temple for his extravaganzas, and plans to restore and then occupy it, presenting Disney and perhaps other productions. Disney has produced "Beauty and the Beast," now at the Palace, on its own, taking no outside investors and anteing up a reported twelve million dollars. Even if the show were to flop (something Disney wouldn't allow), "Beauty and the Beast" would lose less than the cost of any of Disney's movies. Some Broadway people argue that Disney has raised the producing stakes so high that it will force out competitors, while, at the same time, it is sure to lower the standards of the Broadway game. Disney certainly has more chips than anyone else to back its taste, and that makes it the envy of every hard-scrabbling producer. Disney has already ponied up an extra eight hundred thousand dollars for the cast album, and the company's deep pockets give it the advantage, in the light of the mixed reviews the show has been receiving, of being able to pay the *Times* advertising rates, which bring so many struggling shows to grief. But in all the backbiting chat about Disney's arrival, and about the art of the musical versus commerce, there is a certain amount of Broadway pretension, which, as Disney's *Übermensch*, Michael Eisner, decodes it, means that "they are it, and everybody else is plebeian, animals, no-talent swine." The Broadway musical, which glorified its risk capital as "angels" and its entrepreneurial talent as "stars," is what made a legend of show business. "If it wasn't business," Eisner says, quoting Woody Allen, "it would be called show show."



The Beast at the gate: Will Disney diminish or revitalize Broadway?

ANDREA VENTURA

I met up with Eisner in the commissary of Disney Studios in mid-March, on the day that Euro-Disney was saved from collapse, so humble pie was still on the menu. "Theatre to me is a little bit like religion," said Eisner, who grew up on New York's Upper East Side and wrote a couple of plays at Denison University ("so I could date a girl in the Theatre Department," he said). "I saw every show from 'Oklahoma!' to 'Foxy.' When we were growing up, birthday parties, anniversaries, weddings—what you did was go to a show. Whereas now, with my kids, you go to a movie. The theatre is not part of the celebration experience, whether you live in California or anywhere else."

Theatre culture is dying because large segments of the society have been excluded from it not just by price but by content. Disney's emergence on Broadway at such a demoralized moment is a fascinating turn of events, and results partly from Eisner's instinct about the increasing need for community. "I'm a complete contrary on the information highway," he says. "Assuming we get gun-control legislation to make it safe to go out, our position on the information highway is outside the house. Our theme parks. Our movies. Our sports teams. Legitimate theatre. You're with your family, doing something you can do together. You can talk about it on the way there. You can talk about it on the way home. The point is—and our rides are built this way—you all go on together." Eisner's social formula seems shrewd; his formula for Broadway profit-taking seems surefire; but the formula for "Beauty and the Beast"—rewriting a wonderful fable into a tale of loss without pain, and pleasure without joy—is more problematic. He and his company will certainly get their Broadway money-spinner, but it's like strip-mining the subconscious of its most valuable material while claiming you're a friend of the environment.

"Beauty and the Beast" calls itself a musical, but it is really an American cousin of another English genre—the pantomime, which began in the eighteenth century and gave the kiss of life to the refinements of the harlequinade, and which traditionally retells fairy tales with jokes, slapstick, song, and double-entendre. In "Beauty and the Beast," for instance, when Belle needs to borrow a dress to dine with the Beast, the Wardrobe (Eleanor Glockner) strikes the perfect saucy pantomime note. "Let's see what I've got in my drawers," she says. Pantomime's authenticity is not in the story but in the irresistible holiday impudence of its working-class idiom. "Beauty and the Beast" belongs to this long tradition of bantering folderol. "Ah, chérie," says Lumière, the Maurice Chevalier of candelabras, to the flustered French duster, Babette, "you cut me to the wick." Even the stolid clock, Cogsworth (the impish Heath Lamberts), gets into the spirit. "If it's not baroque," he says, taking Belle on an architectural tour of the castle, "don't fix it."

At its best, Disney's "Beauty and the Beast" has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement. The movie version featured music by Alan Menken and lyrics by Howard Ashman; the musical has been beefed up with additional lyrics by Tim Rice. The boffo "Be Our Guest" turns into a kind of showstopping culinary cabaret, in which the gilt cutlery, kitchen utensils, and plates of the enchanted castle parade around Belle as she's introduced to the Beast's enchanted world by Lumière (played with endearing gusto by Gary Beach). This high-camp extravaganza is better onstage than on film, because its design and its energy parody the theatrical inventions of Erté, Ziegfeld, and Busby Berkeley, which are funnier and more sensational in the flesh. It's a field day for the costume designer, Ann Hould-Ward. Here showgirls in bodices descend a stairway of plates, bearing Cubist cups and saucers over their breasts and wearing headdresses piled high with tilting cups. Other chorines, dressed as flatware, sashay across the stage and weave among still more showgirls, with spinning plates attached to their backs. Ziegfeld eroticized objects; Disney makes a joke of them. A bevy of utensils and napkins also soft-shoe and hitch-kick their enchanted hearts out. For breathtaking dopiness, the spectacle beats even the concentration-camp ballet in "Exodus." It's a vision of sublime, almost poetic frivolity in which, for once, Ashman's lyrics deliver what they promise:

> Singing pork, dancing veal
> What an entertaining meal
> How could anyone be gloomy or
>   depressed?
> We'll make you shout encore
> And send us out for more
> So be our guest
> Be our guest
> Be our guest.

Into this routine the director, Robert Jess Roth, interpolates a little burlesque hilarity: a giant vaudeville hook in the shape of a candlewick is manipulated by the grumpy Cogsworth as he tries vainly to yank Lumière off the stage. At the end of the song, Roth tops this delicious hokum by tilting behemoth champagne bottles in

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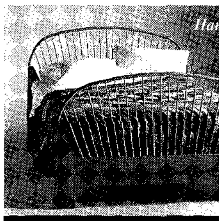

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from the wings and, as the corks pop, showering the stage with sparks that whip the audience into a cheering frenzy. Roth, who only rarely rises above the pedestrian, also stuns the audience at the finale. Belle sobs her love over the Beast's dying body, and the spell is broken: the Beast not only feels love but wins it. Here, with a trick of the lights and God knows what technology (provided by Jim Steinmeyer and John Gaughan, who are in charge of illusions), the Beast's body levitates and then, apparently weightless, spins in space. When the body is deposited back on the ground, the Beast's terrifying horned and hairy visage has vanished, and the redeemed Prince stands magnificently before us. It's a theatrical moment to remember.

Disney's "Beauty and the Beast" works hard at neutralizing the dark and disturbing emotional issues that the fable raises. In the authoritative, long-winded version, by Gabrielle Susanne de Villeneuve (1740), the spell was cast on the Prince by a vindictive nurse/fairy. "She wanted me to love her not as a mother, but as a mistress," the Prince explains. In "The Uses of Enchantment" Bruno Bettelheim points out that many subsequent versions of the tale adopt the motifs of another fable, that of Cupid and Psyche, where beastly form is punishment "for having seduced an orphan." Sexuality is at the center of the fierce and fearful story: the man learning to tame his bestial rapacity, and the young girl learning to accept new and dangerous feelings as she transfers her allegiance from her beloved parent to someone who at first appears a monstrous animal, and who could, at any moment, devour her. The fable shows that it's the acceptance of the monstrous both in the other and in oneself which brings happiness. But Disney's version, which preaches "Don't be deceived by appearances," is all surface. In Disney's retelling, the Prince, who is "spoiled, selfish, and unkind," is turned into a monster for the uncharitable act of refusing a beggarwoman shelter. In the opening dumb show, the Prince, displaying no more disdain than a maître d', stands in the doorway of his castle while the witch zaps him with what, from the explosion, seems like an Exocet missile. The emotional picture is immediately muddied, and the fable never quite adds up. In Villeneuve's story, the father, trying to honor his daughter's wish, gets into trouble by stealing a rose from the Beast's garden as a coming-home present. The rose, Bettelheim writes, "symbolizes both his love for her and also an anticipation of her losing her maidenhood, as the broken flower—particularly the broken rose—is a symbol for the loss of virginity." The rose as a symbol of virginity doesn't come into Disney's story, and neither, really, does sex. In the Disney version, Belle is all mind (she loves books), and the Beast is all anger. His incivility is in contrast to the solicitous Beasts of earlier versions, who are distinguished by their generosity and continually betray their own sexual longing by asking Beauty, in vain, to marry them. Disney's Beast (the excellent Terrence Mann) hides himself and his sexuality away. He deals only in power and tirade.

The fable was originally intended to teach domesticity and self-sacrifice, but the Disney version has no truck with either submissiveness or the painful struggle of child separating from parent. (Almost as an afterthought, in the play's last beat Belle's father, played by Tom Bosley, gives her hand in marriage to the Prince.) Disney's Belle has spunk; and Susan Egan, who has a fine voice and a sweet, strong nature, is a perfect embodiment of the American ideal of decent self-sufficiency. The adolescent ambivalence of leave-taking is pinned on the provincialism of place, not the possessiveness of parent. "Every morning just the same / Since the morning that we came / To this poor provincial town," the restless Belle sings. Later, she offers herself as hostage for her father in the Beast's castle and expresses very uncharacteristic sentiments about the trade. "For Papa I will stay," she sings, "but I don't deserve to lose my freedom in this way." In the Disney version, the father is no longer a rich merchant come upon hard times but a dithering inventor who loves his daughter the way she is. "No Matter What" is a paean to their unconditional love—a relationship that the story detours around in order to make room for the cute brute Gaston, who sees in Belle's beauty the only match for his own. With a quiff of hair like Elvis's and a chin like Victor Mature's, Burke Moses has great fun as the posturing hunk. In "Me" he wows the audience and would stop the show if Tim Rice's sendup of narcissism were sharper and Moses himself didn't seem to be in on the joke.

"As a company, we always try to *exceed* the expectations of the audience or the guest," Eisner told me. "If you exceed the expectation, then you'll do well. Most people just try to get away with it. That's why I want a fourth showstopper." Even if Eisner didn't get a first-rate score, he almost gets his quota of showstoppers. "Human Again" is as much fun as the Academy Award-winning song "Beauty and the Beast" is moving, especially when the latter is sung by the poignant voice of Beth Fowler, who plays Mrs. Potts, the teapot, and has the added chore of pushing her son Chip (Brian Press), the teacup, around on a portable table that has the unnerving effect of making the kid look like a severed head. For the rest, the Disney team does adequate work. Stan Meyer's sets have all the gimcrack realism of a Disney ride. Matt West's choreography doesn't exactly light up the stage; it's energetic, but over at "My Fair Lady," at the Virginia Theatre, the Cockney cutups singing "With a Little Bit of Luck" are clanking tankards almost the way they do here in "Gaston." Eisner gets a slick pantomime libretto from Linda Woolverton, who serves up the jokes and the pathos as required with some nifty rhythmic twists. One plot point, however, beggars the imagination: the Beast, who lives alone in his castle, has a library as big as the reading room of the British Museum—but he can't read. A Prince not read? Ignorance is traditionally part of the curse, not part of the cure. Here Belle reaches the Beast through reading. As it turns out, love of learning, not lust, is what brings Belle and the Beast together. *That*, in these illiterate times, really does exceed the expectations of the audience. ♦

THE THEATRE

THE LAST ROSES OF SUMMER

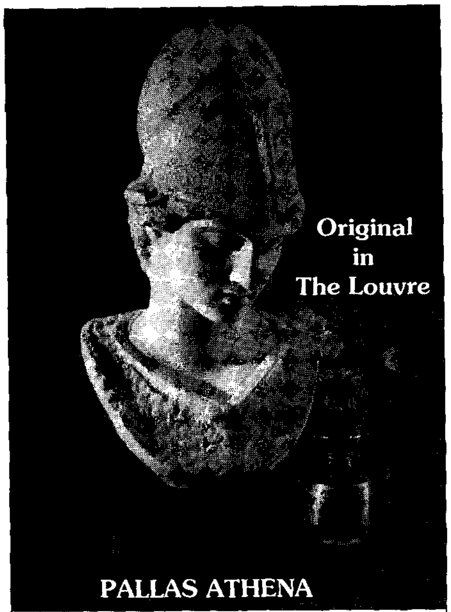
BY NANCY FRANKLIN

THE world that William Inge created in "Picnic," which is now in revival at the Roundabout under the direction of Scott Ellis, is the sunny back yard of two neighboring houses in a small town in Kansas on Labor Day—the day of the town picnic and the day when unfulfilled longings of summer officially turn into a hard knot of autumnal ache. There are a couple of men around, but this is primarily a world of women—a world without sexual threat or sexual promise, where the characters' lives follow predictable patterns until the moment when a tank truck of testosterone named Hal Carter barrels into town.

Playing Hal, a man who's been places and seen some trouble and throws all the women off their axis, is a big job. Kyle Chandler has the body beautiful of a Calvin Klein model, but abs and pecs alone can't create the sense of danger and possibility that Hal represents. The sympathy one extends to any young actor who has to make his Broadway début playing a Life Force must also be extended to Ashley Judd, who is making her first Broadway appearance in the part of Madge, the prettiest girl in town. Madge and Hal realize how deeply attracted they are to each other when they dance together in the climactic scene in the yard, before the picnic, but here, as in their fateful coupling later that night, their attraction doesn't seem elemental; it seems inconsequential. Ms. Judd has a face made for a camera, but she doesn't yet have a presence on the stage: she brings to her part not much more than an uninflected voice and a stiff, uncertain bearing, so that Madge, who's dying for someone to come along and knock her off her pedestal, here seems primly proud of her Breck-girl femininity.

Mr. Ellis, a director mostly of musicals, has wonderfully brought out the play's small-town harmonics in his direction of the other actors. (William Ivey Long's costumes and Tony Walton's set help a lot—they call up Thomas Hart Benton, and immediately place us in the Midwest of the thirties.) Polly Holliday, who plays Flo, Madge's mother, and Anne Pitoniak, who plays Mrs. Potts, her next-door neighbor, bring distinct sparks to their roles. Angela Goethals, as Millie, Madge's college-bound tomboy sister, starts off as a typical stage brat (it's the part's fault), but from the moment she imitates a Latin lover and lunges passionately at a pillow she's got you. Debra Monk comes close to stealing the show as Rosemary, a self-described old-maid schoolteacher. On the night of the picnic, when Rosemary—who has finally given in and been "nice" to Howard, her salesman boyfriend (Larry Bryggman)—breaks down in despair over her ruination and forces Howard to marry her, the scene is painful and moving. The next day, toddling off to the altar, they perform a hilarious burlesque, as Rosemary says her loud, cheerful goodbyes and Howard sinks ever lower under the weight of her suitcases and her smothering glee at having closed the deal. The leads have the misfortune to follow each of these scenes with parallel scenes of their own, and in each instance there is a feeling of letdown far beyond anything the playwright had in mind.

For Inge, the promise of happiness was a promise made to be broken. He initially resisted the efforts of Joshua Logan, the original director of "Picnic," to make him give the play a "happy" ending. In his original version, Hal leaves Madge behind, Madge's reputation is destroyed, and Howard refuses to marry Rosemary. But Inge, who in the late fifties wrote, in the introduction to the collection of his four major plays, "Once we find the fruits of success, the taste is nothing like what we had anticipated," and who killed himself in 1973, should have been able to see that Logan was true to his essential fatalism. "Picnic" is not a play with a happy ending—it's a play in which a couple of people, God help them, get what they want. ♦



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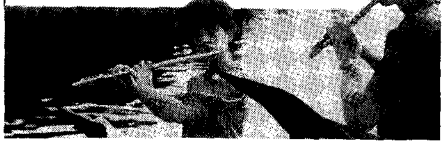

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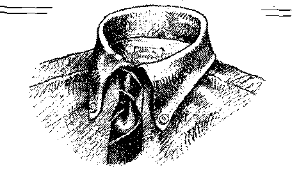

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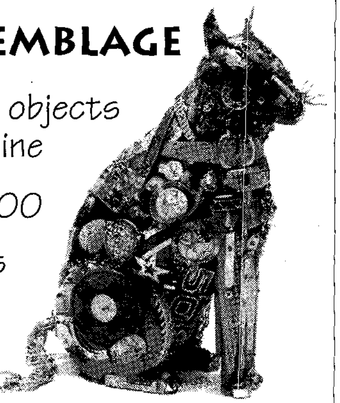

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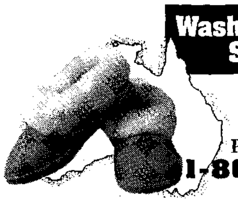

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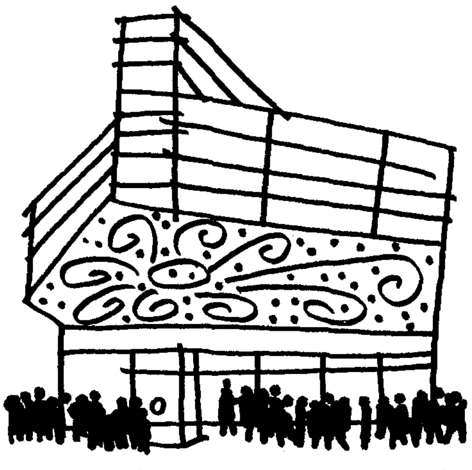
THE CURRENT CINEMA

LITTLE TROUBLE IN BIG CHINA

BY ANTHONY LANE

"THE BLUE KITE" begins with a sad scene. The year is 1953, the place is a communal courtyard in Beijing, and the residents are huddled around the radio, listening to the terrible news: Stalin has died, ergo all China is in mourning. Well, nearly all. One old lady asks, "Who's this Stalin person?" Ten days later, everyone has cheered up: two new arrivals, Chen Shujuan and Lin Shaolong, are getting married. At the height of the celebrations, the couple stand and sing a hymn of worship to their motherland, backed up by the assembled company. "Life gets better every day," they chant. But the camera refuses to join in the fun. It sneaks aside and cuts to a little clay horse, a wedding gift *from a relation.* As the music swells, the head drops off.

These early sequences offer a sip of the movie's singular method; everything feels homey enough, but there's a shock in the aftertaste, something sharp and stringent. Written by Xiao Mao, and directed by Tian Zhuangzhuang, "The Blue Kite" is one long sleight of hand. Looking back on it, you think of a family saga, of dull days peppered with minor squabbles; but in its demure way the film has the reach, if not the extravagance, of epic. The action runs from 1953 to 1967, a stretch of history plastered with the slogans of Maoist ambition—the Rectification Movement, the Great Leap Forward, the book-burning bonanza of the Cultural Revolution. I particularly relished the scene where someone rushes in and cries "The Neighborhood Committee wants to talk to you about collectivization!" with all the excitement of a scalper waving a handful of Streisand tickets. It brings back the old, unanswerable question: With five hundred million people to choose from, how come Mao couldn't find a decent copywriter?



ANDERS WENNGREN

Trotting along on the verge of this mass movement are Chen Shujuan (Lu Liping) and her young son, Tietou; in the course of the movie, she goes through three husbands, so that whenever we jump to the next stage of Tietou's youth the poor kid always seems to be acquiring a new father. First up is Lin Shaolong, a quiet librarian who wouldn't hurt a fly, and is all the more easily swatted by the establishment; crisis comes when he tiptoes out of a library meeting to use the men's room, and returns to find himself denounced as a right-wing menace and sentenced to a labor camp. The moral is clear: Hold your tongue *and* your bladder, and you might just survive in Beijing. Watching these pathetic pratfalls, we don't know whether to laugh or weep; a little comic stumble, and the movie trips headlong into the slough of despond. Lin's exile is sketched with minimum fuss: we see a train steaming across a snowy plain, and, later on, the marker of his unvisited grave.

After a seemly interval, Lin is replaced in Chen's affections by the hapless colleague who, without really meaning to, betrayed him. Chen forgives the guy, a placid sort named Li Guodong, and marries him. But her luck runs out again, when *he* sickens and dies, leaving her one final shot at happiness; this time, she goes upmarket and marries Wu Leisheng—slim and unsmiling, blessed with a car and a swanky house. In a way, Wu is the most interesting husband of all; the two others, jittery with apologies and ailments, were easy to like, but this one looks freeze-dried—offer him sympathy and he'll crunch it underfoot.

Mealtimes chez Wu are not exactly a feast of fun, and Tietou's response is to overturn a bowl of rice and run out of the room. You can sense the movie's eagerness to set itself increasingly tough challenges: if it can get us to worry about the fate of someone like Wu, it can do anything. And that, of course, is what happens; he falls foul of the Red Guards, and offers to divorce Chen to give her any trouble. In the end, we learn, he has a heart attack, and she is once again stranded on her own: three strikes and out.

"The Blue Kite" is not the movie to see if you're in a Busby Berkeley mood. It goes about its business with patience and refinement; one of the camera's more charming habits is to begin a scene by observing people through a doorway and then slowly to advance, as if seeking a formal introduction. The whole enterprise looks like an antidote to "Farewell My Concubine," a draught of clear style after that dizzying brew of opera and opiate. Not that Tian Zhuangzhuang is afraid of visual flourishes; he merely prefers to ration them to moments of intensity. The movie is full of strange flarings, portents that arrive when you least expect them. The idea that Li Guodong might be in love with Chen never crosses your mind until, one day, we see him digging outside her window, with the sun flashing behind him; just for a second, he looks like a bringer of hope. Then there is Tietou's uncle, a pilot with failing sight, hardly a credit to his nation; at one point, as the doors of a darkened hangar slide open, the light outside starts to blaze and blur in front of his hopeless eyes—rather like the paper lantern that Tietou begs for at the New Year, only to have it catch fire and burn to a blackened wreck.

As with so much in the film, you can't pin these sequences down symbolically; they hint at the rise and fall of personal fortune, but no more than that. Tian is not in the business of loading his images, of using them to score points; to do so would be to slide into precisely the kind of ham-handed, banner-waving methods of his opponents. "The Blue Kite" makes formidable political drama because it dares to suggest that the simple act of getting on with your life, with its cluster of silly mistakes and small acts of charity, is in itself a kind of rebellion: that the grand folly of Maoism was to presume not only that people could be whipped into line behind a political program but that they would always be interested in themselves as political animals—as opposed to good mothers, for instance, or loving fathers, or makers of perfect dumplings. There is not much brutality on show here, but what there is seems to be powered by an especially primitive fury; the soldiers who come to arrest Wu Leisheng are not so much punishing a deed as venting their anger at the man for being who he is.

This is the last word in the denial of freedom, and it's no coincidence that now, for the first and last time, Chen and her son take action. They have come to defend Wu, and they pay the price: Chen is dragged away, and when Tietou snatches up a brick and whacks a soldier over the head, he himself gets battered to the ground. It's the hot, frantic conclusion to feelings that have simmered throughout the film, yet it turns into slow motion, into a daydream of violence, as if a heavy, intolerable life were being gently eased from his young shoulders. As played by three actors of varying ages, Tietou is a case study in stubborn boyhood, kicking his heels, mimicking the grownups—all of it ideal preparation for the fiery spirit that he shows in the final scene. He's never cute, but he lightens the movie, and rescues it from the temptations of solemnity. He and the director share the same quizzical, unsurprised gaze; "The Blue Kite" is both deeply sophisticated and oddly naïve, with Tian Zhuangzhuang staring around like a child at the country that bore and bred him, and wondering how on earth it came to be run by these potent, ridiculous creatures.

Needless to say, this hasn't made Tian the flavor of the year with the Chinese authorities. So far, they haven't clubbed him with staves or anything, but it could be some while before they put his head on a stamp. They first got wind of "The Blue Kite," or at least of its unhealthy attitudes, after it had finished shooting, but they still had plenty of opportunity to mess around with the plans for post-production—getting the film processed, for a start—and in the end it had to be completed abroad, using smuggled footage and Tian's detailed notes. But that wasn't the end of the affair; when the movie was shown at the Tokyo Film Festival in 1993, and collared the Grand

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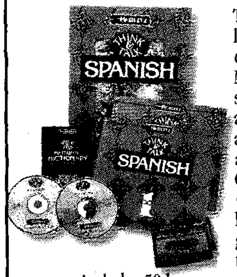

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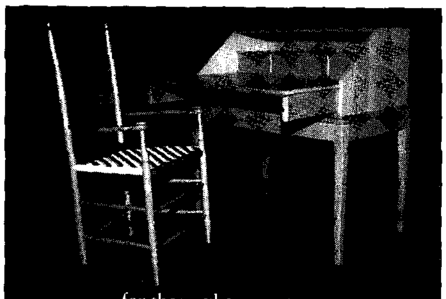

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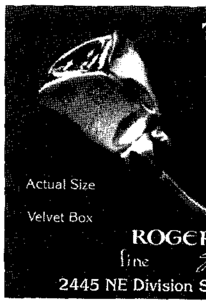

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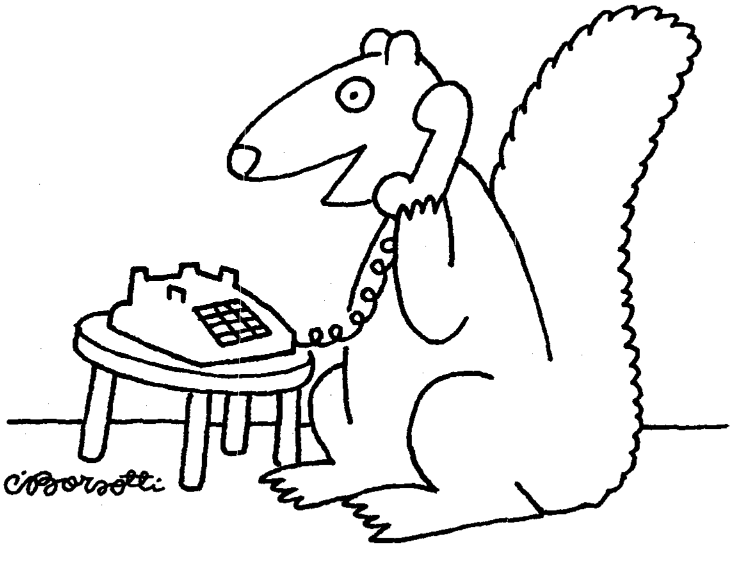
Prix, the entire Chinese delegation walked out and quit Japan that evening. I bet everyone was *really* sorry to see them go—you know, missing out on one last crazy night on the town. Finally, the master stroke: at the start of this month, the Ministry of Radio, Film, and Broadcasting banned Tian Zhuangzhuang from making any more movies. He doesn't have to leave China; he simply has to sit there and fester—do anything, in fact, apart from what he wants to do. None of his countrymen, meanwhile, have seen "The Blue Kite"—or, if they have, they're not allowed to say so. Decades after the Great Leap Forward, China is busy taking a whole bunch of little leaps back.

"SERIAL MOM" is written and directed by John Waters, and stars Kathleen Turner. Boy, does it star Kathleen Turner. She grabs hold of the movie as if it were her last chance for a chunky leading role, and, given her recent screen history, this may well be a prudent move. What a curious career it's been: from sex bomb on a short fuse to suburban homemaker, femme fatale to femme banale, and all within a dozen years or so. She still sounds like a lioness getting over tonsil trouble and looking for anything with a mane, but these days only the voice has the hots. Not that the promise of lust has dried up; it just seems to be channelled into comic tributaries, which flow pretty nicely. Turner is a gas, and game for anything, which is more than you can say for most of her contemporaries; there's a ghost of another time about her, a campy tinge of Swanson and Crawford, and maybe, as with those great dames, her best is yet to come.

"Serial Mom" is not her best, by any means, but it's O.K. to be getting on with. Turner is Beverly Sutphin, living in Baltimore and married to a man so normal that he's played by Sam Waterston. Beverly has two kids (Ricki Lake and Matthew Lillard), a nice blue polka-dot dress, and an unfortunate tendency to homicide. The movie is basically a roster of her gleeful slayings—a teacher run over by the station wagon, a neighbor coshed with a leg of lamb. There's no mystery about it, and Waters would never dirty his hands with any psychological stuff; the plot just gallops from crime to capture to Beverly's triumphant trial—"Oh, hello, jury people!" But you come away with the awful realization that you never really laughed; Waters' determination to shock—the one true motor of his movies—is getting tame and tired. If anything, he seems behind the times; hasn't he noticed that, for anyone with a TV and a tabloid, the shock ceiling is almost out of sight? It's worth catching "Serial Mom" to get a buzz of enjoyment off Kathleen Turner, but the revelation that apple-pie America is actually full of worms hardly rates as news; even in the hands of David Lynch or Joe Dante, better directors than John Waters, it feels like a reflex action. Why doesn't someone make a movie in which a happy family goes on being happy until you can't stand any more and run screaming from the theatre? Now, that *would* be a shock. ♦



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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Headhunter

by Uwe Timm; translated from the German by Peter Tegel
(New Directions; $22.95)

THIS is a meditation on money by an extraordinary storyteller; an allegory with the earmarks of a suspense thriller; and a curious life story in which rooting for the hero ultimately means you hope he gets caught. Peter Walter is wanted by the police in his native Hamburg for an investment scam. While he luxuriates in his country house in Spain under an assumed name, he recalls his economically and emotionally deprived early life; his jobs as a door-to-door salesman; various stages of his rather idyllic marriage; the almost eerily casual way his legitimate and successful brokerage went crooked; and the stories by which clients were seduced into buying. Above all, the author offers cliffhanger after cliffhanger, until you can't believe he can possibly come up with another. While the book is quite long (four hundred pages)—and covers territory from gambling to cannibalism, from Europe to Easter Island—it isn't long enough to tell you everything it makes you want to know.

Coffee Will Make You Black

by April Sinclair
(Hyperion; $19.95)

IN 1965, Jean Stevenson is coming of age in a culture about to undergo convulsive change. As she enters her teens, her hair gets straightened at the local salon, called No Naps, and a younger brother alerts the rest of the family whenever somebody "colored" appears on TV; at a party, all the girls hold out their arms together to see who's lightest; and Jean's mother, one of the local bank's few black tellers, explains her choice of a husband in terms of her responsibility to line up genes for as light a skin as possible. Jean, for her part, is torn between her family's "square" middle-class strivings and her desire to be cool—a condition that does not include doing well in school, and involves her in endless conflicts over feminine conventions and sex. Much of the charm of this first novel comes from its matter-of-fact initiation into Chicago's African-American culture and a virtual glossary of sixties expressions and values. In its confiding simplicity, it can also read like a novel for youngsters—and that, along with an unswerving respect for familial warmth and humane optimism, becomes part of its charm.

GENERAL

Rage and Fire: A Life of Louise Colet

by Francine du Plessix Gray
(Simon & Schuster; $27.50)

THE life of Louise Colet, like that of many women famous for the company they kept, reads like a palimpsest: under each identity you find another, which history has obscured. Colet is best known as Flaubert's lover and the model for Emma Bovary. But she herself was a prolific poet, fiction writer, essayist, and journalist. This biography wisely does not attempt to present her writing as newly unearthed treasure. Admitting forthrightly that Colet's success was built on "good looks, monumental determination, and a modest talent," Gray sympathetically portrays her as a woman whose genius was for self-promotion and passionate dedication to communal causes. Arriving in Paris without family prestige or fortune, Colet doggedly made the rounds of the journals with a sheaf of sentimental verses and a prodigious longing for Romantic glory. Within six months, she had a publisher. Within six years, she had won her first of four poetry prizes from the Académie Française, had become known as "the Muse" of a popular salon, and had launched an enormously successful career as a woman of letters. This success was one facet of her feminist activism at a time of virulent animosity toward women writers; it also gave her a way to pursue her lifelong battle for liberal ideals. Though Gray spends ample time on the Flaubert connection, Colet, it turns out, was most interesting when she was *not* playing Madame Bovary.

The Final Station: Umschlagplatz

by Jaroslaw M. Rymkiewicz; translated from the Polish by Nina Taylor
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $27.50)

UMSCHLAGPLATZ was a square next to a railroad siding in Warsaw, where, during the Nazi occupation, the Jews of Poland waited for trains to take them to the death camps. The author, a Polish Christian, was born in 1935, and so was too young to grasp the Holocaust while it was happening, but his childhood memories held clues that haunted him. In this book he reinvents that era to examine how Polish Christians responded to the extermination of their Jewish fellow-citizens. He has done extensive research into places (wartime destruction and postwar reconstruction have all but erased many sites, including much of the Warsaw ghetto), events, and people. To keep his historic figures company, he has brilliantly imagined a group of Jewish intellectuals on the eve of the war. One of them survives in New York, and the author helps us conceive the mechanics of mass murder by showing how the ghetto, with its sealed houses, and Umschlagplatz and the railroad connection might look on a map of Manhattan. The book is a tour de force in which all the devices of art persuade us that there are circumstances in which no bystander can be wholly innocent. ♦

FROM OUR PAGES

(*All or part of these recently published books originally appeared in The New Yorker.*)

Stealing Time

by Mary Grimm
Random House ($19)

Remembering Satan

by Lawrence Wright
Knopf ($22)

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

WISEST OWL OF THE ELECTRONICS RETAILING FOREST TELLS MORE OF THE NUCLEAR-ANCE SALE

BY BRUCE McCALL

Q: Quarrymaster of the Gypsum Miracle, Kim Il Sung, price-loving peoples everywhere send greetings and link arms in solidarity to unanimously hail your Nuclear-ance Sale, forced by the insolent threats of the scalliwag 110-A.C.-voltage camp of international-racketeer energy monopolists and their scapegrace buffoon hirelings, masked as the so-called "U.N. investigating team," to unjustly squelch the Democratic People's Republic of Korea Nuclear-Home-Appliance Front. In the face of this provocation, we wholeheartedly support your recent call for Everything-Must-Go-ism as the only correct path.

A: One must study the right thinking that follows Everything-Must-Go-ism. In this regard, we may say that the Nuclear-ance Sale is a giant price meltdown. Everyone knows this.

Q: Perfect Size 42 Stout, Kim Il Sung, you have warned—and here we have in mind your epochal recent keynote address to the Plenary Session of the First Annual Convention of Wholesale Nuclear-Technology Jobbers in Pyongyang—of a coming "Nuclear Bombshell"?

A: We can define the "Nuclear Bombshell" of which you have just spoken. Broiler-toaster-roaster-broaster unit, cooks burgers, dogs, most ferrous metals in one second—now only $22,000,000. We can repeat, Everything-Must-Go-ism means a giant price meltdown. Thus, a nuclear bombshell, as we have said.

Q: Dreamer in color 3-D Cinerama, Kim Il Sung, original Price-Chopper, peoples of the bargain-loving camp are already forming unimaginably long queues!

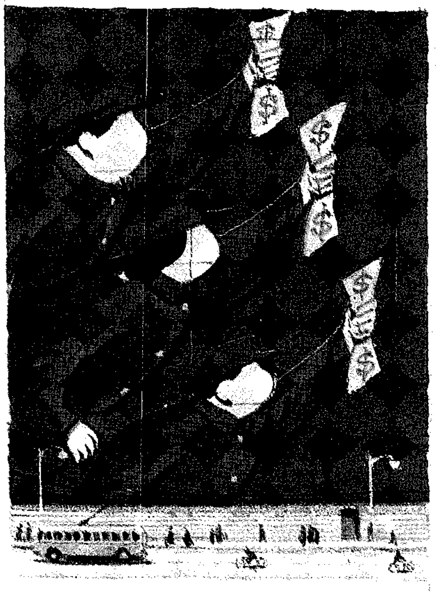
A: We must remind all low-roader jackals of the deep-discount gang and the hooligan profiteers of fly-by-night-ism—who include the bait-and-switch tricksters cleverly disguised as so-called mom-and-pop merchants—that we will not be undersold. This is inherent in Everything-Must-Go-ism. Deluxe nuclear joy buzzer, puts the power of a bomb in your palm, marked down to $45,000,000.

Q: Master of the One-Armed Zitherists, Kim Il Sung, certain hyena bargain mongers of the Big Discount Chains also dare to claim that they will not be undersold.

A: We must here ask, do they offer the Kim Il Sung Personal Money-Back Guarantee, in writing?

Q: Helmsman of the Progress Pirogue, Kim Il Sung, you have firmly answered a question with an even firmer question!

A: Nonetheless, one must ask, Why did the chicken cross the road?



Q: Guinness Book of Records Catcher of the Largest Hailstone Ever Recorded, Kim Il Sung, all ears are poised.

A: To get to the Nuclear-ance Sale. This is obvious to all right-thinking Everything-Must-Go-ismists. We would only add, Nuclear Men's Shaver in Men's and Ladies' styles makes the skin glow for weeks, no moving parts, was $34,000,000, now just $29,000,000. But act now, as the stooge lackeys of the so-called U.N. Investigating Team may invade and seize our factory any day. Any hour.

Q: Prize-Winning Breeder of Champion Giant Marmosets, Kim Il Sung, of the Kim Il Sung Nuclear Hop-up Kit that makes the old jalopy get up and go—is it only one to a customer, as rumor has it?

A: We may say that this is a slanderously mischievous and naughty falsehood planted by the disgraced Crazy Eddie-ist clique to panic the bargain-loving camp. In reference to bargains, it is necessary to mention a free truckload of breakfast cereal guaranteed to stay hot for one thousand years, retail value $22,000,000, with every purchase of an automatic ham smoker, works up to fifty miles from the ham.

Q: He Who Knows When to Hold Them and When to Fold Them, Kim Il Sung, bargain-minded price lovers owe you a deep debt of gratitude.

A: We may add that they can buy now and owe us nothing until next July. But they must vigilantly act now. This is, we can also say, in accordance with the well-known and not wrong principles of Everything-Must-Go-ism. Sorry, no returns. ♦

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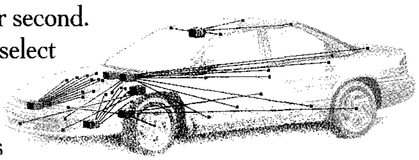

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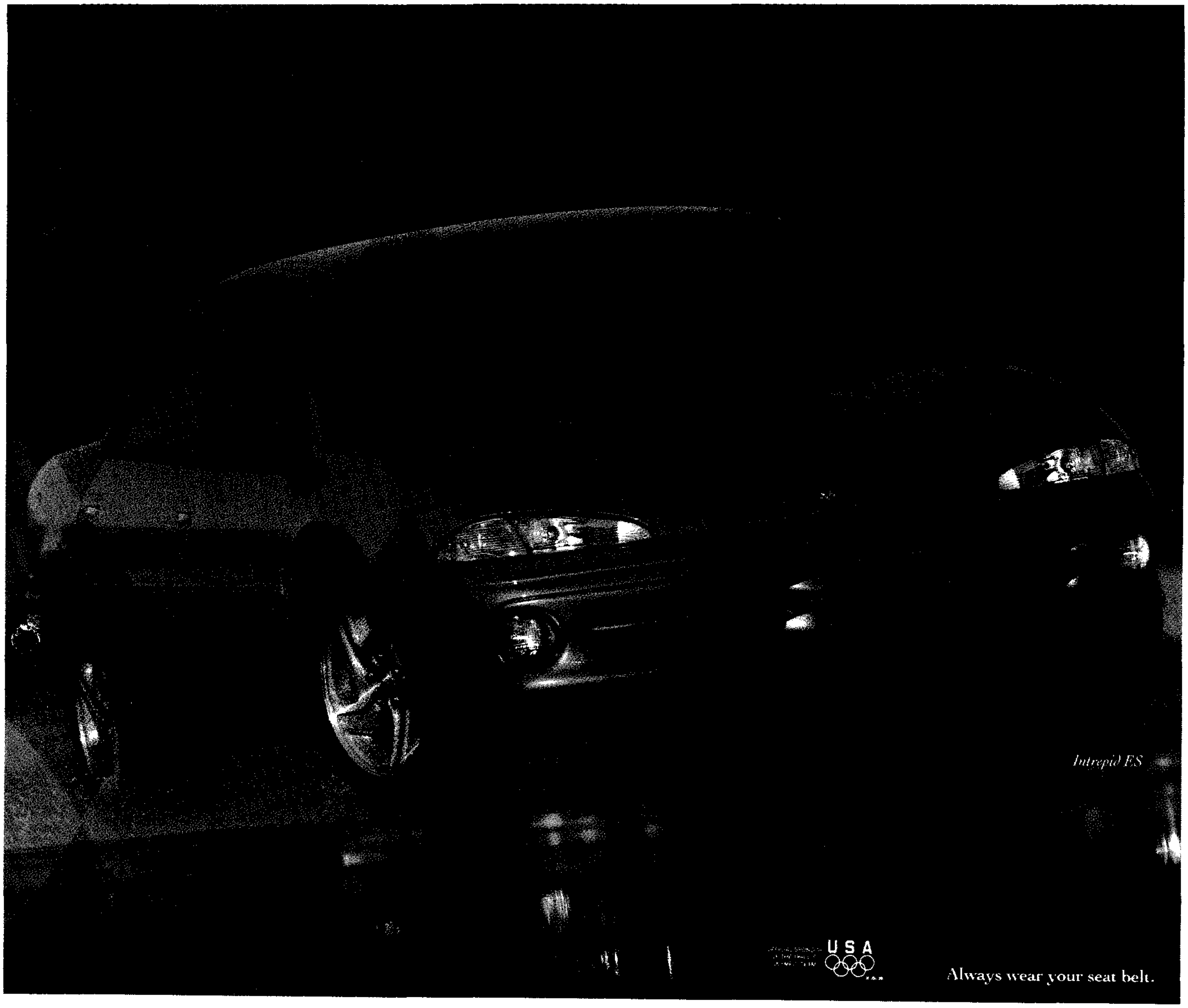

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